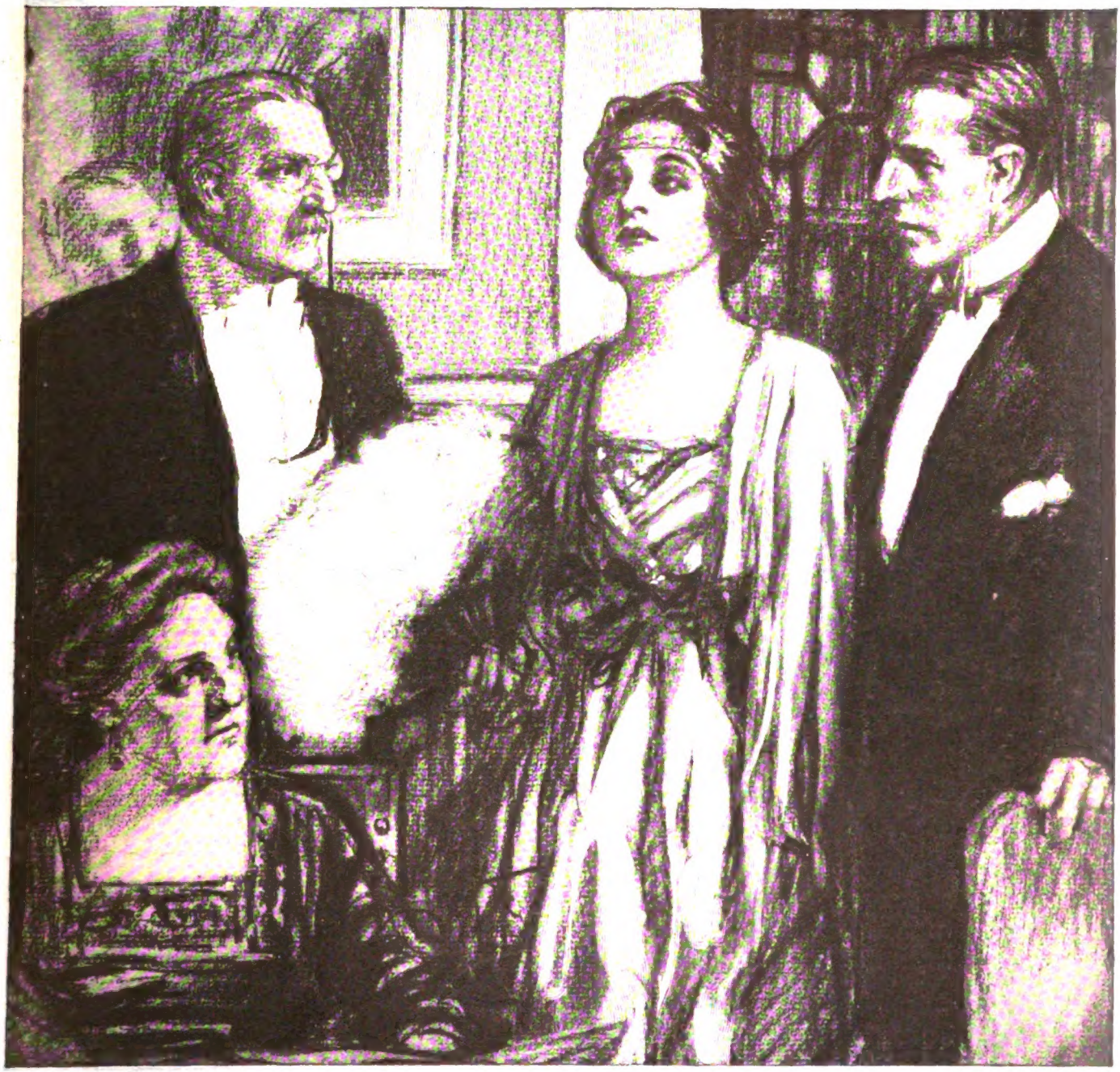

DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

SHE WAS ANOTHER CREATURE ALTOGETHER WHEN, HALF AN HOUR LATER, SHE CAME DOWN INTO THE DRAWING-ROOM WITH HUGH.

From "The White Arc," By Henry Kitchell Webster. Page 35.

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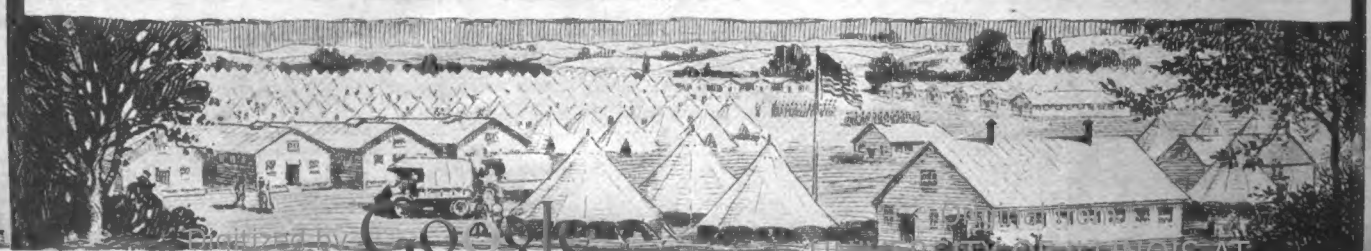
THAT boy of yours will think of home every time he washes if you put a cake of Ivory Soap in his comfort kit.

After a hard hike or muscle-building romp it certainly will be a pleasure for him to have an old-time bath with the bubbling, copious Ivory lather as he used to have at home.

To Uncle Sam's boys here or "over there", in cantonment or trench, in naval training station or aboard ship, Ivory Soap is a welcome gift because it is their home soap and because it produces the cleanliness which is essential to health.

IVORY SOAP. . . .

. . . . 99 44/100% PURE



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Everybody's Magazine
Number Three March 1918 Volume xxxviii

BELGIUM

The Storm Breaks

By

Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

GERMAN ARTILLERY AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BOIS DE LA CAMBRE, FOUR DAYS AFTER THEIR ENTRY INTO THE CAPITAL.

HERE is the second instalment of the tragic story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who has been in that country since December, 1913, and has seen the whole black history from the beginning.

Last month, Mr. Whitlock drew an unforgetable picture of the idylic life of Brussels in the spring before the storm, and told of the first omens of the approaching holocaust. In succeeding numbers, act by act, the tragedy will be unfolded—a vital revelation and a message to America at war.

XII

SCARCELY waiting for the reply to the ultimatum, German troops had invaded Belgium on Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock. They crossed the frontier near Dolhain, and in the afternoon about four o'clock they had arrived in the region of Fleron, one of the forts that encircle Liège. Wednesday morning we heard that the guns of the forts at Liège were already booming. The army was concentrated there and the Liège deputies had gone home to aid in the defense of the old city, whose heroic traditions the King recalled that day in this stirring proclamation to his troops:

TO THE NATIONAL ARMY!

SOLDIERS:

Without the least provocation on our part, a neighbor, glorying in his power, has torn into shreds the treaties that bear his signature and violated the territory of our fathers.

Because we have been worthy of ourselves, because we have refused to forfeit our honor, he has attacked us. But the whole world is amazed at our loyal stand. May its respect and its esteem sustain you in this supreme moment!

Seeing its freedom menaced, the nation has been deeply moved and her children have hurried to her frontiers. Valiant soldiers of a sacred cause, I have confidence in your tenacious bravery, and I salute you in the name of Belgium. Your citizens are proud of you. You will triumph, for yours is the might that serves the right.

Cæsar said of your ancestors: "Of all the peoples of Gaul the Belgians are the bravest."

Hail to you, army of the Belgian people! In the face of the enemy, remember that you are fighting for liberty and for your menaced hearths. Remember, men of Flanders, the Battle of the Golden Spurs; and you, Wallons, who now stand on your honor, remember the six hundred Franchimontois.

Soldiers! I leave Brussels to put myself at your head. ALBERT.

Done at the Palace of Brussels, this fifth day of August, 1914.

The moving words of the young King, who on that Wednesday morning had established his headquarters eastward at Louvain, near the field where he was to prove himself so much a man, had stirred Brussels. The city in the brilliant sun of that Wednesday, thrilled with the emotions of patriotic fervor, flags leaped to roofs and balconies all over town, and lolled luxuriously on the warm air. There was an exhilaration in the atmosphere; every one was excited; men met and shook hands ecstatically; tears came suddenly to the eyes; voices trembled. Every man that one met had a new rumor—the French army had entered Belgium, or the English were debarking at Ostend; there was exaltation and high hope in the heart.

All day the Legation was crowded with frightened Americans who continued to pour into Brussels and remained there hesitant, undecided, bewildered, loath or afraid to brave the channel crossing to England, hoping for some miracle that would arrest the war or spare them its discomforts.

"I suppose I am to come right here with my family in case of trouble?" said a great strapping fellow, speaking in his strong German accent, who came one morning with a wife and five children, and, planting himself there in the corridor that was crowded with Americans and Germans, plucked at me insistently as I went by. Perhaps I did not instantly respond with the spontaneous gesture of hospitality that one, especially if one is an American diplomatist, would like to have instantly ready in all his relations with his friends and fellow citizens, for he grew impatient and shouted:

"I demand protection as an American citizen!"

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He used the word "protection" with that curious, baffling superstition which characterizes the type of mind that confuses words with acts, that considers problems solved when the word that defines them has been discovered and pronounced. . . .

We could laugh at him, he was so badly scared, but I could have wept at the plight of a newly-married pair—a youth and his bride, who sat near, patiently awaiting their turn. They had been school-teachers in the Middle West. They were on their bridal trip and for the first time in their lives in Europe, doubtless for the first time in their lives away from home. All that the bridegroom had was a ticket which, as he unrolled it, revealed yard on yard, in almost interminable convolutions, a series of coupons—coupons for everything, steamships, railways, trams, omnibuses, hotels, in short, one of those tourist tickets that provide for every need of a determined voyage, themselves the itinerary and the means of following it. And now, in the universal cataclysm, the young couple found their coupons suddenly worthless: no one would accept them, not a steamship, railway, bus or hotel—and the bridegroom had no money; all that he and his wife had was invested in that preternaturally elongated ticket, which was to have supplied every possible human want, and to have spared them every care and annoyance, so long as they did not depart from the narrow, defined groove of travel it marked out for them. Held up there before me in the hand of the groom, and allowed to trail out its preposterous length in despairing impotence on the floor, it stood to me as the pathetic symbol of what long months of eager planning and consultation of guide-books and histories, of what conversations with obliging and persuasive agents, of what painful economy, of what heroic and stoical self-denial, of what hopes and dreams! I can see the bridegroom and the bride, sitting there, the girl looking into the young husband's face with such utter confidence, so far from that Mid-Western home, with its peace, its calm, its naïveté. The whole scene was vividly present—the little provincial town, the high school, the Sunday-school, the Chautauqua, the faint apprehension of the thing called culture—my heart went out to them. It was another of life's little ironies for Mr. Thomas Hardy or a story for Maupassant, though Maupassant with four thousand naked words would have treated it with his cynical mockery, his hard, pitiless, cruel French wit. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum!* It was of a pathos beyond all tears, as is so much of life, alas!

Among the Americans was a young lo[illegible] from Chicago, whom the war had overtaken in Germany, where he had been studying. He had come through from Verviers to Liège that night on a German military train that was labeled "*Schnellzug nach Paris.*" The train, however, had been stopped, and at the frontier the passengers had got out and walked; some of the women had ridden part way in a peasant's cart; trees felled across the road and barbed wire entanglements had stopped their progress, and they struggled on on foot, lugging their dressing-cases. The night was clear and warm, and they had seen the German cavalry along the roadside, resting; the horses were picketed and the troopers were lying on the ground, smoking. One of the soldiers waved his hand at the party as it plodded along. They got to Liège and thence came through to Brussels by train.

The young man was not only an American, but a German-American, and for that reason some of those at the Legation insisted that he was a German spy. Thus early even we were affected by that peculiar suggestion which produced its phenomenon everywhere during those early days of the war. Perhaps it was not so strange: the Legation halls were already crowded with Germans; there were thousands of them in Brussels and many of them were spies, of course. They were there, Germans, whether spies or not, badly frightened.

THE *GARDE CIVIQUE* AND THE GOOD PEOPLE OF BRUSSELS WERE DETERMINED TO DEFEND THE CITY TO THE END AGAINST THE WHOLE GERMAN ARMY. HERE THEY ARE DIGGING A TRENCH AND THROWING UP BARRICADES ACROSS THE AVENUE LOUISE AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BOIS DE LA CAMBRE AS THE GRAY DELUGE ROLLS TOWARD THE CAPITAL.

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"*Voilà un espion!*" some one would cry, and the human pack would instantly give chase. No one, however, was hurt. The Brussels police were tactful, kindly and efficient. But suspicions were rife even in the mildest breasts. There was, as it happened, that very morning, a Belgian priest who came to see me, an abbé from the country. He came accompanied by another priest, old, gray and withered, who, as I had the abbé shown in, was left sitting rather disconsolately in the hall. I spoke of this and asked the abbé if he did not wish his colleague to come in; but the abbé, leaning toward me confidentially, said: "No, I think he is a German spy."

The abbé had come to tell me that he had given refuge to four hundred Germans in his abbey and he wished me to take steps to have them repatriated.

"I don't like Germans," he said, "but," and he relented, "I feel sorry for these poor folk."

I entrusted the four hundred refugees to Mr. Gibson, who went at once to arrange for trains to take them out to Holland, whence they might regain the fatherland. The Americans, who had so much further to go to regain their motherland, had been increasing in such numbers that some organization beyond that which the inadequate resources of the Legation could provide was necessary, and it was then that I had recourse to a rather remarkable American, who happened to be resident in Brussels, an engineer, interested in several tramway enterprises in Europe and in South America, Mr. Daniel Heinemann. I invited him with Mr. Millard K. Shaler and Mr. William Hulse, American citizens likewise, and resident in Brussels, to meet me at the Legation, and we organized a committee with Mr. Heinemann at its head, to undertake the relief of our fellow citizens who had been overwhelmed by the war. Funds were raised, a house was rented where Americans might find shelter, and thus by the admirable and efficient efforts of these gentlemen, all the Americans who wished to go home were enabled to go to England and eventually to find their way to their own land.

One evening at dinner-time came the confirmation of the news of the superb resistance of the Belgians at Liège. The hopes of the town were high; every one was expecting the French and the English to come to the support. The lower town was all excitement. A warm and gentle rain was falling, but the streets were brilliant and gay and the throngs drifted through them, singing the Brabançonne and the Marseillaise, and everywhere were the Belgian and the French colors. The little tables on the sidewalks before the cafés were all surrounded, and passing slowly down the Boulevard Anspach, blazing with its electricity, one heard now and then the crash of broken glass, the crowds were breaking the windows of German shops or shops with German names. Over the door of "Chez Fritz," the great café in the Boulevard Anspach, was the appealing placard:

"Fritz is a good citizen of Luxembourg, but this place is Belgian."

The night was so warm, the fine misty rain so gentle and refreshing! There was a kind of gaiety abroad; even the showers of glass from those smashed German windows fell with a merry tinkle, and the crowd laughed joyously. The hearts of all, indeed, were high; Brussels was expecting the French and the English to arrive any moment, expecting the "big battle" in which the combined Belgian, French and English forces were to annihilate the Germans.

And then at midnight a new rumor shuddered through the town. Men were going along the streets ringing all the door bells and shouting:

"*L'eau de la ville est empoisonnée! L'eau de la ville est empoisonnée!*"

They said that the German uhlans had poisoned the sources of the water of Brussels.

There was no truth in the tale, of course. We were destined to become rather well acquainted with the phenomenon of rumor. No matter how stupid, nor how often disproved, there was always some one to believe, and in this instance there were many poor folk who, in their credulity and fear, went thirsty for days.

XIII

BISMARCK says somewhere that never are rumors so rife as in time of war, and he was an authority on most things pertaining to the art or the science of war, if it is an art or a science. We could seldom trace the rumors to their origin. I do not know that we ever tried, but on one occasion I was able to lay the ghost of one rumor that was constantly repeated and believed during those first tragic days when we were so new to the grim business.

That rumor related to wireless-telegraph instalations. When people were not seeing spies they were hearing wireless instruments clicking. One morning, at half-past eight o'clock, Monsieur Carton de Wiart was announced on a matter of immediate importance and I went down to find the tall, handsome Belgian Minister of Justice in my cabinet, haggard from sleepless nights, but well-groomed as ever, and elegant in high hat and frock coat. He came to inform me that the Belgian Government had reliable information that there was a wireless telegraph instrument on top of the German Legation; the *Garde Civique* that had been detailed there at my request to protect the Legation, had heard it working during the night. The Government, of course, wished to be correct, and as there were no precedents, he proposed that the *Procureur du Roi* and some of the justices of the *Court de Cassation* institute an inquiry, and in a regular, formal, and legal manner ascertain the facts.

"But," I said, "there is a much more practical way!"

"What?"

"To go and see. You'll accompany me, won't you? Let's go."

He was surprised, but pleased. I asked him to procure a wireless-telegraph expert and said that I would go with him whenever he was ready. He went away, came back in half an hour with his expert, a lithe, agile young chap in rubber-soled shoes, and with Mr. Gibson and Monsieur de Leval, we all went over to the German Legation.

The members of the *Garde Civique* on duty there crowded up to assure us that the instrument could still be heard spluttering away, and we routed out the startled old Grabowsky, who was virtually imprisoned there, and with him to guide us, ascended to the attic. He opened a trap-door in the roof, and the lovely morning light came through from the patch of blue sky above; then he produced a frail little ladder and I invited Monsieur Carton de Wiart to ascend. He looked at the little ladder, then down his dignified front of frock coat; ministerial dignity could never hope to ascend such a ladder and clamber on to that steep roof.

And so I went up and the expert came after me, and then Mr. Gibson, and we clambered about over the tiles and among the chimney-pots. *Monsieur l'expert* went everywhere, clipped a few wires—telephone, no doubt—but shook his head; no wireless to be found anywhere. And while we were looking about I saw to my surprise, almost at my feet, a trap-door slowly rise, then a head came forth, and presently there arose, like the morning sun before my eyes, a dark, handsome face, hair carefully combed down, monocle in left astonished eye, high, tight collar, butterfly cravat, smart coat, elegant hands, manicured nails, a cigaret—and there was Signor Felix Cavalcanti de Lacerda, the Secretary of the Brazilian Legation, the premises of which adjoined those of the German Legation. Cavalcanti was speechless with surprise, but I divined the situation, greeted him and said:

"If I'm violating Brazilian territory, it's quite by mistake and unintentional and I formally and officially apologize."

He laughed and I explained and he told me that his chief, beholding men on the roof of his Legation, had sent him up to investigate.

And while we were talking, suddenly there was a sound, a sharp, rasping sound, broken into what might very well have been dots and dashes—"z--zzt—Z--zzt ---- Zzt —— Zzt —— Zzt--- Zzzzzz -ttss---" precisely like the wireless on steamships in the Atlantic! *Monsieur l'expert* cocked his head, pricked up

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his ears, and then we all fixed the place whence came the sound . . . and it was a rusty weathercock squeaking in the wind! And so that sensation ended—to the regret of the *Garde Civique* when we went down and informed them.

It was from Carton de Wiart that morning that we heard our first news of the horrors of Visé: the Germans, after their check at Fléron, had burned the town and shot the inhabitants.

When we returned to the Legation, the Germans, those peaceful, frightened Germans who were then of Brussels, were already crowding the halls, turning the Legation into a bedlam. The crowd inside increased as the day advanced; and as the news spread that we were charged with the protection of German interests, groups of idle and curious gathered outside in the Rue de Trèves. And suddenly, late in the afternoon, over the pandemonium, there was the horrid sound of strife and angry cries, and then blows at the outer doors. The crowd had rushed upon some German entering the Legation, and when the door was closed behind him in the faces of the crowd they began kicking on its panels.

But the admirable de Leval went out and spoke to the crowd, while the German cowered behind a steel filing-case back in the *chancellerie*. We telephoned to the authorities and in a half hour a detail of *Gardes Civiques* was posted at the Legation, patroling the streets and all was quiet, and our frightened Germans were waiting for the train that had been provided. Mr. Gibson and Mr. Roy Nasmith, the American vice-consul, were rounding up the Germans. The original four hundred whom the Belgian priest had sheltered in the abbey had grown to four thousand, and to make doubly sure, I went myself to see Monsieur Carton de Wiart.

I found him in his office, where there was a great portrait of Tolstoy on an easel—Tolstoy and this madness! Monsieur Carton de Wiart was very kind and not the least bitter toward the Germans. All had been admirably organized. Trains had been provided to carry twenty-five hundred Germans to the Dutch frontier that night, and we had telegraphed Mr. van Dyke, our Minister at The Hague, who was to have them met there by other trains, and so sent back to their homes in Germany. The Germans were to be assembled at the Cirque Royal that evening, guarded by the gendarmes and by them escorted to the station.

There was to be a meeting that evening of the Diplomatic Corps at the Papal Nonciature and Senhor Barros Moreira, the Brazilian Minister, came over after dinner that we might go together. As we went down-stairs on our way out, there in the hall we saw a woman in tears; her husband, a German, was with her. It was easy to see

dumb, Teutonic melancholy. They had with them a little boy with golden curls, one of the prettiest children I ever saw, with the sweet face of one of Raphael's cherubs, who looked up inquiringly into his mother's sad face. I recognized the woman as an American who had been there the day before. She had married her German husband in Iowa, where they had lived for years, he engaged successfully in business. But he had neglected to become naturalized, and that summer, in Europe on a visit home, had been overtaken by the tide of war. Before such a prospect they were all in terror, he sitting dumbly by the while.

At sight of me the woman sprang forward and seized my hand, as though I were her last refuge in the world, and with such sobs and lamentations as might break a heart, fell on her knees, refusing to let go my hand and dragging on tragically toward me on her knees. Barros Moreira was impressed by the scene, and by the figure of the little boy standing by, receiving his baptism in the misery of this world. I did not know what to do. I felt the embarrassment of one of our race in such a predicament, tore my hand away, picked up the pretty baby and kissed him, and left—we had to get to that meeting—the woman dragging after me all the way to the door. . . .

When I returned from the meeting I learned that my wife and the mothers and Miss Larner had taken the little boy up-stairs and played with him all evening until Mr. Gibson took the little family away in the motor to the Cirque Royal, where they assembled the Germans who were to go out on the refugee train that night. I had a vision of that bright, pretty, innocent little child, and the little family whirled away in the great whirlpool into darkness—to what fate? We should never know, I said, never see any of them again. . . .

But we did. A few days after the Germans had established themselves in Brussels, the father of the pretty little boy took a room near Mr. Gibson's apartment in the Rue St. Boniface and, in his quality of German spy, watched Mr. Gibson's every movement.

XIV

MR. GIBSON and Mr. Nasmith were up all that night sending off the Germans. Mr. Gibson had driven away from the Legation that evening with the German-American and his wife and little boy to the Cirque Royal, the woman cowering all the way in terror in the bottom of the car.

Her fears of course were groundless; the Belgians are by nature kind, generous, and when the motor drew up to the Cirque Royal and the crowds pressed around it, Mr. Gibson took the child and held it aloft and said:

"*Les Belges ne croquent pas les bêbés!*" (Belgians don't eat babies.)

A big gendarme put forth his hands, took the boy and said:

"*Mais non! Ni leurs mères ni leurs pères non plus!*" (No, nor their mothers and fathers either.)

And so he and the child led the way into the great Cirque. There nearly five thousand Germans were gathered—twice the number expected. They were, of course, all in excitement and alarmed, and Mr. Gibson had to go about reassuring them. The officers of the gendarmes and the *Garde Civique* with their own money bought chocolate to give to the children, and later, Madame Carton de Wiart, wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice, came with hot milk and other comforts for the women and children.

The Belgian authorities promptly provided additional coaches, and after midnight the transfer of the refugees to the station began. It was carried on without incident and that morning at daylight the last of the four long trains drew out of the Gare du Nord, bearing the Germans toward Esschen on the Dutch frontier.

The action of the Belgian Government in this emergency was superb in spirit and in execution and the population nobly generous, and I could not resist the temptation to write a note to Monsieur Carton de Wiart expressing my appreciation and admiration. Not a German was injured during those days, and no more serious harm was done than that resulting from the breaking of windows in the first ebullition of excitement. The German proprietor of the great department store known as Tietz did indeed consider that an auspicious moment to adorn his place of business in the crowded Rue Neuve with German flags, and they were promptly torn down. The Burgomaster of Brussels, M. Adolphe Max, issued a proclamation appealing to the population to remain calm, while the Minister of the Interior published a statement explaining the laws and customs of war. And that day, Friday, a state of siege was proclaimed.

I had a call from Ouang Yong Pao, who, with one of his secretaries, Snu-Tze, came to me to ask what the colleagues had decided to do at the meeting the night before. I explained and told him that I would remain in Brussels. He said he would do as I did. Snu-Tze, the little secretary, spoke of the dangers one might incur at Antwerp, but I reminded him of his diplomatic extra-territoriality and privileges. He leaned forward and his face wore a curious smile, as he said:

"But cannons haven't any eyes!"

XV

AN INCIDENT occurred in those early days of August that I may as well relate here, though for its sequence I shall have to anticipate the chronology of events

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In the early evening of Saturday, the eighth of August, there came to me from Dr. Van Dyke a message saying that he had been asked by his German colleague at The Hague to request me to present, on behalf of the Imperial German Government a message to the Belgian Government. The message of the Imperial German Government was in German and *en clair* (not in cipher). M. de Leval translated it while we waited impatiently. It was this:

The fortress of Liège has been taken by assault after a brave defense. The German Government most deeply regrets that bloody encounters should have resulted from the attitude of the Belgian Government; it is only through the force of circumstances that she had, owing to the military measures of France, to take the grave decision of entering Belgium and occupying Liège as a base for further military operations. Now that the Belgian army has upheld the honor of its arms by its heroic resistance to a very superior force, the German Government begs the King of the Belgians and the Belgian Government to spare Belgium the further horrors of war. The German Government is ready for any compact with Belgium which can be reconciled with their arrangements with France. Germany once more gives her solemn assurance that it is not her intention to appropriate Belgian territory to herself and that such an intention is far from her thoughts. Germany is still ready to evacuate Belgium as soon as the state of war will allow her to do so.

This is the note concerning which, in the German White Book, the following comment is made:

"This message was sent to the American Minister at Brussels, who refused to deliver it. . . ."

M. de Leval finished his translation and handed me the text with an inquiry in his brown eyes while I read it.

I was standing there by Mr. Gibson's desk in the room of the secretaries; I read the dispatch over and over; looked at Mr. Gibson, looked at M. de Leval, looked at Miss Larner, amazed beyond any words. I stood there with the telegram in my hand, looked at the English and then at the German words. What hand had written them? What mentality had conceived them? Were there, after all, in this world, no such words as honor and faith? I let the dispatch fall to the table, one thing at least decided, namely, that no such offer should soil my hands.

But how to manage it? After all, we were charged with the representation of German interests. And I began to think about a dispatch to Washington. I would point out what the President and Mr. Bryan, of course, must already realize, that this war is but the old struggle between democracy and autocracy in the world, and that little Belgium is just now holding this Thermopylæan pass for democracy. And I sat down at Miss Larner's desk and began to write a dispatch in these terms, trying to make the view accord with our declared neutrality—a somewhat difficult task, as I found.

Mr. Gibson was standing by, still studying the telegram. After a while he said:

"There are no cipher groups here."

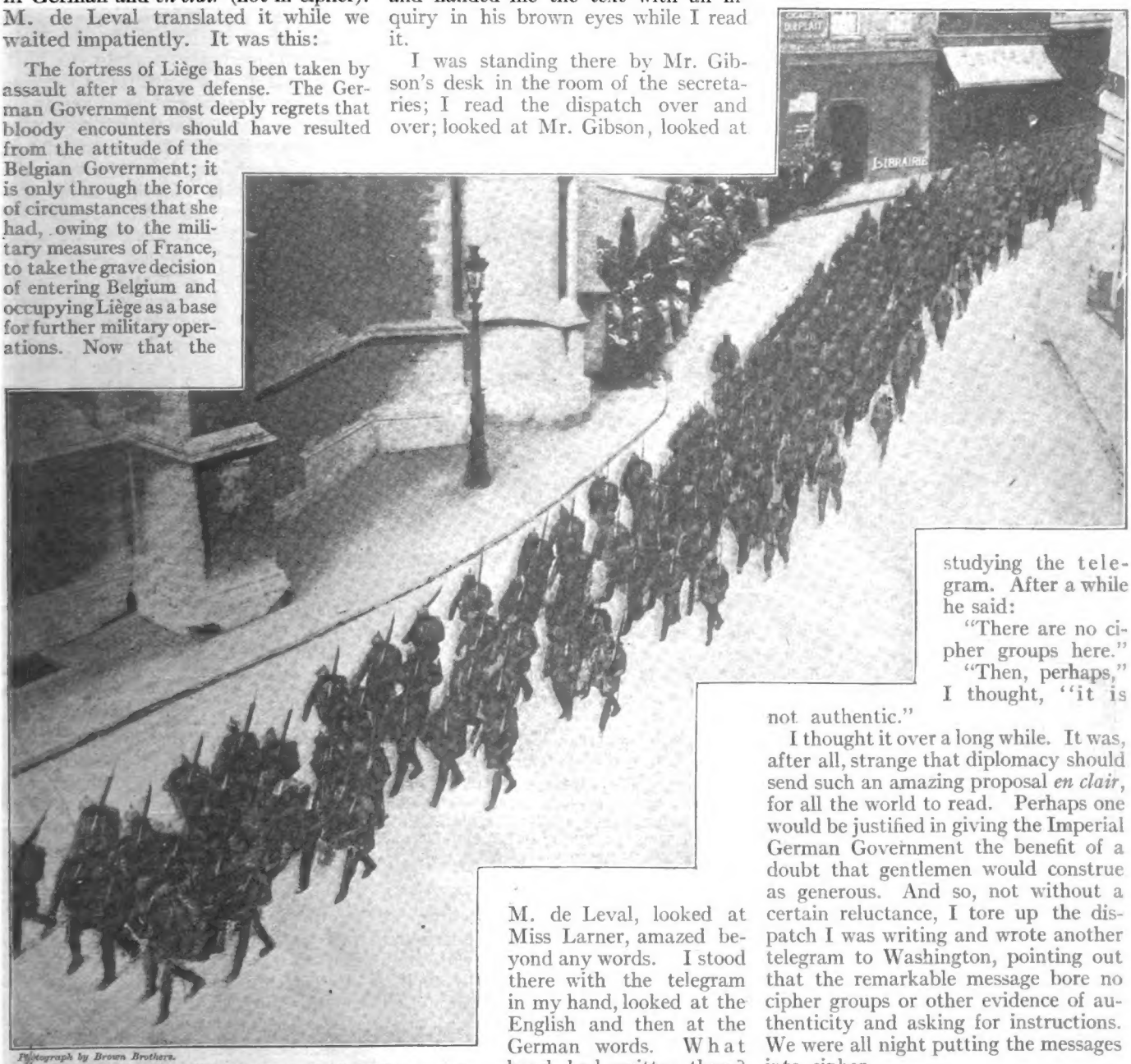
"Then, perhaps," I thought, "it is not authentic."

I thought it over a long while. It was, after all, strange that diplomacy should send such an amazing proposal *en clair*, for all the world to read. Perhaps one would be justified in giving the Imperial German Government the benefit of a doubt that gentlemen would construe as generous. And so, not without a certain reluctance, I tore up the dispatch I was writing and wrote another telegram to Washington, pointing out that the remarkable message bore no cipher groups or other evidence of authenticity and asking for instructions. We were all night putting the messages into cipher.

Meanwhile the Belgians were holding on at Liège and perhaps the Allies were getting up. I told Mr. Gibson he might tell Leo d'Ursel—if he wished to do so—and he did. Count d'Ursel, he reported, was much impressed and had run at once to see Davignon and de Broqueville.

The beautiful dawn was breaking as I went to bed.

The following morning, Sunday, the ninth, I had a telegram from Dr. Van Dyke at The Hague, whose sympathy and prompt, friendly comprehension did so much during that trying time to



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THE GERMAN ARMY POURING SWIFTLY INTO THE GRIEF-SILENT BELGIAN CAPITAL, AUGUST 20th, 1914.

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THIS IS MERELY A PHOTO OF THREE TYPICAL GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS TAKEN RED-HANDED IN A PIOUS MOOD IN BRUSSELS, A MONTH OR MORE AFTER THE KULTURING OF LOUVAIN, LIÈGE AND NAMUR. THE RELIGIOUS ECSTASY STILL CONTINUES. THE LABEL READS: "WITH GOD, FOR KAISER AND EMPIRE. THE WAR, 1914."

make my task less heavy. The telegram was brief; it said that the message from the Imperial German Government was authentic and, though that was about all that a neutral diplomatist could say of it, he added one other consolatory word: "Congratulations."

On Monday I had a telegram from Mr. Bryan, reserving instructions until the genuineness of the message should be established. On Tuesday, the eleventh, I learned that the message had been delivered by the German Minister at The Hague to Mr. Louden, the Dutch Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was requested to hand it to Baron Fallon, the Belgian Minister at The Hague, which he did, and Baron Fallon sent it to Brussels.

Count Leo d'Ursel came over from the foreign office with word from Davignon that the Belgian Government was preparing a reply that would be a refusal to entertain the proposal. This reply was sent to Baron Fallon to be delivered to the German Government through The Hague on Wednesday and was as follows:

Brussels, August 12, 1914.

Please communicate the following telegram to the Netherlands Minister for Foreign Affairs:

The proposal made to us by the German Government repeats the proposal which was formulated in the ultimatum of August the second. Faithful to her international obligations, Belgium can only reiterate her reply to that ultimatum, the more so, as since August third, her neutrality has been violated, a distressing war has been waged on her territory, and the guarantors of her neutrality have responded loyally and without delay to her appeal.

DAVIGNON.

Several days later I had a telegram from Washington asking if I had any further information as to the authenticity of the German proposal, and I could reply that while the message had undoubtedly been genuine, it had been delivered through The Hague and that the question had no longer any but an academic interest.

All of the notes of the Belgian Government were conceived in this calm dignified spirit. I had transmitted to it a day or so before a note from the German Government complaining that the Belgians were condemning as spies men who were innocent. The Belgian Government's reply to this complaint was beautiful in its dignity and calm, and as it seems to lose in translation I give it in the language in which it was written:

"*La Belgique, terre classique du droit et de la liberté, traverse ces douloureux événements sans la moindre haine à l'endroit de ceux qui lui imposent les pires souffrances. Elle a trop le souci du droit et de la vie humaine pour condamner sans preuves et sans jugement régulier.*" (Belgium, known in history as the land of justice and liberty, endures these unhappy events without the least feeling of hate toward those who impose upon her the worst possible sufferings. She has too great a regard for justice and for humanity to condemn without evidence and without trial.)

The two dispatches, the one that opens and the one that closes this chapter, may stand as symbolic of the two nations whose diplomacy conceived them.

XVI

WHO, having lived in Brussels through that terrible month of August, can think of those days, with their exaltations, their emotions, their hopes and fears, their terror and despair, without the memory of that wonderful sunlight which filled them to the brim? Day after day went by, and with each new morning the miracle was renewed. It was a phenomenon new to Brussels, and to Belgium, where it rains as often as it does in Scotland. It was of the irony implicit in life. There were moments when, looking at the wide, cloudless sky, thinking perhaps of Bois Fleuri, where doubtless the rabbits still nibbled at the rose-leaves, and the two magpies fluttered about with the "good news" they never delivered, or of Ravenstein where the larks were warbling in the sun high above the eleventh hole, one would say that all this madness and fury could not be; that a world so lovely, wherein life might have so much beauty and so much glory and so much meaning, should instead be given over to such an insane orgy of blood and lust and cruelty, was to make one despair of the human race. It could not be! And yet there were those miserable German

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refugees forever huddling in the corridors of the Legation, shaken by their fears, and there in the courtyard, whiling away their time playing at cards, the lads of the *Garde Civique*, those young lawyers and doctors and clerks, that rudimentary organism of the Belgian commune, the old *Burgerwacht*, with its traditions of Jacques van Artevelde.

The heroic resistance of the little Belgian army in the forts along the Meuse—the forts that General Leman, who then commanded them, had himself constructed—created an extraordinary enthusiasm that vibrated nervously in the sparkling sunlight, producing a kind of contagious exhilaration, a veritable intoxication; men met each other in the streets and said ecstatically: "*Les forts tiennent toujours!*" (The forts are still holding out.)

Lovely Brussels was lovelier than ever; but somehow, with a wistful, waning loveliness, infinitely pathetic. All over the Quartier Leopold the white façades of the houses bloomed in flags, their black and red and yellow colors transparent in the sunlight; in the Forêt the sunlight filtered through the leaves, irradiating the green boles of the trees, and through the hazy sunlight that lay on the fields the mound of Waterloo was outlined against the sky.

In the Bois, in the midst of woodland peace, the children were playing and lovers whispered still their marvelous discoveries. The expected battle was not yet—but the uhlans were drawing nearer; one could almost fancy them there behind the trees. But no, not yet—it was only a troop of *gardes civiques à cheval*, in their uniforms of green and their gray fur busbies; young Davignon among them, waving his hand at me.

At night the town was strangely still—every one seemed to be waiting. The outposts of the German army were only thirty miles away; the German cavalry was said to be at Tirlemont. But the movements of the French and the English were surrounded with impenetrable mystery. There was nothing to do but to wait.

"What will to-morrow bring forth?" M. de Leval would say before going home for the night.

And yet nothing happened. The days went by. The city grew quieter, was filled indeed with a kind of silent glory, with its countless flags, like mammoth tulips full of light, the shimmer of the sun—and the waiting.

Our information was all so fragmentary, so unrelated, so disproportionate. We were like the man who in the hot midst of the Civil War tried to write a history of it, describing as "pivotal" a "battle" in which he had just engaged, which, in the light of subsequent developments, proved to be only a skirmish. We knew, in fact, nothing save bits of gossip or small items of personal interest; the young princes, Leopold and Charles, had appeared on the boulevard, with their governess, quite simply; the crowds swarmed around them enthusiastically; near the Hôpital St Jean, there at the Rue Pacheco, the military guard had suddenly called "*Garde à vous!*" and there was the Queen in her motor, with General Jungbluth in uniform by her side; and we uncovered while her Majesty, who seemed to bear the sorrows of her country on her heart, went in to visit the wounded who had already been brought in from Liège.

One afternoon M. de Leval and I are alone at the Legation where it is quiet, save for the furious ticking of his agitated little clock; I am reading Roland de Mares's column in the *Independance Belge* when suddenly a shot rings out in the Rue de Trèves. I pay no attention at first, then when a fusilade follows I look out of the window and see the *Garde Civique* firing in the air. In the Rue de Belliard people are gazing upward and the whole squad is firing at the wide blue sky. The servants rush up-stairs in fright, gather in panic in the hall. Going into the courtyard we see a monoplane, out of range, with the wide fan-like tail of the German Taube, sailing leisurely and unconcernedly away in the direction of Liège.

Then one evening a note came from Count Clary, asking if our consul at Ghent would take over the Austrian Consulate there, their man—a Belgian honorary consul—having resigned in indignation. Also, would I take over the Austrian Legation? . . . . . the fifth invitation of this kind I had received in a week.

Villalobar and I had a long serious discussion of the situation. I told him of my intention to remain in Brussels, no matter what befall; without laying claim to remarkable prevision, I had a feeling that there would be work to do there; I had already accepted the responsibility of protecting British interests and, with American interests, I felt that, anomalous as the situation would be were the Government to leave, that work would be more important just then than any other. He was wholly of my opinion; he had agreed to act for French interests and we agreed to act in concert. We had nothing then to do but wait. . . . .

"*Les forts tiennent toujours!*" . . . . . But we had seen no soldiers save Belgians, though a few German prisoners were brought in; they thought that they were in France and expressed surprise that Paris was not larger.

Then one morning M. de Leval came in with the news that the French had arrived; cavalry had entered the city the night before; he had seen them from his balcony going down the Avenue de la Toison d'Or, a squadron of weary troopers nodding over their horses' necks and Mr. Gibson had seen them at the Porte de Namur; they were hailed by shouts of "*Vive la France!*" and the cavalry men roused themselves to reply "*Vive la Belgique!*" Girls had come out from the cafés at the Porte de Namur with trays of beer, which the soldiers drank thirstily.

The city of Liège had been occupied, but this, the communiques assured us, was unimportant so long as the forts held, and "*ils tiennent toujours.*" The population there was said to be calm, even if hostages had been taken, the bishop and the Burgomaster among them. Then one evening it was told in town that the uhlans had been seen in the Forêt de Soignes.

We went for a drive in the Bois with the feeling that perhaps it would be the last. There suddenly, around a turn in the road, into the peaceful scene, swept a train of motor-cars filled with British officers; the seats of the cars were piled high with baggage, and after them there came two cars of English nurses. They all rushed madly by, and our hearts rose at our first sight of the khaki uniforms. The English were there at last.

XVII

WE SAW no English, however, other than those in the swift motors that dashed eastward through the Bois, no other French than those tired cavalrymen de Leval had seen going along the boulevard, drooping with fatigue over their horses' necks. The newspapers might announce that no official acknowledgment of the surrender of the forts of Liège had been made, that the "*situation reste favorable,*" "*les forts tiennent toujours*"; the rumors that flew from mouth to mouth were otherwise, and people knew; the slow persistent truth percolating silently.

Then one day for the first time there were cryptic notes in the press; the situation was serious; the three-o'clock edition of *Le Soir* had an allusion to grave events and, instantly, all over town, there were rumors of a German advance, the invaders were drawing near, the uhlans were seen at this place and that!

The hours wore away; one got somehow through the day, the spirits declining toward evening with the sun, for then the rumors began to pour into the Legation, brought by the fugitives who came for consolation, or by the timorous who came for encouragement or information; they whispered more and more of awful atrocities, hideous deeds, committed near Tirlemont; the Germans were said to have sacked the peasant's houses, killed the men, thrust bayonets through the breasts of girls, hung a Belgian soldier up by the thumbs. I went to bed that night feeling like the sad Pestalozzi.

At the English church that last Sunday morning the organ was not in

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commission. The organist played on a little harmonium, and the choir broke down every few minutes, but services were never held under circumstances more impressive. The atmosphere was heavy with the emotions of the hour. "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" read the little curate, and there was an unisonant sigh. At the prayer for King George V. there was a pregnant silence; when he added: "and for Albert, King of the Belgians," he paused, and the silence deepened, and then, as he went on: "and Thy servant, the President of the United States," one felt—why not avow it even if one is Anglo-Saxon?—one felt close to tears. The curate, instead of a sermon of his own, rather wisely, I thought, read a published sermon by the bishop. It may have suffered an attenuating process in the transmission, but there was one good sentence in it, not by the curate, nor even by the bishop, but by Lord Kitchener, who had said to his men after the South African campaign: "You have tasted the salt of life, and you will not forget its flavor."

There are times, there are certain moments in life, when the old prayers, the old hymns, suddenly acquire a new meaning and afford a consolation that no other words can give. What floods of memory out of far-off youth, out of that far-off land! The mentality of our race is formed, our very being saturated with the literature of the King James version of the English Bible, with the prayer-book, and with Shakespeare. The intellectual processes, and the mode of instinctive thought and impressions of thousands who could not cite you a line out of any of them, are all due to those three collections out of the golden age of English literature. It is that that singles out our race from all others and makes us different; the French have Molière and Racine in place of Shakespeare, but in the effect on their mentality, instead of the King James version they have—the fables of La Fontaine. And that morning, when the world was falling asunder all about them, it was this great common heritage that drew the English and the Americans in that congregation somehow together, so that as we came out of the church into the narrow little Rue de Stassart, and Sir Francis's motor rolled up, flying a little British flag, and Sir Francis entered his limousine, the men of the congregation uncovered as he drove away, and as the car came up flying the American flag the Englishmen uncovered again.

A BEVY OF GERMAN OFFICERS PAUSE IN THEIR WORK OF RENDERING THE PEOPLE OF BRUSSELS HAPPY AND KULTURED, TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED IN AN APPROPRIATE SETTING BELOW THE MARTYRS' STATUE. THE *GARDE CIVIQUE* AND THE BOY SCOUTS IN THE LOWER PHOTO DID NOT WANT KULTUR, HOWEVER, AND DUG THEIR TRENCH ACROSS THE BOIS, WHERE THEY WOULD HAVE MADE MARTYRS OF THEMSELVES AND ALL THE PEOPLE OF BRUSSELS BUT FOR THE INTERVENTION OF MR. WHITLOCK.

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XVIII

I HAD asked an audience of the Queen for Miss Boyle O'Reilly, who had a message of sympathy from America, and that afternoon word came that the Queen would grant the audience at 4:30. We drove to the Palace, not that day to the *grille d'honneur*, but to the entrance in the quiet shady little Rue Brailmont, there where the high wall shuts in the Palace grounds. The military guard was on the *qui vive*, and once admitted, we were received by an old major-domo with black mutton-chop whiskers and shown up to a little waiting-room where we were received by one of the Queen's ladies in waiting, the Countess d'O—.

We had to wait, and talked for a long time—about the war, of course, the Countess very much moved, her eyes filling with tears every few minutes. But after a while, accompanied by the good Doctor le Boeuf who had done so much for the Red Cross, we were conducted down the long red-carpeted corridor to the Queen's private apartments, and shown into the little blue drawing-room. And presently the Queen entered. She wore a simple blue gown with transparent sleeves, and a white, low, girlish collar; not a jewel, only her wedding-ring on her hand, and her hair dressed in delicate simplicity. She was calm, with a certain gravity, and her blue eyes were wistful in the little smile that hovered about her lips. There was no ceremony at this rather unusual presentation. . . .

We were walking down the long state apartments, with their glittering chandeliers, all vastly different then from their aspect when last I had seen them, thronged with men in brilliant uniforms at a court ball. They were filled that day with long lines of hospital cots, the white coverlets already drawn back—waiting for the wounded. At the foot of each cot a little Belgian flag was fastened.

"The children put them here," said the Queen.

Up and down through those long apartments we passed in that model hospital into which, all within eight days, the Queen had transformed her Palace. Gone the old stateliness and luxury; nothing now but those white cots, operating-rooms, tables with glass tops, white porcelain utensils, even X-ray apparatus—with all their sinister implication. Now and then a nurse would appear, dropping a curtsey as the Queen passed.

In our tour we found ourselves in one of the entrances facing the park.

"The Diplomatic entrance," said the Queen, with a sad smile; "all closed now!"

Back up the grand staircase then, and at the door of the Queen's apartments she withdrew, passing as the door closed behind her to turn and make a little gesture of farewell. It was to be nearly three years before I saw her Majesty again.

It must have been that same day that I had the telegram from London, announcing that two hundred American newspaper correspondents were about to descend upon us in force! I went at once to the Foreign Office to deliver the ultimatum, announcing this latest invasion, and to ask the Count d'Ursel to prepare a "warm shower" and not a "cold shower" for them. The correspondents arrived on Monday morning, not two hundred, but two—Richard Harding Davis and Gerald Morgan. I went with them to the Foreign Office, and presented them to the Baron van der Elst, and then to the old Gendarmerie Nationale in the Boulevard Waterloo, for *laissez-passers*, brassards, etc. The scene was one that might have marked the French Revolution. The Gendarmerie is a great white block of a building, simple and severe, and yet French in *allure*. The great courtyard was crowded with wagons and horses and anxious people, and around a deal table sat gendarmes, wearing the little *bonnet de police* which, with its gay tassel dangling down on the forehead, is traditional in Belgium from the time of the Revolution of 1830.

There were bottles of ink and bottles of paste—and there should have been bottles of wine to make the scene wholly and satisfyingly revolutionary. We sat there for a long time in the sunlight, while Davis and Morgan were given their passports and brassards, and then, in a great yellow motor-car, they went away out past the Porte de Hal on the road to Louvain. Mr. Gibson had already gone on the same expedition with Frederick Palmer, already on the ground, to see the sights of war.

I was very tired and after luncheon I went up to my chamber and stretched myself out on a *chaise longue* to rest, but no sooner had I settled myself than Joseph knocked, and, coming in, handed me a telegram. It was from the Foreign Office, informing me that the Government was going to Antwerp that night and that trains had been provided for the Diplomatic Corps. No more *chaise longue* after that! I went down-stairs and telephoned to Villalobar; he came over and we discussed the situation, deciding to stay at all events and to act in harmony and concert.

Davis came back to town that night, having got as far as Wavre, there to be turned back by the Belgians. He had seen no Germans, but had his first sight of the smart Belgian cavalry; it was only a glimpse; the curtains had parted for him for an instant and then were drawn again across the stage that was being set for the mighty tragedy. And that night came John McCutcheon, Irvin Cobb and Arno Dosch. We could talk of other days and for a while forget the stealthy approach of the Germans and the departure for Antwerp, until—a note came from Count Clary asking me to take over the Austrian Legation immediately.

Thus one by one, events moved in their fatal procession, there in Brussels, and we waited, and just as I was going to bed at 11:30, Villalobar called up on the telephone to say that the Queen and Government had left for Antwerp.

XIX

THE retirement of the Government to fortified Antwerp, while understood and calmly accepted by the population of Brussels, nevertheless had that depressing effect which such an event can not fail to produce. The event was simply announced in the newspapers on Tuesday, the eighteenth, and its importance minimized. The impression that the fortified place of Antwerp was impregnable was encouraged and strengthened by an official announcement communicated to the press by the General Staff.

All that morning in the lovely miracle of that persistent sunlight, I drove about town with my old friends among the correspondents, going to the Grand' Place, the charm of which could recall to John McCutcheon those days so long before, when he and George Ade made their first trip to Europe and Ade wrote those bright studies illustrated by McCutcheon's sketches, and published in the old Chicago *News* as "Stories of the Streets and of the Town." We went around to see the Mannekin and so on through the narrow, charming streets, invested with a greater charm perhaps because of the premonition of change.

We drove out the Avenue Louise, that those who did not know it might see the lovely Bois de la Cambre. And there, at the head of the broad avenue, where it widens to form the entrance to the noble park, we saw a scene that was to preoccupy my thoughts for long, anxious hours. A strip of paving extending across the avenue was torn up and a trench had been dug, hardly wide enough or deep enough for a gas-main. The earth and the paving-stones that had been removed to form it, were heaped along the edge, and before this slightest of barricades barbed wire was loosely strung. And, standing knee-deep in the trench, was a company of the *Garde Civique*, insouciant, smiling—waiting for the advance of the German army.

They stood there, those untrained boys and young men, clerks, students, *petits bourgeois*—in their improvised uniforms, bowler hats decorated with cords and nodding tassels, armed, to be sure, with rifles, but with no more training than that they had received in Sunday afternoon marches through the pleasant Forêt, or a parade on some fête-day, that rudimentary organization,

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that city guard, all that was left of the *burger wacht* of olden time, the stock butt of Brussels wit, the standing joke of music-halls and *revues*, sternly courageous, no doubt, fired with the best patriotic impulses, and filled with the spirit of the stout burghers of the old free cities, but only a welcome incentive and excuse to the gray oncoming hordes. It required no very lively imagination to picture the scene that would ensue if a column of German soldiers should *déboucher* out of the shades of the stately Bois—one whiff of *mitraille*, one volley, and lovely Brussels doomed!

That afternoon Villalobar and I agreed that as a diplomatic courtesy we should call on Burgomaster Max, the highest authority then left in Brussels. We went to the Hôtel de Ville, where all was confusion, and word came, asking if the Burgomaster might receive us in *la Salle de Garde*, that is, Police Headquarters, an office that looks and smells like all police stations the world over. M. Max came down, smiling, carefully dressed as usual, calm, master of himself and evidently pleased with our call.

But we came away somewhat depressed, not by anything that the Burgomaster had said, but by our prescience of what was impending. For those barricades at the entrance of the Bois, those *Gardes Civiques*, so ridiculously inadequate, were ever in my mind. I asked the Marquis to go with me to the Bois to see them; and there they were in their little trench at the end of the avenue. They halted us at the entrance to the Bois, but after scrutinizing our passes they let us go on and we made what we felt might be our final circuit of the lovely park.

There is always something to laugh at in life, even if it is only to keep from weeping, as *Figaro* said. Depressed as we were by the not wholly reassuring spectacle of that pitiable defense, as we came away and drove down the avenue in the early evening, there was a sardonic smile on the handsome Spanish countenance of the Marquis of Villalobar.

XX

AND now it is Wednesday, the nineteenth of August, a day of terrible tension, of extreme anxiety; over the city a dreadful menace hangs, the atmosphere is charged with portent, and every one is

M. ADOLPHE MAX, THE GALLANT MAYOR OF BRUSSELS.

depressed. It is preternaturally still; the sun glitters on the white façades of the houses, and one by one the Belgian flags are taken in and the shutters put up at the windows.

The Belgian General Staff has fallen back from Louvain to Malines. All day long crowds of peasants, in carts and on foot, pour into town from the east; a continuous stream with stolid, patient, sad faces—fleeing before the German advance.

A refugee lawyer who escaped with his family from Francorchamps, near Malmeny, came into the Legation and told of the horrors that were being committed in Luxemburg — villages burned, peasants shot down, massacres and unspeakable outrages. A troop of Belgian cavalry passed down the Rue de Trèves, weary, haggard men, unkempt, with grimy faces, their uniforms gray with dust; a picture by Détaille there in the old Quartier Leopold.

And yet there was that strange phenomenon, always to be observed in times of crises, the persistence with which life goes on in its normal and usual sequences; for that morning Nell and I went with Madame Carton de Wiart, the brilliant wife of the Minister of Justice—who had not gone with her husband to Antwerp, but stayed behind with her children, living on in the *Ministère* in the Rue de la Loi, and devoting her life, as ever, to the poor—to see the soup-kitchens that are maintained by the school system of Brussels for the children of the poor. We went to this old quarter near the Quai aux Bois Brulés, the little ones marching in while we were there, bowing to us as they passed, to seat themselves at the long low tables to eat their soup and their rolls, in the infinite pathos that attaches to childhood, especially to the childhood of the poor. Two little girls had been fighting as we entered and the defeated one stood leaning against a wall, hiding her face in her arms as she sobbed bitterly; her companions, with the savage stoicism of children, taking no notice of her pain.

When I got back to the Legation I found Villalobar there, very grave, with news that the Germans were at hand. He had no sooner gone than Sir Francis Villiers

GERMAN OFFICERS IN THE CAMP NEAR VISÉ. THEY ARE DRINKING WINE WHICH THE SOLDIERS HAVE BROUGHT OUT OF LIEGE.

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came, formally to turn over his Legation. He wore the British calm, this distinguished gentleman, whose hair had grown white in his king's service. He said little, but complained of the trouble of packing up.

"A most frightful bore!" he called it.

There was little to do, since his archives were already in my possession. We discussed the last details, deciding that between us no *procès-verbal* was necessary. He had made all his arrangements for departure.

"I shall lunch quietly at half-past eleven," he said, "and motor over to Antwerp this afternoon."

There was no more to say. I disliked to see him go. We had been good friends. . . . When I was new at the post Sir Francis showed me many delicate attentions, rendered me many kindly services. I had grown to be fond of him and of his whole family. Sir Francis arose and held out his hand.

"I trust that it is only *au revoir*," he said.

We shook hands warmly, bowed, and he went away.

After him came McCutcheon and Cobb, and with them Will Irwin, the latest correspondent to arrive. They were eager to get to the front.

"You have only to wait a few hours," I said, "and the front will come to you."

But they were impatient; and started for Louvain, promising to be back to dine with me that night.

We were all rather grave at luncheon, but we tried not to let the mothers see. I could not get those *Gardes Civiques* and their little trench in the Avenue Louise —there was one also in the Avenue Tervueren—out of my mind.

Villalobar came at three o'clock and we talked it over; something must be done. And so we drove to the *Ministère de la Guerre*, deserted now by Baron de Broqueville and occupied by General Clootens, commanding *la Garde Civique*, a kind of military governor, or I know not what; at any rate the ranking military authority left in the city.

We were admitted at once into his presence; he was in de Broqueville's bureau, at de Broqueville's desk and had an aid with him. He received us standing, and we remained standing throughout the interview. *Mon général* was a big man, with dark bronze skin and fierce heavy mustache. His *capote*, *képi* and sword lay on a divan near by, all ready. The aid hovered solicitously near him.

We told him that we had come to pay our respects, and he bowed like a soldier and thanked us in his gruff voice. Then, as delicately as we could, we approached the question of the defense of the city, feeling our way with many "*mon général's*" to an opening that would permit us to give our counsel to attempt nothing with the means at his command.

"*J'ai bien peu d'hommes pour la défense de la ville*," he said, finally.

We rushed into the opening, explained to him that as an open city Brussels could not, under the laws of war, be bombarded, unless a defense were attempted.

The General drew himself up and said:

THE *GARDE CIVIQUE* AND THE BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENT BEFORE THEIR TRENCH IN THE BOIS.

"*Je ferai mon devoir! Je ferai tout mon devoir! ! Je défendrai la ville jusqu'au bout!*"

We left the general then and sitting there in the motor, in the Rue de la Loi, we talked it over and determined to go to M. Max, the Burgomaster; he was a highly intelligent and reasonable man; there lay the last and only hope. The old *huissier* showed us gravely to the bureau of the Burgomaster; the last time I had been in that stately lofty room was when the special Chinese Ambassador and his suite were signing the Golden Book of the City. Other guests expected now!

M. Max, smiling as ever and as always very alert, very smart in attire and elegant in manner, arose from his imposing desk where he had been studying some paper.

"*La situation est extrêmement grave!*" he said, in a tone that accorded well with the facts.

We sat down in the two chairs that had been placed for us. He told us that the Germans were moving on the city, and that he had taken the resolution to defend it. We asked him what he intended to defend it with, and he said, of course, with the *Garde Civique*.

I permitted myself the liberty of pointing out to him the futility of such a course, saying that as an open city, Brussels was protected from assault or bombardment by the conventions and rules of war, but that the firing of a single shot in defense would take it out of this category, and that wholly insufficient as this *Garde Civique* was, that would mean not only the sacrifice of their lives, but the lives of citizens as well, and the destruction of the beautiful monuments of the city. The Marquis added his representations to mine and we made them as strongly as we could, Villalobar and I speaking alternately, sometimes, I fear, in concert. M. Max listened sympathetically, acquiescing in all that we said—he knew it all, indeed, as well as we—but he sighed, shrugged his shoulders, and raised both hands in a gesture of despair.

"*C'est une question d'honneur*," he said.

I shall not forget how he looked when he said this. My hopes fell. But I tried again.

"But," I said, "it is necessary to take other interests into consideration. Brussels is not yours only; it belongs to the whole civilized world. Think of all your works of art. Are they not precious? Is not the whole world concerned about them? I speak for all those, in Europe, in America, everywhere, who remember them, love them or hope to see them. We are entrusted, as it were, with the interests of humanity."

I thought these words impressed him; the Marquis gave his assent and the Burgomaster listened, hesitated, and then:

"What would you have me do?"

We pressed the point. He said it had been decided to defend the city as [illegible] and I smiled,

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thinking of those *Gardes Civiques*. Their defense could not last as far as the ring of inner boulevards which enclose the old city. Both Villalobar's and my Legation would be outside that charmed circle. I thought of that and M. Max evidently thought about it at the same moment, for he said he would place at our disposal houses within these boulevards. Small comfort in that! I answered at once:

"No, I thank you; I shall remain at my Legation."

"And I, also," said Villalobar.

There was nothing more to say, but we could not leave without repeating what we had said, without renewing our earnest entreaties.

GERMAN SOLDIERS IN (AND ALL OVER) THE PLACE DE LA BOURSE, BRUSSELS, SEPTEMBER, 1914.

The Burgomaster thanked us again and said he would consider our words. We asked him if he was going home.

"No," he said, "I shall sleep here. I shall not leave my Hôtel de Ville."

He said "my Hôtel de Ville" affectionately, in the spirit of the old free cities, and we came away very sober, drawing what hopes we could from Max's promise to consider our words. We came away, too, with unbounded admiration for a man who found himself suddenly in an excessively difficult position.

We read in the evening newspapers:

The great battle in Belgium appears to have begun. Nothing has happened to derange the plans of the General Staff from a strategic point of view. It is certain that to-day every one is at his post. We must have confidence in the General Staff that guides King Albert. According to the information gathered from officers, the outlook in high circles is excellent and confidence is absolute.

I sent a cablegram to Washington reporting my refusal to remove the Legation and announcing that the Germans were just east of the city. And then we sat down to await their coming.

XXI

VERY early on Thursday morning, the twentieth of August, a date I am not likely to forget, I was awakened by loud knocks, and slipping into my dressing-gown I opened the door and there stood poor Justine, wary, haggard, frightened, intensely négligé, looking as though he had not been to bed at all—as, indeed, he had not. He had brought his whole family and had given them Omer's room in the garage, sitting up all night, unknown to me, faithful soul that he was, with the *agent de police*, to keep watch. The *Gardes Civiques* had vanished from the courtyard.

Gustave came to announce the Count Bottaro-Costa, the Italian Minister, whom I found waiting in my cabinet, himself wearing a haggard air. He came at that early hour for consultation and to bring the news that it had been decided by the authorities, on orders from the King at Antwerp, and as a result of the advice that Villalobar and I had ventured to give Burgomaster Max, after all not to offer any resistance. The *Gardes Civiques* had accordingly been withdrawn and disbanded, and the German army was to enter the city during that day.

The news was a relief, of course, for which we could thank the King, who has a very level head on those broad shoulders.

Bottaro-Costa, however, was uncertain of our diplomatic status; thought that we were merely distinguished residents of the capital. I was not so much concerned about that technical point and advised him to go over and take counsel of Villalobar, who is expert in all such delicate matters, but Bottaro-Costa would not. Villalobar's Legation was in the Rue d'Archimède and Bottaro-Costa said that if he went there he might never get back to his own Legation on the Boulevard Bischoffsheim.

When he had gone I went up-stairs, and when Colette brought up my tea, I told her not to be frightened; that the entry of the Germans would be peaceful. The poor soul was relieved, but shook her head and said, in the French she translated out of her Flemish mentality:

"*Mais c'est tout de même triste.*" (But it's too bad, all the same.)

I told the honest Gustave too, and he shook another hard Flemish head and summed up, I think, in a phrase, the common thought of all Brussels that morning, when he said ruefully:

"I thought that the English and the French were coming to help us."

All morning, in ever-increasing crowds the poor peasants tramped into the city, bearing their pitiable possessions in bags, bundles, some of them in Belgian carts drawn by dogs. And from my window I saw one lone, dispirited, footsore Belgian soldier trudging in the hot sun that beat down into the Rue Belliard, sweltering in his heavy overcoat, his knapsack on his back, tin cup and an extra pair of boots dangling from it, trailing his gun and powdered gray with dust, trudging wearily along, the symbol of defeat and despair.

M. Max, wearing the red *écharpe* of the Burgomaster, with M. Jacquemain, the alderman, his faithful friend, had gone outside the city toward Tervueren the night before and there, with the German General, had arranged the details of the entry of the troops, and for their unmolested passage through the city. And now they were to enter at eleven o'clock. All morning long we waited. Villalobar was restlessly in and out with such news as he had.

We had been told that the troops would come in under the arch of the Cinquantenaire—from the window of my chamber I could just see the quadriga that old Leopold had placed there—and come down the Rue de la Loi, the long avenue that stretched away from the triumphal arch, in the crude glare of the sun, stark, empty, unreal.

At luncheon we discussed the propriety of my going out to see the army pass through. I did not like to miss the spectacle, but, on the other hand, I had a feeling that it might be indelicate in me to go out and witness the humiliation

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of the proud city. I asked the ladies not to leave the Legation; one could never know what might happen. After luncheon we went out on the balcony. One by one the bright Belgian flags were coming down from the white façades along the Rue Belliard, where they had flamed in the sun for the last fortnight, and only on the Brazilian, the Chilean and the American Legations were the flags left flying. The *persiennes* were drawn at all the windows; the old Quartier Leopold looked like a city of the dead.

Then of a sudden I saw Villalobar's car coming down the Rue de Trèves, his chauffeur in his red-and-green livery, his red-and-yellow flag flying, and I ran down to meet him, seizing my hat and stick as I went. The Marquis was as excited as a boy.

"Come on!" he cried, and I went, Mr. Gibson and M. de Leval following in our car. We drove over to the Italian Legation in the Boulevard Bischoffsheim. The boulevard was lined with crowds, waiting under the elm-trees, out of the sun. The *patrol bourgeois*, the citizens who had been sworn in to aid in keeping order, were sauntering about, wearing their white brassards.

Bottaro-Costa, a day or so before, much to our regret, had been superseded at that post by another Minister who had not yet arrived, and was about to leave Brussels. The Legation was dismantled and the halls filled with packing-cases, but the Countess had retained one salon, and she received us there.

There, then, in the bow windows overlooking the boulevard, chatting the while, we waited until Villalobar and Bottaro-Costa grew weary and impatient and went out with M. Carton de Wiart, the Spanish Consul, a cousin of the Belgian Minister of Justice; Mr. Gibson and M. de Leval and some secretaries of other Legations had come, but they had not ascended to the drawing-room; they had disappeared too. I remained with the Countess.

And then, standing by the window, suddenly we had our first view of the German troops. Without music or fife or drums or flag, a company of infantry came down the boulevard; they were all in gray, that sinister, greenish field-gray, even to the helmet covers they wore, and were in heavy marching order. They swung along somewhat wearily close to the sidewalk at the corner where they were to turn down into the Boulevard du Jardin Botanique. Two of the men fell out of line, took their post at the corner, and lowered their rifles; one of them rested his foot in the sling of his rifle, the other drew a box of cigarets from his tunic, proffered it to his comrade, fumbled for a match, then asked a light from a Belgian standing near. The Belgian gave it to him with Belgian kindness; a little knot of men stared at them. And that was all. It did not seem so bad.

"Poor fellows!" sighed the Countess.

I assume that the "poor fellows" had fallen out to mark the way for those who were to follow, though the route was already marked by arrows painted on boards that had been fixed to the trees. We waited, but no more came.

Then Bottaro-Costa came running up and said they were going by another route. We bade the Countess good-by —she refused to accompany us—rushed down, and Bottaro-Costa, Villalobar and I entered Villalobar's car and whirled away to the Rue Royale where, the chauffeur said, the troops were passing. But no troops were there, and finding ourselves in the Rue de Ligne, we heard the steady drumming of horses' hoofs. Excited crowds were swaying this way and that, rushing uncertainly hither and thither. Finally they took a more stable course, in the direction of the hoof-beats. We drove then to Ste. Gudule and, at Villalobar's insistence, out onto the terrace of the old church itself, overlooking the little Place de Parvis. And there, between the hedges of the silent crowds packed along the sidewalks, slowly descending the Rue Ste. Gudule from the Treurenberg and turning into the Rue de la Montagne, which twisted away to our left, riding in column of twos, in the same field-gray uniforms, their black-and-white pennants fluttering from their lances, was a squadron of German hussars. And as they rode they chanted in rude chorus: "*Heil Dir im Siegeskranz.*"

It was very still, the crowds sullen and silent, there in the glitter of the sunlight—the horses' hoofs clattering on the stones of the uneven pavement, the lances swaying, the pennants fluttering and that deep-throated chant to the tune that the English know as "God Save the King" and we as "America", and over us the gray façades of the stately old church. The scene had the aspect of medievalism; something terrible too, that almost savage chant and those gray horsemen pouring down out of the Middle Ages into modern civilization.

Villalobar turned and looked at me.

"We'll remember this scene," he said.

"And think of where we are!" said Bottaro-Costa, glancing up at the two lofty towers of Ste. Gudule behind us, looking down calmly as they had looked for seven centuries on a scene that was not, after all, new to them. They had seen Frenchmen and Austrians and Spaniards riding thus, singing their songs of conquest.

The column halted, the chanting ceased; the last two troopers promptly turned their horses around. No rear attacks! Then after a moment they moved again, taking up their savage hymn and, still singing in those hoarse gutturals, wound down and away and out of sight behind the walls, the tiles, and the chimney-pots, where the Rue Ste. Gudule turns into the Rue de la Montagne, and so to the Grand' Place. We thought we had seen it all, and we turned away and drove back to the Italian Legation.

GERMAN SOLDIERS IN THE GRAND' PLACE, BRUSSELS, BEFORE THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

And as we turned into the Boulevard Bischoffsheim there was the German army! All that we had seen was but an advance-guard, mere videttes, for there, up and down the boulevard, under the spreading branches of the trees, as far as we could see, were undulating, glinting fields of bayonets, and a mighty gray grim horde, a thing of steel, that

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THE CIVIC GUARD OF BRUSSELS MARCHING TO GIVE UP THEIR ARMS.

came thundering on with shrill fifes and throbbing drums and clanging cymbals, nervous horses and lumbering guns and wild songs.

And this was Germany! Not the stolid, good-natured, smiling German of the glass of beer and tasseled pipe, whiling away a Sunday afternoon in his peaceful beer-garden, while a band played Strauss waltzes; not the sentimentality of the blue flowers and the moonlight on the castled Rhine; not the poetry of Goethe and Schiller; not the insipid sweet strains of Mendelssohn nor the profound harmonies of Wagner, nor the philosophy of Immanuel Kant; but this dread thing, this Frankenstein, this monstrous anachronism, modern science yoked to the chariot of the autocratic and cruel will of the pagan world.

We sat there in the motor and stared at it. No one spoke for a long time. Then, as under scrutiny masses disintegrate into their component elements, we began to note individual details—the heavy guns that lurched by, their vicious mouths of steel lowered toward the ground, officers erect on their superb horses, some of them thin, of the Prussian type, with cruel faces scarred by dueling, wearing monocles, and carrying English riding-crops; some of the heavier type, with rolls of fat, the mark of the beast, as Emerson says, at the back of the neck, and red, heavy, brutal faces, smoking cigarets, looking about over the heads of the silent, awed, saddened crowd with arrogant, insolent, contemptuous glances. Their equipment, of course, was perfect: sabers, revolvers in holsters, field-glasses, maps in leather cases, with isinglass to protect them, and a small electric lamp slung about the neck—not a detail had been overlooked in those previsions of forty-four years.

The infantry marched in column of fours, with heavy, methodical German precision, squat Germans for the most part, their trousers untidily thrust in their heavy boots that drummed with iron-shod heels heavily on the pavement. An extra pair of boots dangled from each knapsack.

There were Germans of all the familiar types—thick necks and flattened occiputs, low foreheads and yellow hair shaved closely, like convicts; stolid, indifferent faces, with no ray of mirth or humor, but now and then pale blue eyes gazing through spectacles, the familiar student type. Their squat spiked helmets were covered with cloth of that same greenish gray of the uniform. Every bit of metal on the uniform indeed was covered, and in most instances the numbers on their shoulders were similarly concealed. They were all young men, strong, with long backs and short, stout legs, hard thews and sinews, and all individuality, all initiative had been drilled out of them; they plodded on with the dumb docility of fatalism, and their officers, across the vast gulf that militarism places between officers and men, were as contemptuous of them as they were of the awed crowds along the sidewalks.

Cavalry, infantry and artillery went by. Each regiment of infantry was supported by a troop of cavalry, and followed by a battery, forming integrally, a unit. The infantry, trudging along, suddenly whistling to the tune that brought back instantly the memory of happy summers at home—"Every Little Movement Has a Meaning all Its Own"—though to them, of course, it was "Madame Sherry," heard in Germany. Others sang the Austrian national hymn, and there was one company that sang something from "Lohengrin." And how they sang! Efficiency, drill, discipline here but too apparent, for they sang all the parts like a *Männerchor*, as though they had been trained, as no doubt they had.

Long lines of cannon, field-pieces rumbling by until we were weary of it. Then a long line of inverted steel pontoons, the mud of the Meuse still clinging to their bottoms. Then the commissariat, cook-stoves with fires burning and smoke coming from the squat stacks, and soup simmering in the great kettles. Then regiments of hussars with black-and-white pennants, and ammunition wagons innumerable.

And now and then, suddenly, far down the boulevard, we would hear the crash of the music of a military band, high, shrill, with the fierce, screaming notes, the horrid clang of mammoth brass cymbals, not music,

GERMAN SOLDIERS BEFORE AN ANCIENT BUILDING OF TENDER INTEREST, THE BREWERS' GUILD IN THE GRAND' PLACE, BRUSSELS.

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but noise of a calculated savagery, to strike terror.

It became terrible, oppressive, unendurable, monstrous—those black guns on gray carriages and gray caissons; those field-gray uniforms, the insolent faces of those supercilious young officers, scarred in their silly duels, wearing monocles; those dull, plodding soldiers, those backs, those thews and sinews, the heels of those clumsy boots drumming on the pavement. It was impressive as a spectacle, but with none of the inspiring effect of martial array; it was grim without any sublimity; businesslike, but without the agreeable effect of harmony, a very parade of savagery; in every one of its implications, horrible, appalling, dreadful. All that organization of steel, resistless, disciplined, and efficient, was yet heavy, sodden, and without soul, distinctly German, itself the first and most tragic victim of its own remorseless cruelty.

Bottaro-Costa grew weary and went into his Legation; the Countess had been looking at the awful spectacle from the window of her salon.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

A GROUP OF DEATH'S HEAD HUSSARS STUDYING THE STATE OF MIND OF OCCUPIED BRUSSELS. THEY ARE READING *LE PEUPLE*.

Then Villalobar went away and I thought of Nell and the mothers and Miss Larner, and said to myself that if I were to hurry they might yet have a glimpse of this colossal and evil thing. Luckily I found my own motor down the boulevard, abandoned by Mr. Gibson and M. de Leval, and in it I whirled to the Legation and got the excited ladies.

"Hurry," I said, "there may yet be time!"

We returned to the boulevard. It was perhaps five o'clock. The German hosts were still filing by and we sat in the motor and watched, spellbound, for two hours, while the gray-green hordes rolled by in undiminished numbers, a seemingly endless succession.

There was a commotion in the lines. A horse harnessed to a gun had fallen with the sickening effect of that spectacle. An artilleryman leaped from the caisson, an officer shouted a sharp order, the gray line debouched and went on. The dust beaten up by those thousands of heavy feet rose and obscured the sunlight, sifted into the trees, turning the green leaves into gray; it settled into the gray uniforms, gave a gray aspect to the atmosphere, and as evening fell, the gray hordes were filing by like gray ghosts in a gray twilight.

I had agreed to go with Villalobar at half-past six to the Hôtel de Ville; it was then nearly seven. I found him waiting for me at my Legation, and we rolled away around by the Park and the Palace through the Place Royale. As we turned to descend by the Rue Madeleine into the lower town, our progress was stayed by the crowds. The chauffeur kept his horn honking and then, suddenly, there was a scream, the crowd swayed right and left and scattered, and looking up I saw an air plane hovering directly overhead. And from it there fell a stream of fire that broke out now and then in sparks. We said nothing, but each knew of course what the other was thinking—bombs! And then suddenly the long thin shaft of fire broke out into a pretty burst of colored balls, like a sky-rocket on the Fourth of July, and there was a long, deep sigh of relief from the crowd. What was it? I never knew. Some said it was a signal to the army in the field.

We drove on to the Grand' Place, that square of golden beauty, and there already the artillery were parked and cook-stoves were steaming in preparation for supper; the soldiers were comfortably settling themselves; the horses were munching their provender. The mounted sentinels at the entrances saluted us as we entered.

We drove into the courtyard of the old Hôtel de Ville and then mounted the grand staircase and went down the familiar halls to the Burgomaster's rooms. Tables were already set out, covered with papers, and at them German officers, in those pale bluish-gray coats one used to see all over Germany, busily writing. Four officers clicked their spurs together and made the stiff, punctilious German military bow, and thus received us. We explained our mission and were shown into another room with more clicking of spurs and more of those stiff bows. Two men seated at tables spread with documents turned to receive us, but a short, very stout, and very dusty, rather bristling little man, giving orders right and left, turned and spoke. He wore riding breeches, but had taken off his boots and substituted for them a pair of tan shoes, grateful, no doubt, to weary feet. He spoke French with a German accent and when I told him who I was, he immediately said:

"Oh, yes, I know; you were in charge of the German interests."

With this he made another stiff little bow, his heels clicking again and again; he kept whirling about, indeed, clicking his heels as though bowing to everybody.

We were shown then into the Burgomaster's room. He was sitting there at his great table, where we had seen him only the evening before. It seemed a long time ago.

He received us with a weary smile. Poor man, what he had gone through!

"*Jamais*," he said, "*je ne l'oublierai . . . jusqu'à la fin de ma vie.*" (Never shall I forget it . . . to the end of my life.)

We expressed our sympathy and then our appreciation of his good sense in withdrawing resistance. After seeing the army we had seen that afternoon, in

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mere efficiency the finest, I suppose, the world has ever known, we shuddered to think of what would have happened if the poor little *Gardes Civiques* had stood against it.

M. Max sent a *huissier* to inform the General of our presence and the messenger came back to say that the General was taking a bath. We sat down to wait and while we waited M. Max told us of what he had gone through; first that his relations with the General were difficult and embarrassing.

"I refused to shake hands with him," he explained.

He would stay, he said, in his Hôtel de Ville until the end. He told us then what he had not told us the evening before, that all the preceding day he had been in communication with the German army to the east of the city and with the King in Antwerp. The Germans had demanded hostages, the Burgomaster, the members of the *Conseil Municipal*, twenty notables and a war contribution of fifty million francs, to say nothing of enormous quantities of food and forage. M. Max refused the hostages—the word had such a medieval sound that my hair stood on end!—held out, and gained his point. But the levy must be paid. We renewed our compliments.

"I only did my duty," he said simply.

Then he told us the news. The General Staff had fallen back from Malines on Antwerp, and there the remnants of the Belgian army were to be gathered, for "we must save a remnant of our army; there is no way to get another."

M. Max had just finished these statements when there was announced: General Thaddeus von Jarotsky, Major-General and Commander of the Sixteenth Infantry Brigade.

He proved to be the same important little man who had received us outside, now transformed by a bath and toilet, bald head shining, short gray mustache bristling, blue eyes alert, wearing the same blue-gray coat, on the breast of which was the bar of colored ribbons of his decorations. Instead of the riding breeches he now wore long dark blue trousers with wide red stripes, held down by straps under his military boots. Refreshed by his bath he was very hearty and well satisfied with himself. There was more crisp bowing and clicking of spurs and exchange of amenities, *mon Général* rubbing his hands briskly.

"Call him Excellency," Villalobar whispered to me hurriedly; "the Germans like that." And then he went on, speaking to the General:

"Excellency, we ask the right to communicate with our Governments; as to cipher, the right is, of course, disputable, but not *en clair*."

Seiner Excellenz, in his French said:

"Yes, of course, and in cipher too, if you desire."

"Then telephone communication will be restored?"

Seiner Excellenz reflected for a moment and asked about telephone communication with towns outside, not wishing us to have that.

"In Berlin," he said, "there is a special interior telephone service."

"But not here," said M. Max, "or at least very little."

The point was amiably conceded by *Seiner Excellenz*.

Then Villalobar asked that the Marquis de Faura might be granted a safe conduct from Antwerp; poor chap, his son is dying here. And this too was conceded.

In fact, *Seiner Excellenz* promised everything, and then arose, saying that his dinner was awaiting and that he was very hungry. There were more compliments, and more bowing and more clicking of spurred heels, and we left.

The twilight seemed to have gathered earlier that evening. In the Grand' Place the field-kitchens steamed, and at each entrance were dark silhouettes of the lancers on guard. Under the spreading trees the dust hung like fog and each of the lamps along the boulevards burned at the center of a luminous ball. In the shadows were small groups of men in spiritless discussion. Their faces, when one could see them, were sad, and there were those who went weeping through the gloom. The houses were all closed; there were no lights anywhere; the flags were down. The gray hosts continued to pour down the Chaussée de Louvain and along the boulevards. Only in the Palace Hotel was there light and brilliancy, for there the officers of the German army were dining.

The city was strangely still, overwhelmed in its sorrow, and weary to the very bones and sick at heart, I went home with the sensations of one who has been compelled to witness a shameful deed in the humiliation of the proud, beautiful, sensitive living creature that had been Brussels.

We had expected John McCutcheon, Irvin Cobb, Will Irwin and Arno Dorsch to dine with us that night. Eight o'clock came and they did not come, nor had we any news of them. In their stead, and in their places at the table there was another guest, always punctual, come to stay a long time, old haggard Care. I felt the load of a great responsibility that settled down familiarly upon my shoulders, for I had borne through so many years the responsibility of another city, and I worried now about these old, these too reckless and adventurous friends.

Then in the evening came Monseigneur Sarzana, the Auditor of the Papal Nonciature, to inform me that the Pope had died that afternoon at half-past one o'clock. He sat there in his long black soutane, distress in his Italian countenance, as though the world had come to an end and the heavens were about to be rolled up together like a scroll. And it might well have seemed indeed that they were!

There was, of course, the note of irony inevitable in all human catastrophe. The latest edition of *Le Soir* was lying on my table, with whole half-columns staring blank and white, the work of the censor. But its leading article said that the situation was excellent, that the French and English armies were on the way, and that the future could be viewed with confidence!

Brand Whitlock will tell his story of the Belgian Atrocities in the next instalment.

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THE BOOK-SOLDIER

By Frederick Ferdinand Moore

ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

WHEN Clarkson arrived in New York and got his first job in the office of Smith Brothers, grain-brokers, on the twentieth floor of the Excelsior Building, he was a tall, hungry-looking youth, with far-gazing gray eyes.

No one ever had told him that war is mathematics. He knew nothing about war, but he had been born with a "gift" for mental arithmetic—and no imagination. These two facts led him to learn the secrets of a certain little red book. Just why it was red, he did not know. If he had, he probably never would have had his history written, or known the value of the Determination of X.

Before Clarkson had been long with Smith Brothers, he was regarded by the office force as a marvel with figures. If somebody got tangled up in a maze of crop averages, Clarkson could run over the figures, and after looking out of the window for a minute in the general direction of the Statue of Liberty, announce the percentages which the crop estimator wanted.

"By Heavens! He's as quick as lightning! A brain like a machine!" the Chief Clerk reported to Old Grigg, general manager and auditor of the country accounts.

"Does he git away with much work?" asked Old Grigg.

"As much as six ordinary clerks, when it comes to figures."

"And we're paying him eight dollars a week?"

"Yes. He doesn't know what wages are in this town—comes from a farm somewhere upstate. But he just gobbles figures."

HE TOUCHED THE QUEER, HUDDLED BUNDLE WITH HIS FOOT. IT WAS A DEAD MAN!

"He'll be finding out before long that the regular wages are fifteen," said Old Grigg, with a worried expression. "Advise him to have nothing to do with the other clerks outside the office—or they'll tell him he's working too cheap."

"They call him 'wizard' now," said the Chief Clerk.

"Stop it!" snapped Old Grigg. "We'll have fool reporters snooping around here, writing him up in the Sunday papers, and a bank or something'll grab him away from us. Find fault with him—don't let me hear any more of this fool talk about wizards."

Old Grigg made a point of "keeping help down." He retained the antiquated methods of bookkeeping because they hid the essential facts of the earnings of the company in a maelstrom of figures. He had been with the firm half a century, and held his position by preventing his subordinates from learning too much.

"I'll stop the wizard talk, all right," said the Chief Clerk, and left Old Grigg growling in the private office.

Along with his facility at figures, Clarkson had a passion for machinery. He liked to tinker, and would lose sleep to fix a balky alarm-clock, or would give up his lunch-time to repair an office

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"CONTINUOUS FIRE," SAID CLARKSON, AND IMMEDIATELY THE GUNS BEGAN TO BOOM WITH A STEADY ROAR

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The Chief Clerk was right when he said Clarkson had a brain like a machine. But the Chief Clerk should have added that the youth lacked imagination. Yet, perhaps it is neither necessary nor desirable that an efficient machine *should* have imagination.

There was a Nemesis on the trail of Clarkson. This Nemesis arrived at the office of Smith Brothers in the disguise of a young salesman with sleek hair and the latest style in collars. He was selling adding-machines.

Old Grigg was out to lunch. Clarkson was fixing the lock on a clerk's desk.

"I'm going to show you our latest model," began the salesman, unbuckling the straps of his leather-covered case. Being young, he did not know that Smith Brothers had been a prospect for adding-machines for years—a prospect, nothing more. Old Grigg abhorred adding-machines.

"I would love to see it," said Clarkson. "But if Old Grigg comes back he'll throw you out."

"I'll take a chance," said Nemesis. "Now, here you see our Special True-Balance Device, which no other machines carry, and which has created a Revolution in Adding-Machines." He had a queer way of putting capital letters on his most important words.

Clarkson forgot about Old Grigg and allowed himself to be fascinated.

Old Grigg appeared before the demonstration was over, and heard the salesman say the machine could do the work of four clerks. Old Grigg's chief joy in life was firing clerks; and his one sadness the hiring of new ones to take their places.

"Yes," went on the salesman, "this is the Age of Machinery. Business must eliminate the Fallibility of the Human Brain—and Model 6A does it."

"Wonderful!" said Clarkson.

It was his first step in the direction of the Determination of X.

"Costs too much," said Old Grigg.

"A month's Free Trial," said the salesman.

"H-m. In that case, leave it. Have you shown this young man how to work it?"

"He is Familiar with the Essential Details," said the salesman, and hastily buckled up his empty case and departed before Old Grigg had a change of mind.

THE machine was a success. In the first week three clerks lost their jobs. Old Grigg chortled, for he had decided to buy the machine, and knew now he wouldn't have to hire more clerks.

Clarkson wasn't allowed to have a machine. He was promoted to more complicated work at the same salary. The country brown that was on his cheeks when he arrived in the city, began to go. He grew paler, and developed an office stoop. He took to sneaking into his attic bedroom with bottles of patent medicine from the corner drug-store hidden under his coat. The landlady suspected him of becoming addicted to gin.

The medical student who had a room on the fourth floor front, was waiting in the hall one morning when Clarkson came down the stairs.

"I heard you coughing last night, Mr. Clarkson."

"A little cold."

"Come in here." The student beckoned Clarkson into a room littered with medical books and instruments. He tapped Clarkson's chest and took on an air of professional concern.

"What are your hours of work?" he demanded.

"Eight to six, with thirty minutes for lunch."

"I'll give you three years."

"What's that?"

"You've got three more years to live."

"And how many minutes?" asked Clarkson, with a grin.

"I mean what I say. You've got to have some outdoor life and exercise right away."

"Good. I'll speak to Old Grigg about it."

"You are attempting to turn a serious matter into a joke." said the student. "Can't you afford a vacation?"

"No. My employers give one—without pay—in the quiet season of the summer."

"You must have a change. You know that armory down near the elevated station? I belong to the hospital corps, and in time I'm going into the medical corps—militia. I have an idea. Why don't you enlist in the artillery, and take your vacation and go into the mountains with the regiment next month? You'll be paid by the state for riding a horse and sleeping in a tent."

"But you say I'm sick. Will they pass me?"

"I was speaking of tendencies. You're all right now, but you'll be in a bad way if you go on bending over a desk and don't get out in the open."

Clarkson enlisted. He was drilled nights, and fell at once under the spell of the marvelous machines known as "three-inch field-guns, model of 1905," and the amazing mechanism of the "Ehrhardt High-Explosive Shrapnel with twenty-one-second combination fuse."

Clarkson's joy was unbounded. He discovered himself in a delectable maze of his beloved mathematics. He discovered that the simple-looking instruments concerned with the science of artillery, if they were to be used effectively, called for the quick solution of mathematical problems.

There were handbooks filled with factors and percentages, times of flight, zones of deviation, range tables, parallax determinations and angles of fall. Clarkson absorbed the theory of "Trajectory in Vacuo," and learned such formulas as:

If we make m equal to 1, *x equals* 1 *divided by Q, and the expression* $Q(1-[1-x]n)$ *becomes* $Q(1-[Q-1]n)$ *divided by Q,* which his brain found delightfully simple and satisfying.

The office force chaffed him when they found him reading a little red book during his lunch hours. Its title was "Gunnery and Explosives for Field-Artillery Officers."

"What do you want to bother your head with that stuff for?" demanded the Chief Clerk. "You make me think of a man in Kansas who studied navigation in a correspondence school and never expected to see salt water—and never did."

"The science of modern artillery is wonderful," said Clarkson.

"You better go in for something that'll do you some good," said the Chief Clerk. "If I was going to be a soldier I'd want to be the real thing—not a book-soldier."

So they called Clarkson the "Book-Soldier."

THEN Clarkson took his vacation, and went to Tobyhanna in Pennsylvania with his regiment. He became a cannoneer, and had a small part in the firing of a gun over a hill, the target being invisible from the gun's position—a target made of planks.

Of an evening, after a day in the mountains at target practise, he had the delight of watching the guns taken apart and cleaned. He sat on a sheet of canvas and watched a sergeant scrub and oil and groom the beautiful mechanism of a breech-block, and with a handbook, learned the name of each little part and its purpose, and the humors to which it was liable.

Then there were days when Clarkson, detailed to the observation point, and out of sight of the concealed batteries, watched little puffs of smoke appear against the relief of wooded slopes three or four thousand yards away. He heard lists of cryptic figures delivered into a telephone, and, as a result, saw tiny specks of targets in the distance overwhelmed by shrapnel.

There were other days when he served with the range-party, and watched shrapnel burst in air over his head as he sat in a bomb-proof pit. And when a red flag was hoisted at the firing-point as a signal that the guns were done, he went out and counted the shrapnel bullets in upright planks. As he counted each hole or bullet in the wood, he spotted it with paint to avoid counting it again.

His little red book told him:

The great majority of shots in a group are relatively near the center of impact.

He talked, listened, observed, studied, and dreamed of targets. He drew diagrams of targets with *rectangles of probability*, and figured out the chances

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of hitting a vertical target six feet high and twelve feet wide at a range of 3,500 yards, 4,000 yards—became a "bug" on ballistics.

When the battery returned to New York, Clarkson found himself a sergeant, with the neurasthenia kicked out of him and his legs galled. He walked to the office mornings, and carried his chin in and his chest out. Also, he got into the habit of saying "sir" to Old Grigg and the Chief Clerk.

And at lunch-hour and in the evening he spent his time with the little red book. He got to know many things, but he did not know that Captain Stanhope, his battery commander, said to the colonel of the regiment: "I've a sergeant in my battery, named Clarkson, who eats mathematical problems with the ease and joy of a giraffe feeding in a hop-field."

"And your battery needs a second lieutenant, doesn't it?" asked the colonel.

"It does. That's why I mentioned Clarkson, sir."

"Then we'll commission Sergeant Clarkson."

Clarkson passed the examining-board with amazing ease. He went into debt for uniforms, a saber, hand-made boots, and a blue cape lined with red silk. (The state was pledged to reimburse him at the rate of fifty dollars a year, and would be even with Clarkson in eight years, provided he lived and remained in the service.)

There came another summer of target practise, and Clarkson had mastered the details of his avocation to such an extent that he came back a captain, and knew, among other things in the little red book: *One of the characteristic properties of modern field-artillery is rapidity of fire.*

Being a captain called for more expenditures, and Clarkson needed at once a full-dress uniform for armory affairs, such as reviews, inspections, and the monthly balls given by the various batteries.

CLARKSON got back to the office from lunch one day, to find a message from Old Grigg. "See me," it read, with the usual curtness.

"Yes, sir?" said Clarkson, as he entered Old Grigg's office.

"The adding-machines turn out a lot of work," said Old Grigg, without looking up from his desk.

"Yes, sir," said Clarkson.

"I'm glad I took your advice about them."

"Yes, sir."

"We're buying three more."

"They'll speed up the work," said Clarkson.

"They'll make a big cut in the office force," growled Old Grigg.

"I hadn't thought of that, sir," murmured Clarkson.

"Expected you wouldn't. This fool war in Europe is going to upset business. We won't need you after Saturday night."

Clarkson looked out of the window in the general direction of the Statue of Liberty. His regiment was going to have a review that evening. He was going to wear his full-dress uniform for the first time—blue broadcloth, with about fifteen pounds of gold upon it.

Clarkson stood in silence, gazing out of the window until Old Grigg cleared his throat in the peculiar manner which signified that the interview was at an end.

"Very well, sir," said Clarkson, and turned to go.

"How long have you been with the firm?" called Old Grigg.

Clarkson turned back with hope. "Five years, sir."

"Oh! I thought it was longer. Guess you can get a job somewhere."

"Yes, sir," said Clarkson, and escaped into the hall.

There wasn't anything to do but resign his commission, which he did promptly. There were no jobs for clerks that August—the streets were full of clerks looking for work.

The uniforms and other trappings were sold to a dealer, and Clarkson found himself with barely enough money to get back to an uncle's farm in the northern part of the state. His parents were dead, and as the news of his being an officer in the city had reached his home town, he could not face the prospect of turning to a position as a farm-hand.

Clerks were at a premium in Canada, not far from Clarkson's town. He wrote to a grain house in Montreal. There were a good many "openings," he heard, because so many young men were going into the army.

The reply was favorable, and the salary as good as Smith Brothers had paid. He borrowed enough money to get to Montreal and have a dime left, and arrived there in time to see the grain company digging its safes out of the ruin of a fire.

As he stood watching the workers, a battery of field-artillery passed him. His heart leaped at sight of his beloved gray guns, with their blunt noses in leather hoods, their bulldoggish bravado of concentrated power—they said to him: "You know what we can do. Hail, friend and master! Follow us, follow us, follow us!"

And as they rumbled away down the street he did follow them. He was on his way to the Determination of X.

A knowledge of the material, a proper understanding of its limitations, and a keen desire to learn its proper use, are the fundamentals upon which subsequent experience builds the accomplished field-artilleryman.

"What arm of the Service do you prefer?" chanted the sergeant in the recruiting-office.

"The field-artillery," said Clarkson.

"Any previous war service?"

"No."

"You look like a soldier."

"I was in the militia—New York."

"Oh-ho! Horse guns?"

"Wh—yes."

"What was your rank?"

"I was a captain."

The sergeant lifted his eyebrows. There had been few former captains asking to enlist.

"My commissions are in my grip at the station," said Clarkson.

"Come this way, sir," said the sergeant, and rising from his desk, he ushered Clarkson into another room where an officer sat at a desk, bent over reports.

"A CAPTAIN of artillery, sir, from the States," remarked the sergeant, with the proud manner of a man who has just landed a big fish. He saluted and returned to the crowded recruiting-room.

"I didn't get the name, sir," said the officer, with an appraising glance.

"Clarkson, sir."

"And—you have been a captain? Of artillery?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very good. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"No, sir."

"I'll follow your own regulations: With a battery in line, where are your chiefs of platoon posted?"

"Two yards in front of the center of their platoons," replied Clarkson, with a slight smile.

"Good enough, sir. Now, what do you consider the best method of determining range?"

"If I didn't have a range-finder, or I didn't know the range, I'd determine range by bracketing."

"Precisely, Captain Clarkson. Just what do you mean by bracketing?"

"By enclosing the target between rounds which, fired at a known difference of range, strike, respectively, short and beyond the target, sir."

"Won't you sit down? I'm Captain Arkwright," and he smiled cordially as he pushed forward a chair.

"Thanks," said Clarkson.

"Won't you have a cigar? You know, it's rather a gratifying experience these days to find a man who knows artillery. We're just organizing a special battalion of men who have seen former service, to leave for England—well, very soon. Now, in computing the number of hits from a group of shrapnel, how would you reach the Determination of X?"

Before he began, Clarkson smiled and drew a breath.

"According to General Rohen of the German field-artillery, we may say that the effect of one round which gives *n* hits on the target is the same as that of *n* rounds which give one hit each."

Clarkson went on from the little red book!

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THE GUNS WERE HOOKED UP AND THE BATTERY RATTLED DOWN THROUGH THE GULLY IN PURSUIT OF THE CAVALRY.

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"General Rohen says that so far as the effect at the target goes, it is evidently immaterial whether one shrapnel with six hundred balls, or six shrapnel with one hundred balls each, burst on the target, supposing always that in each case the angle of opening——"

"By George!" exclaimed Captain Arkwright, when they had finished a half-hour's talk. "By George!"

"I beg your pardon?" said Clarkson.

"My dear sir, don't beg my pardon for anything!" cried Captain Arkwright. "You are a walking manual on the science of artillery! You've got to lunch with me—and—you are a Canadian!"

"I came from——"

Captain Arkwright leaped out of his chair and thumped Clarkson's shoulder. "*You* are a *Canadian!*" he repeated, with savage joy. "Don't you forget that. Now, you've got to order kit——"

"I'm out of money, sir," said Clarkson.

"The Canadian Government and the British Empire are not hampered in that way," said Captain Arkwright. "Get your papers and be back here to go to lunch with me. That special battalion, you know—here, I'll put you in my motor—by George!" he exclaimed as he watched Clarkson roll away. "I should say—*artillery.*"

* * * * * * *

DAWN came that morning with the stealth of a hare in cover hiding from gray wolves. There *were* gray wolves abroad. No wonder the day came like a thing afraid.

Captain Clarkson had spent nearly all the night in a world made of dark and the rattle of dripping water on dead leaves. The tiny green disk on the face of his luminous marching-compass showed fog—green light always betrays fog in the dark.

He was waiting for dawn, his battery two hundred yards to his right and rear, in position on a reverse slope—what was it the little red book said about reverse slopes?

. . . if the crest is plainly seen by the enemy, the guns are in a very vulnerable position, and shrapnel may be employed to reach such a reverse slope very effectively.

Clarkson didn't mind. He was now in command of a decoy battery, far away from his friends, to draw the fire of the enemy. He was exactly in the situation of having crawled up under the muzzles of the enemy guns to knife the gunners.

His battery was already sacrificed. The artillery commander who had ordered him into position the night before, had written Clarkson and his battery off as casualties. The price to pay for a lull of five minutes in the enemy guns over a certain area across which the infantry wanted to charge, was cheap.

Clarkson was lost—given up so that a human wedge might be driven through the enemy lines. But Clarkson did not consider such things. He was there to make rapid computations. He was a human adding-machine which must work without error on problems of range, deflection, distribution, drift, windage, angle of sight and height of burst.

With the lightening of the encompassing gloom, came the grunts of horses from the direction of the limbers, the curse of a driver praying for caution, the click of terminals in the sockets of the field-telephone as the orderly near by tested his connection with the gun-position.

In the east the blackness divided itself into two parts, the lower darker than the upper, like the vague outline of an egg's yolk seen through the shell when held against a candle. The line between told where earth began and sky ended.

Clarkson lay prone in a bunch of shrubbery at the crest of the hill, his compass held before him. He was waiting until he could get a bearing on some point of the landscape which would soon lift out of the murk before him.

There would be a white building at *one o'clock*, and there should be the top of a steeple at *eleven o'clock*—provided he was on the right hill. These two marked the limits of the sector he was to cover, and somewhere between those limits, from two to five thousand yards away, there was a line of targets.

The sky ahead brightened, until it had a yellowish tint, like a clear green soup which had been thinned too much. The earth's rim now showed darker, like the rind of a melon. As Clarkson kept his eye upon it, a bulbous pimple grew. . . . What could it be?

The pimple mounted higher. It appeared to be a full moon rising over the horizon, but a moon without luminosity. It kept staggering up with queer jerks until . . .

An observation balloon! The erratic movements Clarkson had noted were due to its tugging at its leash and its leaps upward. It was the enemy getting ready to do what Napoleon had longed to do—"Look over the hill." Like Clarkson, they were waiting for a glimmer of light.

Something went wrong with it. Down it lurched again and was lost in the land gloom.

A bird in a thicket near Clarkson chirped dolefully, complaining about the overdue day.

A yellow flare appeared in the east. It turned into a reddish eye—the sun was up. Still the world lay concealed beneath a sea of gray fog, with wisps lifting and sailing away like sea-spume, in a gentle breeze.

Far to the right a tree became a spot like a piece of flotsam on a sleeping ocean. It might have been in mid-air for all the use it was to Clarkson, because below it rolled miles of fog and

Bursts high in air have no value in ranging.

The pall lowered slowly. Clarkson watched the land rise from the mists as an island would come into being out of a diminishing deluge. It was evident to him that the time for action was near.

Ten feet away, seen through the fog-blanket, the telephone orderly was rubbing his eyes. The night's vigil was almost at an end.

Clarkson set up the tripod of his battery commander's telescope, and leveled it. Then he covered its delicate structure with a rubber hood to protect it from the moisture.

Smith Brothers' clerks wouldn't recognize Clarkson now. There was nothing in this sturdy, uniformed figure hovering over the three-legged angle-measurer, to suggest Clarkson the clerk. The medical student on the fourth floor front of the rooming-house back in New York wouldn't dream of tapping *this* man's chest.

For Captain Clarkson had acquired something of the bulldoggish aspect of the guns hidden behind him—the guns he loved—in much the same manner that husband and wife grow to resemble each other after a long and happy companionship.

His chin was stronger. There were little muscles of determination on his jaws. His every attitude bespoke concealed strength, his every gesture told of the ability to make sure and quick decisions.

Above the fog-waste he caught a glitter. He got his field-glass upon it—the spire of a church, and a weather-vane touched by the sun!

Good! There was but one church on that front. He snapped up the azimuth on his compass. The spire bore south-south-east. Then the ruin of a stone barn showed away to the right, and Clarkson had a cross-bearing, and could find himself on the map. He drew the two lines and found himself at their intersection—but not on the hill he supposed. In fact, his position was all the better.

He fumed a little. He could not range with air-bursts. His job called for precision. He had no time to waste with platoon salvos for adjustment.

A battery found is a battery lost.

THE fog dropped lower. A bulb of silver far behind the enemy lines told where the observation balloon lurked.

Off to the left, miles away, the first puny popping of the day announced that the outposts had contact. He wondered if it would be another day of retreat. Were they to give up the Marne in addition to all the towns and valleys and rivers?

Pluff! A big projectile burst far in his rear, filling the air with a sense of jar and disintegration. Then came the sullen boom of the gun which had loosed it. Then the popping died away under

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the roar of the big monsters, and the day's work was begun. Clarkson, away off on the flank, felt like a boy who hears the distant sounds of a circus but has to go on hoeing corn.

The white house popped up out of the fog, and at the same time a good area to its left was unmasked. He directed his battery commander's telescope upon the house and read the angle of sight, 293.

He intended to open fire at 2,000 yards and "walk through"!

. . . direct the fire for effect successfully at the short, mid, and long ranges of the bracket until it can be determined at which range the fire is most effective.

"Slight movement, sir, ten *mils* to the left of the white house." It was a report from his reconnaissance sergeant, who was perched in a tree.

Clarkson was busy with the spider-like mechanism of his telescope. Presently he spoke to the telephone orderly:

"Ask Mr. Tarpley if the dead tree on the horizon, directly in rear, five *mils* to the left of the ruin of the church, is visible to all the guns."

"Sights on tree, sir," came the report.

CLARKSON was now facing to the rear, looking through the telescope. He put the vertical hair upon the tree, then swung it front again until it rested upon the left edge of the white house. The angle was 2,600 *mils*. The dead tree, his aiming-point, was 5,000 yards distant. . . .

For parallel fire the deflection difference is equal to the parallax of the aiming-point; or DD equals P.

He decided, for the time being, to cover a front of thirty *mils*, and computed mentally:

"Deflection equals 2,600 minus 10 (minus 13), equals 2,600 plus 130, equals 2,730."

Without taking his eye from the telescope, he called:

"Batt'ry, attention!"

He could almost feel the sense of relief at the guns. It came as a nervous snapping of mechanism, the grating of shell in the caisson-chambers, cautious words of inquiry from Mr. Tarpley, the executive officer, to the two chiefs of platoon.

Captain Clarkson was ready for work.

"By battery from the right. Deflection, two, seven, three, zero; close by six. Sight, two, nine, three. Corrector, two, eight. Two thousand. Commence firing."

As "two thousand" was repeated into the telephone, Clarkson heard the vicious slam of breech-blocks. He put the vertical hair of his telescope close on the left edge of the house, and bent over the tripod in the attitude of a photographer. To the right and left of the vertical line there were vertical lines like a tiny picket fence in the glass, which divided the ground he was observing into sections, each section measured off exactly. And up each side of the vertical line, like rungs of a ladder, were horizontal lines, to measure the ground above and below the big horizontal cross line.

The four guns spoke, with an interval of about three seconds between their barks.

There appeared a white blossom to the left of the white house—three *mils* to the left. It swelled and hung stationary for a second, then broke into smoke.

"High, five; short, ten; left, three," whispered Clarkson.

A second smoke-ball came into being to the left of the first, just five *mils* from it. "High, eight; doubtful; eight left."

A third ball appeared, still more to the left.

"High, seven; doubtful; eighteen, left."

The fourth did not take shape where it should be. Soon a brownish spurt was revealed. The projectile had struck the ground and burst on impact, hurling up the dry soil. Instantly Clarkson commanded:

"Down five, four hundred more."

The change in range from round to round in this process of finding the first bracket is usually taken as 400 yards.

Once more his guns spoke. Four new smoke-balls appeared in a row, four hundred yards beyond the first group, and nearer the ground, giving Clarkson a better "sensing."

"Four hundred more."

His sheaf of fire was advancing by four-hundred-yard leaps.

"A-ah!" The reconnaissance sergeant gave a gasp of satisfaction.

Short of where his last salvo had burst, Clarkson had seen a slight movement, as if a bug had dislodged a handful of earth. The salvo before had surely been short of where the movement occurred. And now he knew his projectiles were effective beyond the target.

"Up three, two hundred less."

He was going into fire for effect, raising the bursting-point of his shrapnel, and "splitting the bracket," in order to get in between the salvo that had been short and the salvo that had been over the target.

When the target is immobile and in position, a one-hundred-yard bracket is always obtained.

The guns counted four, the smoke-balls fell into line, higher than their predecessors. As they lifted lazily in the air, brown spots appeared, short of where the movement had been detected—short of the line which looked like a newly plowed furrow. That line must be the target—and his shrapnel-cases were striking the ground short of it, now.

"One hundred more."

The last salvo was a normal height of burst—three *mils* high. And effect plainly could be seen on the line. He had it!

Time fire is considered adjusted when it is evident that effect is being produced upon the target, when the great proportion of bursts in air are short of the target and——

Now a verifying salvo.

"Same."

The effect was splendid.

"Continuous fire, same range," said Clarkson, and immediately the guns began to drum with a steady roar.

White waves now began to break upon the area to the left of the white house. The fog was clearing rapidly to the left, but Clarkson had made a new fog of white turbulence, boiling and spraying, the shooting-up smoke-fronds flecked with tiny red spots.

Between the hammering of his guns, Clarkson could hear the sounds of men at labor, the cries of the gunners, the clangor of breech-blocks, the rattle of empty cases flung back, the bell-like music of the caissons as their metal chambers became emptied of their store of projectiles, the cautions of section and platoon commanders, the jolting of limber-wheels as the caissons came up with extra ammunition from the combat train, and the questions and sallies of the drivers in the exultation of action.

"This is the Age of Machinery." The words of the sleek salesman with the adding-machine recurred to Clarkson.

He decided to shift his sheaf of fire to the left.

"Add ten," he called to the telephone orderly.

At once the spume of bursting shell marched to the left and began spraying a new front. Machinery, indeed!

A new note broke upon the music of his guns—a long-drawn, shivering, spiteful shriek. It was high in the air over his head. Then came the rattle of falling shrapnel balls in the underbrush. The enemy was searching the slope for him!

BUT Clarkson gave no heed to the bursting shell over him. He was studying his own effect on his target, and watching the ground carefully. He felt like a man who had studied astronomy all his life, and after years of waiting, had at last put his eye to a modern telescope. He was filled with the joy of his power—he was using the knowledge once called worthless.

A battery of three-inch field-guns is a plant of no small importance, the proper management of which requires intelligence and unflagging zeal.

The little red book said that. It might be taken from some book on factory efficiency. . . . *A battery is a plant.* Clarkson had found himself. The adding-machines in Smith Brothers' office had driven him out, but he had found himself master of a greater machine—a machine which required human direction of the most skilful kind, direction of a human machine.

(Continued on page 68)

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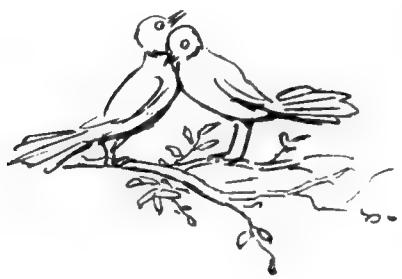
PEN AND INKLINGS

By Oliver Herford

Creatures I Have Not Met

The Turtle

I NEVER wasted any love
On turtles, but the turtle-dove
Is quite another thing;
When I have nothing else to do,
I love to hear them bill and coo
While mating in the spring.



There's something in their plaintive note
That brings a lump into my throat
And makes my pulses stir;
Something between a smothered snore
And the shrill creaking of a door,
That soothes me, as it were.

How strange is Nature's alchemy,
To think that living in the sea
Should change a creature so!
The turtle of the finny kind
That swims the sea, is to my mind
The lowest of the low.

And yet, O inconsistency!
Although the turtle is to me
A most obnoxious beast,
When on a menu card I spy
"Green Turtle Clear," though it comes high,
I take two plates at least!

The Story of the Wise Judge

A WISE judge, traveling in a foreign country, was once asked to decide a dispute between two natives. Though ignorant of the language of the country, the wise judge was loath to decline the honor, and so proceeded to try the case, listening with an expression of profound wisdom and rapt attention to the pleas of the two litigants.

The first had a monotonous voice and spoke at great length, consulting many papers, and sorely taxed the patience and ability of the wise judge to keep awake. The other then rose and, after speaking what seemed no more than two brief sentences, sat down.

Then the wise judge, after a grave show of deliberation, which was very necessary as he had not understood a word either of the speakers had said, decided in favor of him who had spoken last, saying to himself: "Surely this one who states his case so briefly and simply is the more likely to be right than that other who must use so many words."

When the wise judge returned to his own country he told of his judgment, and the story of his wisdom was in

everybody's mouth and the newspapers hailed him as a second Solomon.

But in the foreign town where his judgment had been rendered, the wise judge was not compared to Solomon. No sooner had he departed than the people arose and reversed his judgment and hanged the man of the few words in whose favor the wise judge had decided, for his speech had been a confession of his wrong-doing and a request to the wise judge to deal with him according to his deserts. And the speech of the other was a long list of sworn statements of prominent townsfolk testifying to his good character and to the evil repute of the other.

And the wise judge enjoyed the fruits of his reputation (and they were reckoned in the measure of six naughts) to a great age, and received the highest judicial honors his country had to bestow.

The Wisdom of Hafiz

(*The Persian Kitten*)

'Tis a poor fur that won't rub both ways.

The safest time for a cat to look at a king is when sitting in the queen's lap.

A living dog, it has been said,
Is better than a lion dead.
Tastes differ. I would much prefer
Ten lions dead to one live cur.

The Sphinx was the only woman who ever kept a secret, and she was more than half cat.

Consider the violin. A cat contributes the strings—a horse furnishes the bow—and a man rakes in the money—and they call it harmony!

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HELENA

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THE WHITE ARC

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "THE REAL ADVENTURE"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HILL

"OH, WELL," SAID CARTER, *SOTTO VOCE*, "HUGH'S PROBABLY WASHED HER BY NOW. AND I DON'T SUPPOSE SHE ALWAYS BITES."

JEAN GILBERT has grown up in one Army post after another, where she has gathered a fortuitous education and learned her father's code, "to ride straight and speak the truth." At sixteen she is sent for a long stay with her uncle in Chicago, whose wife's family, the Corbetts, are in the midst of the wedding festivities of the youngest daughter, Anne. Jean is accepted by the entire Corbett family, especially by Hugh, who treats her like an equal, and for whom she develops a protecting admiration, since the rest of the family do not understand him.

The night of the bridesmaids' dinner Jean can not sleep for excitement. She goes down to the billiard-room to recover her dinner-card, on which Hugh has written a toast, and which she remembers having slipped into the folds of the settee. Passing the library, she is conscious of some one moving about. In order not to alarm the family needlessly, she goes back for her revolver, and enters the library just as the burglar is about to pick the safe. As he refuses to obey her injunction not to move, she fires at his feet. The family assemble at the shot. Hugh, guarding the burglar in the library while the family discuss his fate, discovers that he is an old employee of the Corbett works; and, after half an hour in conversation, Hugh startles the family with the charge that it is the fault of conditions in their factory that the man has been led to steal. He is prepared next morning to back up this statement to his grandfather, who, having slept through the noise, hears the news from young Greg at the breakfast-table, and goes into a rage.

That afternoon, in an interview with his grandfather, Hugh is dumfounded by the permission to see what he can do to improve conditions at the factory. He goes to work, conscientiously, to develop a scheme. However, about a year after the inauguration of the welfare department, the most destructive strike in the history of the Corbett works breaks out.

Hugh is away at the time, studying welfare systems, and learns of the strike through the head-lines of a newspaper. He returns home instantly, and adopts a method of his own to break up the strike. He drives out to the factory in the family limousine and learns that the detectives have planned to kidnap Helena Galicz, who is said to be responsible for the trouble. He carries her off himself, with the purpose of hearing the strikers' side of the story.

Helena misunderstands his purpose and struggles violently to escape, biting the hand that Hugh puts over her mouth. She finally quiets down, and a heated sociological discussion between them follows, in which she characterizes Hugh's welfare methods as hypocritical, cowardly philanthropy.

In spite of their difference of opinion, each feels an intense personal interest in the other, and they part with the expectation of meeting again.

Soon after, Hugh is housed with a fever, due to infection in his hand, and in his abnormal condition, his relation to the strike and to Helena Galicz becomes more important. His feeling for her is heightened also by a letter which he receives from her, in which she shows that she is beginning to care for him.

He still tries to make himself believe, however, that his interest in her is impersonal, a state of mind which causes his family much uneasiness.

The strike kills old Gregory and estranges Hugh from his family. His resignation from the company heightens the emotional strain which he is going through in his relations with Helena.

He receives a letter from her on the morning of his grandfather's funeral, in which she tells him that she intends leaving Chicago, and asks him not to try to find her.

This brings him the double realization that Helena loves him and that he loves her. He discovers her address, follows her to New York, and marries her.

Their new life together is abruptly broken into by a telegram, which calls Hugh home to take the position in the firm arranged for by his grandfather's will—to take an equal partnership with his father and Greg.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Helena Meets Hugh's Family

IF PRICE, the Corbetts' butler, had been, instead of a real butler, one of those ironic and garrulous philosophers that Mr. Bernard Shaw would have us believe they are, his report of the dinner in the big house the night Hugh brought his bride home, would be worth having. Perhaps it would anyway.

It was an occasion they had all, naturally enough, been dreading for days. Not so much that Hugh—their own familiar Hugh—was bringing back with him, for domestication at their hearth, a chimera—a hippogrif—a snaky-haired Medusa, as that this violently exogamous act of his threw a doubt on his being their own familiar Hugh. If he had gone off to Mecca and announced his conversion to Mohammedanism, they could hardly have awaited his return with deeper misgivings.

None of them acknowledged this feeling to any of the others; it was too much an affair of the marrow of their bones to be talked about. They didn't talk much about Helena, either; though Carter, at the breakfast-table on the morning of the fatal day, started something. A telegram had just come in from Hugh saying what train they were on and predicting their arrival in time for dinner.

"Greg had better go to the station

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FOR THE FIRST TWO NIGHTS HIS AUDIENCE PACKED THE HALL—AN IDLY, CURIOUS, MILDLY DERISIVE AUDIENCE, WHICH FLARED UP EVERY NOW AND THEN IN OVERT HOSTILITY.

to meet them," Carter observed. "He's the only one of us that knows her."

That startled his father out of a deep preoccupation, and he shot at his eldest son the question, "Do *you* know her?"

"Oh, Carter's trying to be funny," said Greg disgustedly. "I saw her once. You knew about that. Down in Bailey's office the day the strike began, when he told her she was discharged and had better leave town—and she made an I. W. W. speech and threatened us with the guillotine. She had on a dirty apron then, and was all streaked up with sweat and coal-dust. And now," he added, morosely, "she's my sister-in-law! Will I be expected to kiss her?"

"Oh, well," said Carter, *sotto voce*, "Hugh's probably washed her by now. And I don't suppose she always bites."

That was the end of Carter, for his father, in well-justified wrath, obliterated him. "She will hardly," he observed, "indulge in any such unspeakable vulgarities as that."

His wife could see, though, that this was a mere manner of speaking. There were no vulgarities, no horrors, that he put beyond probability as attributes of his daughter-in-law. He looked so sick and shrunken that she tried to comfort him. "After all," she said, when they were left alone, "Hugh wasn't bred in a gutter, and she must have something that attracted him at the beginning—before he fell in love with her. And it's he who's bringing her here; that's plain enough. She never answered my letter, but he did for her; and it's been her he's been waiting for all this time—while she bought clothes."

Mrs. Corbett's attempt at consolation died here as a picture formed itself, unbidden, in mind of the sort of clothes which the creature—under the stimulus of unwonted affluence—would affect. One-piece garments of art denim that went on over your head!

"Oh, well, we've got to stand it, that's all!" she said abruptly. "Constance and Frank are coming to dinner, that's one thing to be thankful for." Because no social occasion could go utterly on the rocks with Connie there to take the helm. She did smooth things out somehow.

But Constance, trying to fortify her soul with a tincture of little Jean's confidence, felt as blue about it as any of the rest of them.

They all had a nightmare prevision of a sprawling, outrageous, grotesquely clad, shrill, denunciatory creature; gesticulating over the dinner-table, in the enforcement of the polysyllabic jargon of anarchy, and of a horribly translated Hugh, gazing an infatuate assent to it all.

Well, it was this nightmare that saved the situation—this and Helena's corresponding one. For she had visualized the scene as it would run, under orthodox direction, on the cinema-screen: a hook-nosed harridan of a mother sneering at her through a lorgnon, a supercilious sister, and for the father, the conventional "heavy" old man, snorting in an apoplectic rage.

As I say, that fantasy was what saved the situation, since by contrast with it, the reality was so satisfactory.

The fact that the train was late dramatized the thing rather happily, by bringing it about that the only meeting, prior to the general assembly in the drawing-room for dinner, was between the returned travelers and Mrs. Corbett, who was waiting in the hall for them when they came in. Her account of this to her husband was rather non-committal.

Hugh seemed like himself, she said—and happy. The girl hadn't said much, though she had had the grace to apologize for not having answered her mother-in-law's note. She looked tame enough. Mrs. Corbett couldn't imagine what Hugh, and for that matter Greg, had meant by calling her thrilling.

It was a fact, I think I have mentioned, that street dress always had the curious effect of extinguishing Helena. She was another creature altogether when, half an hour later, she came down into the drawing-room with Hugh. The dinner frock she had on was not, perhaps, the sartorial triumph Hugh believed it to be, but it accomplished all that was needed in letting her really remarkable beauty alone.

By the time they were fairly seated at the table, they all felt like rubbing their eyes after a bad dream. The incredible spectacle up at the head of the table—to none of them more amazing

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TO HELENA'S SUNDAY SUPPER-PARTIES THERE CAME, OCCASIONALLY, ONE OF THE PROFESSORS FROM TH

than to the participants in it—of Helena at Mr. Corbett's right hand, talking pleasantly about the weather and the accident that had delayed the train; using, if warily, the right forks, and never breathing fire at all, left them all feeling, in the light of their anticipations, limp and a little ridiculous.

I don't at all mean to say that the evening turned out to be an intrinsically enjoyable one, or even comfortably unembarrassed; nor that the ensuing fortnight, while Hugh and Helena were looking out a house and settling themselves in it, marked the beginning of affectionate relations between Hugh's wife and his family, or the subsidence of their profound regret that he had married her. The relief and gratification they all felt were purely superficial.

It does not do, however, to underestimate the importance of surfaces when you are dealing with a crystalline structure like a family. It was something for the Corbetts to discover that the inclusion of Helena in any of the family's social manifestations did not necessarily involve the exclusion of every one not in the family, and that if she was not quite all that is meant by the word "presentable," she was equally not impossible.

It meant, for instance, a lot to Hugh that, coming up to bed that first evening, very late, after a long talk with his father and Gregory, he should find Helena neither in tears of humiliation nor in a tempest of rage, but, on the contrary, amiably inclined to a cigaret and a review of the evening.

"I didn't know we were going to be so long," Hugh said, referring to the conference in the library, "but I felt sure you'd get on all right with Mother and Connie."

"Oh, yes," Helena said indifferently, "we got on all right, though it was rather dull."

This was a disappointment to Hugh, since Constance and his mother were the two members of the family he had felt surest Helena would like. Both were straightforward, warm-hearted, open-minded women, and he didn't see what more Helena could want than that.

"I can't make your mother out exactly," she said. "What sort of person was she when your father married her? She was one of the people, wasn't she?"

Hugh laughed a big laugh at that. "She's the aristocrat of the bunch," he said. "She had a great-aunt who never got over the fact that a grandniece of hers married the son of a man who worked with his hands—as grandfather did. He was a wheelwright, you know. No, Mother hasn't any manners, it's because—well, in a beyond them."

A flush of annoyance face warned him away fro which otherwise he would it amusing to expand upon. see how it was, well enough, His mother shocked Helena. H ners, or lack of them, her use of u like language, her monumental regard of many of the first princi of drawing-room deportment, migh well enough have seemed at first to Helena—self-consciously on her own very best behavior—simply as a personal affront, a calculated method of exhibiting disregard. And even the correction of this mistake by the observation that she treated every one like that, would not make matters much better. There *was* a sort of swagger about that attitude, Hugh admitted.

"But how about Constance?" he asked.

Connie's manners of course were beyond reproach, and in the two minutes of private conversation they had stolen in the drawing-room after dinner, she had given Hugh a reassurance, which he hardly needed, as to what her attitude toward her new sister-in-law was going to be.

"I think she's lovely," Constance had said. Jean was right about her all

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amused by the spectacle at the dinner-table of this *rapprochement*, because he knew how purely an affair of surfaces it was. One moment of contact between his wife's real opinions and his father's would produce an explosion that would destroy it. But so long as the surfaces they presented to each other fitted together so smoothly, there seemed to be no reason why that contact should take place. His father's mannerliness was, naturally enough, you could see, just as grateful to Helena as his mother's blunt ways were distressing. She played up to him—tried to reach his level. (Recalled forgotten and once-despised precepts of Grace Drummond's.) By doing so, she kindled in Robert's heart a spark of genuine liking for her. He saw how hard she tried, and applauded the

injustice he felt he had done him. Their quarrel, as a quarrel, was buried.

"You've made it up between us," Hugh told Helena now. "There's no doubt about that, after what he said about you down there in the library. I wish you might have been there to hear."

He smoked a while in thoughtful silence. "You know," he said at last, "I'm sorry for Father. I don't believe I've ever understood him very well; seen things from his point of view. We're all a heavy-handed lot, and he's sensitive. That will of Grandfather's was a horribly ruthless sort of thing, and it's left him—crushed. It seems unfair that the opinions and prejudices of an old man can go on binding after he's dead. Father's attitude toward Greg and me the minute we began to

"I CAN'T MAKE YOUR MOTHER OUT EXACTLY," SHE SAID. "WHAT SORT OF A PERSON WAS SHE WHEN YOUR FATHER MARRIED HER?".

Helena's little laugh of dissent urged him on to quote—or paraphrase—what Constance had said to him in the drawing-room.

"Oh, she wants to make up with you," said Helena. "That's plain enough. And for the present, she thinks that's the way to do it."

That left him without a reply.

But Helena, of her own accord, went on in a pleasanter vein: "Gregory seemed pleasant, though I didn't talk to him much. And Carter's amusing. But the one I really like is your father. He was lovely to me."

Hugh could not but have been

effort—found it admirable. His little acts of meticulous gallantry and consideration touched her and got a sympathetic response from her. (They never, by the way, had got just this response from any of his own family.) And then, of course, it didn't do to forget that Helena was really beautiful. Beauty in women was a thing Robert was always susceptible to.

Hugh, though his sense of the humorous aspect of this attraction was irresistible, still felt grateful to both of them for it. Down in the library his father had made apologetic amends a father can make to a son for the

talk business fairly made me wince. We've each got an equal authority with him, of course, under the will. But, all the same, we're just his two boys. And, then, he's all broken up, too, about the strike. They're trying to settle that—did you know?"

"Who are?" Helena wanted to know. She bit down a yawn as she asked the question.

The governor, Hugh said, had appointed a conciliation board, and though neither side—none of the three sides, to put it more accurately, for it was a triangular affair by this time—had agreed to accept its findings, it was

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holding daily hearings. So far, Hugh gathered from his father and Gregory, the negotiations did not appear very promising.

"It's a real chance for me to do something, I believe," he went on presently. "It means working like a dog, of course, just getting up the facts to begin with. They're not going to stand in my way. Father and Greg, I mean. Really, it's wonderful, considering how wide apart our opinions are, how comfortably we've got on together to-night. Greg and I haven't talked as much and quarreled as little in an evening since I can remember. I suppose it's partly relief on their part in finding me reasonable.

"Of course I've got to have the facts before I can give Greg an argument. He's full of them. He was telling me about the molders to-night. They won't come back, he said, except on a closed-shop basis; which means that we can't employ or discharge anybody without their consent. Well, there's no harm in that if they'll give us men who'll deliver a competent day's work and let us discharge ones who won't. But Greg says they don't mean to give us a day's work. He says their limit on what a man can turn out on a molding machine is only a little more than what he could do by hand—somewhere from a third to a fifth of what he could do easily with the machine. If that's true—and Greg thinks it is, of course—why, it's all wrong."

Helena's only comment at this point was an audible yawn.

"Oh, I know it's late," Hugh said. "We can't really go into it to-night. But I'm full of it just now. It seems as if I had a chance of understanding both sides and bringing them together. Only, I need your help in the thing. There are men out there—your friends—that I want to work with. If you'll persuade them that I'm not an enemy—not a benighted bigot it's no use talking to. . . . You will, won't you? You can? That's not what *you* think I am?"

She extinguished her cigaret in an ash-tray that stood on a night table, smiled, yawned and stretched all at once, and then, without dropping her arms, held them out to him. He came into them readily enough.

"You're a dear, anyway," she said. "Yes, I'll do what I can, of course. Come along to bed." Then, a little more brightly, "I've changed my mind about how we're to live. I don't want a hotel, nor an apartment either.

HUGH'S GUESS THAT THE EXPLOSION HAD TAKEN PLACE IN THE PLANT, WAS VERIFIED WHEN HE GOT INTO THE STREET.

I want a house. I hadn't an idea how nice they were."

He laughed. "We won't run to a house like this," he warned her. And she said she should hope not. She just wanted something with stairs in it, and separate rooms for all the separate things one wanted to do. "And a bed like this," she specified. "I never dreamed there was such a thing in the world.

"You'll go house-hunting with me to-morrow, won't you? It's too crazily absurd that I should be living here."

"It's too wonderful that you should be living here," said Hugh.

She made no reply to that observation, but it occurred to her to wonder—it was a very vague and transient wonder, to be sure—how long he'd go on feeling like that.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Fire

EAGER as Hugh was to begin devoting all his mind and energies to the tangled situation out at Riverdale, he did steal a few hours during the first week after their return from New York for house-hunting with Helena; and not by way merely of indulging his wife's whim, either. He saw plainly enough that a prolonged visit in his father's house was not, from any point of view, desirable. They had all braced up to meet a crisis, and they had met it, on the whole, very creditably. But as the sense of the crisis wore away, it was probable that some of the resolute amiability which had been evoked to meet it, would wear away, too. There was no use risking the wreck of a thing that promised so well, by putting a heavy load upon it too soon.

Then, on his own account, he wanted his hands free. And they would be, in a measure, tied while he went on living in his father's house. If the facts he discovered and the conclusions he came to, out at Riverdale, brought him into collision with Gregory, for instance, that collision would bear much less resemblance to a personal quarrel if the two men lived under separate roofs and only met as they liked.

He and Helena managed, rather easily, to suit themselves with a house. They found a high-shouldered, rather dignified old place not far south of Chicago Avenue, and east of Rush Street, which gave promise of meeting all their needs pretty adequately. The neighborhood was accessible, physically at least, to Hugh's family and his old friends, so that their going into it lacked anything like a gesture of repudiation. At the same time, there was nothing about it to discourage Helena's friends from the belief that she remained, in spirit, one of them.

It was in a state of decent repair, and they made no attempt to remodel it beyond tearing out a partition or two on the third floor to give them one big room, which Helena called a study.

They both made a point, rather self-consciously, of wasting as little time as possible over the selection of it; and over the process of installing themselves there, they were even more expeditious.

This latter part of the job was left entirely in Helena's hands, since as soon as the lease was signed, Hugh went off to Riverdale and pitched in, as he said, to the strike. She went at it much as she went at the business of writing a story, with immense assurance, and, on the whole, competency. She rejected, without even the pretense of qualifying regrets, Constance's offer of assistance here. It can not be said of her that she knew in advance what she wanted, but she had what served as a substitute for that knowledge, the ability to make an almost instantaneous selection among objects offered for her choice, and to regard any choice, once made, as final. In an amazingly short time she had her household in running order.

The result she got was by no means

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STREET DRESS ALWAYS HAD THE CURIOUS EFFECT OF EXTINGUISHING HELENA.

bad—certainly not atrocious. But a resemblance might have been detected in it to her literary productions. Done in complete ignorance of all imaginative niceties, it lacked, just as her stories did, the mysterious quality of atmosphere. There was no projection into it of her own picturesque and, in some aspects, fascinating personality.

The thing that surprised and distinctly amused Hugh about it all, was Helena's intense practicality when it came to spending money. There were a hundred cents in every dollar, regardless of the number of dollars there were, and every one of them had to bring in all that it was worth. That he was not disposed to criticize the results she got, does not argue, necessarily, a lack of sensitiveness in him to the atmosphere of his surroundings. A house of his own was as new a thing to him as it was to Helena, and he took a rather boyish pleasure in it. The few hours he spent in it, after long and, from the first, discouraging days out at Riverdale, had a sort of holiday glamour about them.

Riverdale was depressing. The strike had got to a stage where no party to it hoped for any advantage. It was kept up simply by the rancorous determination that no advantage should be conceded to any one else. The strings both harped on in all their public statements, were the same old strings they had plucked from the beginning. But the notes they gave forth were frayed and flat.

It was, as Hugh had said, a three-cornered fight. The deepest bitterness it had engendered, existed between two groups of strikers themselves: the I. W. W. element, which had begun the strike and had been, for the first few weeks, in full control of it, and the trade-unionists, who, weak at first, had been gaining strength from the beginning. The fanatical all-or-nothing policy, which the syndicalist creed of the I. W. W. commits it to, is, as a matter of fact, much more effective during the first fortnight of a strike than it is during the second and third. When it comes to settling down for a long pull, to organizing, gathering up advantages and making a good trade, the old, profoundly experienced Federation leaves the radicals nowhere. They had got to work at once, organizing unorganized trades, and stiffening up what rudimentary organizations they found, paving the way to the parley, the long process of trade and compromise which they knew must eventually come.

To the industrial unionist, the fundamental idea of a trade-union is aristocratic, reactionary and abhorrent. He says—and with a certain amount of truth—that the advantages which these skilled workers win for themselves with their closed-shop agreements and limited apprenticeships, are won, not at the expense of the common enemy, the capitalist, but at the expense of the great body of unskilled labor which can not, in the nature of things, organize itself so effectively and is, therefore, robbed like Peter to pay Paul; works its endless hours and pockets its pitiable pay to make up for the exactions of the labor aristocrats.

The sight, then, of the molders' union out at Riverdale negotiating a separate treaty of peace, roused a furious resentment among the radicals. If the molders went back and one or two of the other trades followed them, the strike would be broken indeed.

Hugh agreed with Helena's friends, the two or three radical leaders whom he prevailed on her to introduce him to, in regarding this outcome as wholly unsatisfactory and little better than disastrous. The hours he spent attending the hearings of the conciliation board, seemed to him utterly wasted. The thing was nothing but a horse trade—a game of haggle and bluff, a series of compromises with this union and that, between the most that Gregory could be induced to grant and the least that each particular trade could be induced to accept—a result hardly worth working for. The resultant peace from such a treaty as that, could not be more than temporary. It would be full of destructive internal strains and stresses, injustices and inequalities. The real desideratum—a decent living wage to everybody, and a decent profit over the top for the company, the modeling of the whole mass while it was still plastic, so that, cooling and hardening, it should not break down anywhere, was as far out of Greg's contemplation as it was out of the unionists'.

At the first hearing or two of the board that Hugh attended, he had been profoundly impressed by Gregory's ability. It was the sort of situation that keyed Greg up to his best, and his best was very good indeed. He was amazingly well informed, instantly ready, and in addition, he was, or seemed to be, candid, good-humored; fairer, more conciliatory, immensely more open-minded, than any of the representatives of the strikers. In his determined fight against a deliberate limitation of output, he seemed to Hugh demonstrably right. He found it hard to account for the implacable and almost derisive hostility with which the piece-work schedules, which Gregory offered as a counter proposition, were received.

But before Hugh had spent many hours analyzing figures for himself—raw figures, original documents, such as old cost-sheets and pay-rolls, he perceived that his brother's compilations and summaries were not as artless as they purported to be. They were not false any more than an expert's testimony on the stand, in answer to the carefully stated hypothetical questions of the side that has retained him is false. But they were, in many cases, profoundly misleading.

"Well," Greg said with a wry smile, when Hugh taxed him with it, "you have a real eye for business figures."

This was in his office at the plant one night—the same room that had witnessed their quarrel on that memorable evening in May, when Hugh had rescued Helena from Paddock's kidnapers.

"I'll confess," the older brother went on, "that I have never given you credit for it. I don't believe there's a man in the organization, barring Bailey, who could have got the goods on me like that. You're perfectly right as far as you go. I haven't a word to say."

"All right," said Hugh. "Now tell me where it is that I don't go. What is there beyond where I stop off? What's your idea? You're an honest man? What are you doing with crooked figures?—Well, misleading figures, then. In a sense they're straight, of course."

"Thanks for that," said Greg grimly.

(Continued on page 128)

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RIVETS AND MEN

Will the Shipyards Win or Lose the War?

By Lillian Erskine

ILLUSTRATED BY C. B. FALLS

THE RIVETING HAMMER MUST SOUND ITS TWENTY-FOUR HOUR ECHO TO HAIG'S ARTILLERY ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

EDITOR'S NOTE—*"Rivets and Men" is a powerful appeal for the organization of a patriotic national drive behind the building of the Emergency Fleet Corporation's ships. Only an immediate mobilization of the country's man-power can speed the production of ships essential to the winning of the war. This plea for the fulfilment of our pledge of 6,000,000 tons in 1918 is written by one thoroughly at home in the shipyard and familiar with all phases of its vital needs. From practical working knowledge of industrial physical efficiency, Miss Erskine has picked the weak spot in our plans for the launching of ships. Her earlier articles in* EVERYBODY'S, *"Matches or Men?" "New Men for Old," "In the Trenches of Labor," etc., have proved her deep understanding of industrial problems. The constructive value of this article is believed to be so great that advance copies have been placed in the hands of Congress as a measure of public service.*

The Challenge

"WE ARE going to build six million dead-weight tons of ships in 1918," declared E. N. Hurley, chairman of the reorganized Shipping Board at the Conference of the Atlantic Coast Ship-Builders. "I say we are going to do it, rather than we are going to try to do it, because I know that anything America sets out to do, she does. As a fighting nation we have a clean record for victory. We've got the men, we've got the money, and we've got a cause that's right."

In these words the Emergency Fleet Corporation answers the challenge of the U-boat, as the largest actual and prospective owner and builder of ships in the history of the world.

But it not only faces the problem of tonnage; it also faces the necessity of solving the interrelated problems of *cost*, *material* and *labor*, in a chain of one hundred and thirty-two old and new shipyards scattered along our water-fronts from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

It must multiply by 1,000 per cent., by means of speeded production as well as by preliminary seizure, the normal 600,000 tons dead-weight yearly output which taxed our capacity prior to the beginning of the war. It must become not only the versatile builder of transports and vessels for merchant-marine service, but the wholesale manufacturer of steel and wooden fleets which shall satisfy even Lloyd George's plea for "Ships; and more ships; and still more ships."

One hundred and forty-six contracts for 996 new vessels (379 of wood, 58 composite, and 559 of steel), totaling 5,481,108 dead-weight tons, have already been signed by the Corporation; in addition to the 380 commandeered ships, totaling nearly 3,000,000 tons, of which some forty have been completed.

Seventy of the 278 cargo steamers (exceeding 7,500 tons) are especially designed for high-speed, "unsinkable" transports; with a balanced system of bulkheads, which will keep them afloat after one or even two torpedoes have torn their jagged way through their steel sides. And a prospective tonnage of over 1,000,000 in wooden cargo vessels, attempts to revive for America a dead industry to supplement the 3,965,200 tons scheduled for the fabricated cargo fleets of steel.

This is the promised colossal ship-production of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, which is the greatest industrial call to resources and labor ever issued in the history of any country.

Its reveillé now rings in the blows of the miner's pickax; echoes in the snow-bound camp of the lumberjack; vibrates in gleaming rails and the thunder of speeded freight-trains; and writes its summons in smoke and flame above the serried chimneys of smelter and mill. It has filled the ranks of its structural ship-producing army with regiments of workers in bridge and boiler plants; in engine-shops; in automobile factories; and in plate and rolling mills. It has mobilized, as the tributaries to its gigantic assembling yards soon nearing completion, an unbroken chain of products from the lumber camp and mine.

The ships of 1918, whose promised hulls are to bridge the broad Atlantic, will be the fabrication of the steel and lumber mill, rather than the templet-and-pattern-fashioned product of the ways. But no magic of program or phrase can hope to speed the hour of their launching, except by the unceasing labor of men's hands.

The Belated Answer

AFTER ten months at war, instead of relays of keels upon the ways, the dragging weeks have fashioned our Emergency Fleet from paper and launched it in printer's ink. Instead of double and treble shifts, speeding the output of our established shipyards along two seaboards, their diluted forces—depleted by competition or by the draft—have blocked them with idle nights and slackening days. Instead of ships, the Emergency Fleet's successive programs have given us acres of reclaimed land, and a stupendous equipment materializing from

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countless blue-prints.

The first sleet of winter, sweeping across black marsh and ice-crisped waste land, glazes the half-wrought skeletons of new shipyards still in the building. The challenge of floodlight, softened by driving snow, thrusts back the encroaching night from acres of piled timber and sidings blocked with steel and cement laden freight-cars.

The rattling chains and lurching plunge of the dredger; the iterative blow of the pile-driver; the shriek of the shuttle-train pushing foot by foot of track through the ooze of salt creek and river margin; the roar of the riveter's hammer, measuring span by span the iron girders of shop-bay and traveling craneway — these are but heralds of our belated answer to our Allies' appeal for tonnage "upon which today depends the wavering history of the world."

THOUGH THEY BE BUILT WITH BLOOD AND IRON, WE DARE NOT FAIL TO FLOAT OUR SIX MILLION TONS.

Instead of an early merchant-marine war policy of backing the experienced builders who had proved their worth, we at first chose (through excessive caution against profiteering) to tie their efficient hands, and to slow down their machinery with departmental friction and Federal red tape.

Instead of 150,000 shipyard recruits in active training, to speed the drive of 400,000 men in 1918 for 6,000,000 tons to build Lord Northcliffe's "bridge across the Atlantic," the New Year was greeted by the factory whistles of less essential industries, full-manned by the machinists, wood-workers and skilled artisans, whose labor becomes hourly more vital for the rescue and rehabilitation of exhausted Europe.

The Problem of the Extra Shift

THE thirteenth of July, 1917, found a fleet of nearly 3,000,000 tons dead-weight, already under construction or private contract in our established or early "war-boom" yards. The majority of builders were then facing a rise in wage and supply costs, however, that was threatening to wipe out profit, and in many cases to involve a loss per completed ton. Uncontrolled competition at steel mill and in freight-yard had sent the price-curve beyond the calculations of 1916. Employers had been forced to make their choice between an idle shipyard and a pay-roll that ate its way through the margin of profits into the column of loss.

On August third, a belated order of the Emergency Fleet Corporation—*whose delay since July thirteenth involved a loss of fifteen ships*—commandeered 380 still uncompleted vessels, of 2,683,233 dead-weight tons; and the output of all private facilities then engaged in the production of ships of over 2,500 tons.

This at last was Federal assumption of responsibility for the solution of available means of supplying our vital need for ships. Their completion on a normal, *one-shift* working schedule meant doubling our then existing ocean-going merchant-marine fleet by the late spring or following summer of 1918.

Their speeded completion, however, on a *two and three-shift* schedule, with all possible coordinated Government help of material, money and men, meant the guarantee to America-at-war of 2,000,000 available tonnage by early spring, and a steadily-gaining registry of freight-tons for this winter's service of transportation for troops, ammunition, and an augmenting volume of military and relief supplies.

The Emergency Fleet Corporation called for the speeding-up demanded by the critical exigencies arising from our lack of ships.

It called, however, from its own disorganized committee, for expedition in shipyards blocked by commandeered contracts, and devitalized by bleeding their skilled forces to carry out the fleet's stupendous construction-program; and by failure of the Government to provide class exemption from military service for their employees.

Even under the stimulus of patriotism, the expediting of ships requires something more than the calculations of the simple arithmetic of the primary grade.

Three men of equal efficiency—*provided you have them*—can undoubtedly handle more material than one man—*provided you can secure them the supplies.* But a trebled flow of material, and a twenty-four-hour working schedule—*always provided you can maintain them*—are infinitely more costly, and involve a greater initial loss of efficiency and time, than could have been covered, even in 1916, by those commandeered contracts. Yet on these contracts the Emergency Fleet Corporation was at first prepared to demand the fulfilment of the letter of the law.

The Cost of Speeding

"DILUTING" trained shipyard labor with new men to increase the working force, means a disproportionate preliminary waste of wage, and a slowness of assimilation, not comparable to the experience of employers in any other type of productive plant.

To split and increase a trained shipyard force of some 4,000 workers, means that the resulting shifts will be only from forty to sixty per cent. efficient during three to four or six months. Even each shift's "backbone" of old hands, picked from every department to stiffen the flabby organization, are distracted by calls for necessary instruction, or hampered by the incompetence and "slacking" of the recruits perpetually under foot.

And there is little hope of a more successful "splitting" among the foremen, superintendents, and general managing force. Either the "veterans" break down under fourteen to eighteen hours on duty; or promotion from the ranks develops reactionary foremen, while an imported staff must struggle to make good against overwhelming odds.

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This is why—for the first few months of "expediting" ship construction—the yard's expenses leap while tonnage output drops. The more energetically therefore, those 380 ships commandeered on the third of August were hastened by means of extra shifts and "diluted" labor, the heavier promised to be the losses which would have been incurred by the builders under contract to the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

THE war-lack of troop-transports, submarine-chasers and merchant-marine vessels, has led both England and America to grasp the economic possibilities latent in shipbuilding by the hundred, rather than in units, or even by tens. The multiple duplication of a selected model from hull to smokestack, therefore, is the secret of "standardization's" promised economy in man-power, in money, and above all, in time.

The assembling-ways of the Emergency Fleet Corporation—toward which will pour the completed output of a thousand contributary firms—will bear the same relation to traditional trade-craft shipbuilding that the modern wagon factory bears to the old-time wheelwright's shop.

But there is no royal road to the building of even "standard" or "fabricated" vessels. Though the methods called for by future launchings have already successfully produced the Ford car and the dollar watch, nevertheless the 7,500-ton transport will still need its 650,000 rivets, and its throbbing engines; and somehow, and somewhere, the ready-made ribs of its mighty hull and myriad fittings must be assembled and bolted together, before a seaworthy ship can leave the ways.

If we are to choose the building of ships, rather than the building of coffins, the steady roar of the riveting hammer must sound its twenty-four-hour echo to Haig's artillery fire on the Western front. If we are to stiffen the lines of the Allies with our fighting man-power now in training, we must stiffen the shifts in the shipyard with industrial man-power trained for its needs.

"Ships will win the war," said Lord Northcliffe.

But even "standard" ships are still the symbol of rivets and of men.

Whether or not transportation permits ninety per cent. of their hull fabrication in the steel-mill, each ton that comes to its launching will come vibrant with the labor of men's hands.

The Strike

MORE serious, therefore, for the Emergency Fleet Corporation than the problems of price of material and mechanical difficulties of the extra shift, was last summer's lack of stability of the human factor in the shipyards of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

The chart of last summer's wage-scale mounted by spurts, like that of a fever-patient until the crisis is passed. But the shipyard had no hope of the steady pulse of normal convalescence; and strike-news began to find its way into the daily press.

The coming of April, 1917, had brought confirmation of rumors of disaffection long current in Wilmington and Brooklyn yards. The middle of May found open trouble in a section of Camden, and the last of the month saw idle tools at Newport News.

By June certain affiliated workers in the New York district were predicting the nine weeks' walk-out from Government construction work that ushered in July. The second of August found local items in New England papers, which by the middle of the month had grown into headlines featuring the shipyard strikes at Quincy, Massachusetts.

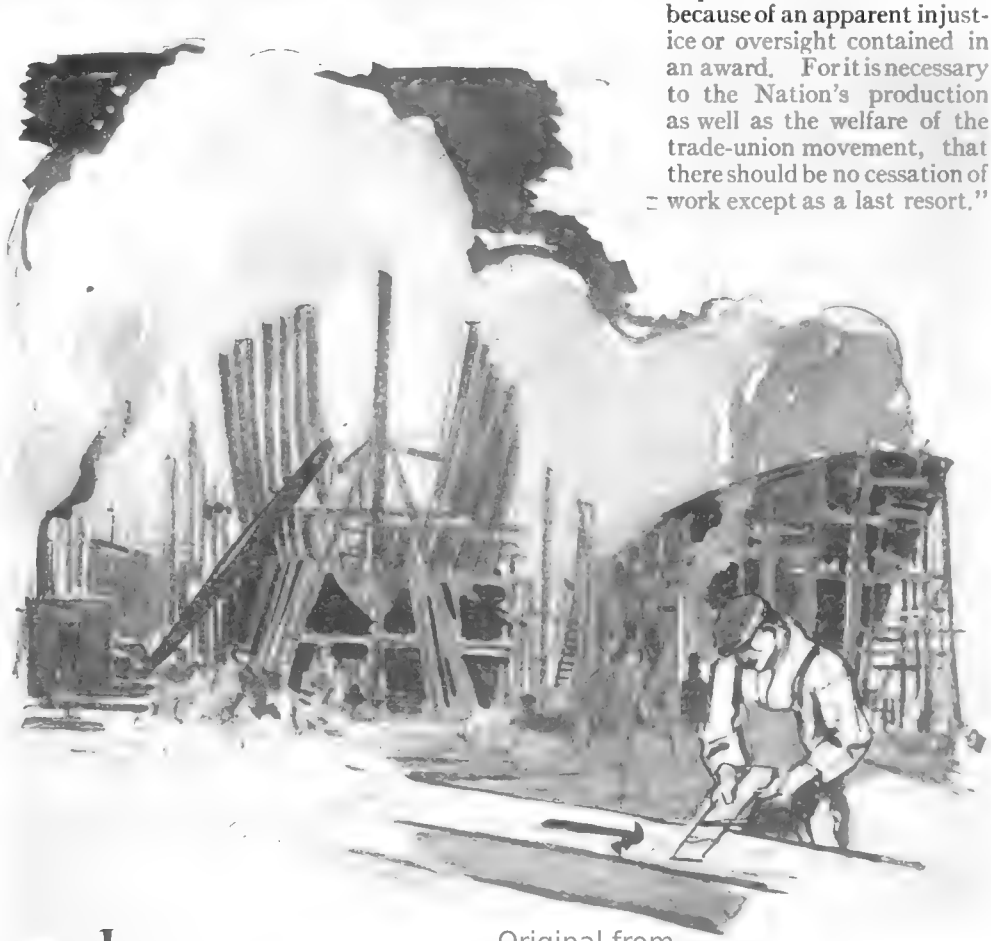
On the twenty-ninth a strike-threat from San Francisco, promising to involve 40,000 workers, competed in interest with Tacoma's sympathetic demonstrations in support of the lumbermen's demand for a shorter day. And September brought a concerted blocking of the Government's $150,000,000-ship-construction program, in every related industry upon the Pacific coast.

Unrest among fabricators of shipbuilding material in Seattle, as well as Portland's strike in every wooden-ship yard on the Columbia, had preceded the paralyzing walk-out of September seventeenth, involving a hundred plants (in San Francisco and the Bay City districts), which were engaged in work essential for producing ships.

The undertow of this disastrous tidal wave involved the Norfolk Navy Yard, and even spread to New Orleans. By October Seattle's long-threatened strike orders were in operation; and the closing weeks saw trouble in Olympia, in Newark, and again in Quincy.

WITH the close of November, continual agitation brought to a focus the cumulative disaffection throughout the Boston district, as well as the Newark Government construction plants. The resolutions passed by the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo at last checked this irreparable loss to the country of man-power, of efficiency, and 536,992 days of priceless time.

"It is advisable," reads the final paragraph of the declaration adopted by unanimous vote November twenty-third, "that production shall not cease because of an apparent injustice or oversight contained in an award. For it is necessary to the Nation's production as well as the welfare of the trade-union movement, that there should be no cessation of work except as a last resort."



SHIPWRIGHT AND RIVETER, RECRUITS AND CALKER MUST BE RECRUITED.

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Not till December, therefore, had the full lesson been learned of the four factors—of *cost, material, speed,* and *labor*—that must help or hinder the building of our fleets.

The Great Lack

THE machinery of Congress can give the Emergency Fleet Corporation *money.* In seven months it has appropriated for the war-needs of America and its Allies $21,000,000,000; or three fourths as much as the total appropriation of one hundred and twenty-seven of its predecessors, from the inauguration of George Washington down to the present day.

The machinery of the Priorities Board, and the War Industries Board, can give the Emergency Fleet Corporation *materials.* Munition plants; foodstuffs; and shipyard supplies are on the preferential list.

The machinery of the Exemption Board can *safeguard* the Emergency Fleet Corporation's *workers.* The coming selective draft will pass by its essential men.

The machinery of the United States Shipbuilding Labor Adjustment Board can fix the Emergency Fleet's scale of *wages.* The Pacific Coast's revised minimum rates of $5.25 for riveters, chippers and calkers; $6.50 for pattern-makers; and $6.00 for flange turners and wooden-ship joiners and mill men, will soon become the minimum standardization for the Atlantic coast.

But where, after ten months at war, is the tested Federal machinery of industrial control; and of local Clearing-Houses for the transfer and national mobilization of the Emergency Fleet Corporation's supply of *labor?*

Where, after ten months at war, is the tested Federal machinery of national industrial training, to install the vestibule shop in all established shipyards, and expand the Industrial Service training schools for skilled men and instructors, to supply the Emergency Fleet Corporation with this year's needed 400,000 men?

Where, after ten months of industrial unrest in the shipyard, is the tested Federal machinery for the stabilizing of its forces; the fixing of its maximum rates; and the reduction of its labor turnover and absence, which cut its productive efficiency by forty per cent.?

Where, in the entire range of the Emergency Fleet Corporation's own specifications and contracts, however, was the guarantee to the voluntary or drafted recruit from the army of labor that his physical fitness for work in the expanded or new type assembling shipyard would be conserved?

And where, above all, was the common sense that was prepared to back up service with the preliminary essentials of shelter, food, and lodging; or had learned from a thousand industrial records that production and speed are sets and engines fail for the service of men?

To-day the call of the Emergency Fleet Corporation for tonnage is echoed by the call for men from every expanded and newly-erected tributary plant. The dead hull calls for its engines; and the engines in turn call for skilled workers from every related industry throughout the United States. Steel plate becomes a human factor. Iron and timber are reckoned in units of flesh and blood. Yet we are answered in this eleventh-hour need for the recruiting of labor, by the congested lodging; the crowded trolley, the delicatessen shop, and the saloon.

The Labor Turnover

THE menace to America's fulfilment of this year's vital pledges lies not in the failure of mobilization of material, but in the lack of organization of steady forces of ship and engine producing men. The secret of the present delay of ship production, and the speeding-up of the labor turnover, may be read in the face of every worker in the shifting line outside the employment office of any expanding yard.

It dogs the footsteps of the unsuccessful applicant looking from street to street for boarding-place, lodging-house, furnished room—anything with four walls where he can lay his head. It takes the heart out of him when he has convinced himself after hours of fruitless searching that there is no hope of bringing his family, or of living himself, within walking or even easy trolley distance of his work.

It keeps him sullen when his work lies on the hulls in the open, where the winter wind soon cuts like a surgeon's knife; and, though dripping with sweat, he must wear his heavy ulster, because his back is the only place where it will be safe from theft.

The menace sounds when the noon whistle drives him with his frozen lunch pail into a sheltered corner of the yard; or sends him through the gates with a stream of unwashed workers to the itinerant lunch-cart and the more popular lunch-signs of the neighborhood saloons.

The secret of the turnover is still at his elbow when he rings up that night and quits.

He quits because he has learned that any wage is powerless to purchase comfort for himself or his family, or to procure transportation in that overcrowded town.

He quits, not because he is a "slacker," but because his body is his working capital; and not all the patriotic posters in America will serve to fill his stomach, or to house and keep his body clean and warm.

He quits because he has learned in twenty-four hours what the nation will learn from the casualty lists, when vessels and engines fail for the service of the Allies: *That though money and materials have been remembered as prerequisites for tonnage, something has been forgotten, and that something is—men.*

FOR America at war, the mere calling of men to the shipyard is no guarantee of the production of the tonnage we must secure.

We can pour through our yards a stream of unassimilated labor, whose unregulated turnover will swamp the output-schedule of every Emergency Fleet Corporation contract already signed. By "scamping," by the lure of belated military exemption, of climbing wage, and of shortened hours, we can bleed the established forces of necessary industries and cripple the structural trades throughout the states.

There is no longer escape from the dominating fact, however, that to win the conflict, labor must be found, trained, and assured of continuous productive service throughout the period of the industrial needs of war. How and where to secure the men; how to house them; obtain transportation; feed them; and thus lay the foundations for Federal stabilizing of the shipyard and its thousand tributary plants—these problems, we are learning, should have been as integral a part of the Emergency Fleet Corporation's shipbuilding program, as the cantonment, the Red Cross and the Commissary Department are an integral part of the military campaign.

How England Mobilized Her War Workers

IN ENGLAND the labor equilibrium between the essential and non-essential industry was approximately adjusted by Government supervision of the labor supply, and its distribution in accordance with the special war-needs of the times. The men fit for military service have been liberated from industry by the substitution of the less physically fit; and these in turn, have often been released for such transfer by the employment of women, when women themselves have not filled the vacant places. The Government has attempted to create a pool of labor, so as to not only supply skilled substitutes for the recruit, but also to reinforce "or dilute" (by means of trained workers from its own industrial schools or the best-adapted unskilled workers) the shifts of expanded industries whose production has become vital to the nation's needs. The national equipment of technical, trade and vocational schools have been requisitioned and, where necessary, they have been financed for industrial training service: and, in addition, practical "vestibule" schools have been inaugurated for intensive apprenticeship in the productive shops.

Under authority of the Ministry of

(Continued on page 94)

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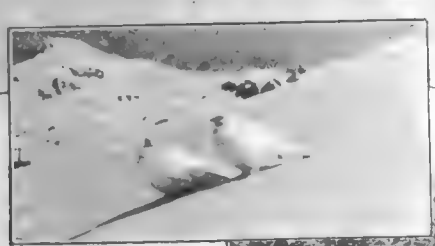
CAMOUFLAGE—
IN THE YEAR ONE AND 1918

BY

RUTHERFORD BOYD

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

CAMOUFLAGE. THE NEW SCIENCE OF PROTECTIVE DISGUISE DEVELOPED IN THE EUROPEAN STRUGGLE, HAS A WONDERFUL PARALLEL IN THE STRATEGY OF NATURE'S OWN WARFARE. EACH EMPLOYS THE SAME TACTICS OF "PROTECTIVE COLORATION." BETWEEN THE HUNTER AND THE HUNTED, EVERYWHERE, THE LAW IS: OBLITERATION BY DISGUISE OR OBLITERATION BY DESTRUCTION! SCIENTISTS KNOW THAT EVERY ANIMAL CARRIES ON ITS BACK A "FAKE-PICTURE" DESIGNED BY NATURE TO SIMULATE ITS USUAL HABITAT. THE SHAGGY COAT OF THIS POLAR BEAR MATCHES THE WHITE SNOW AND ICE, JUST AS THE ITALIAN ALPINES, IN THEIR WHITE COATS AND CAPS, ARE INVISIBLE FROM EVEN A NEARBY TRENCH-LINE. THE TWISTED TWIGS OF THE NEST BELOW CONCEAL THE MEADOW-LARK, WITH ITS WING DISGUISED WITH "TWIG MARKINGS," IN THE SAME WAY THAT FIELD-GUNS ON THE GREAT FRONT ARE HIDDEN IN THEIR NESTS OF BRANCHES AND VINES.



National Association of Audubon Societies.

National Association of Audubon Societies.

THE PTARMIGAN IS A SIMILAR MARVEL OF NATURE'S CAMOUFLAGE—AS THE SNOW THAWS AND PATCHES OF DARK ROCKS APPEAR IN THE LANDSCAPE, THE WHITE BIRDS ALSO MOLT IN PATCHES, SLOWLY CHANGING, AS THE SPRING GOES ON, UNTIL THE WHITE DISAPPEARS AND THE BIRD'S DARK MARKINGS MATCH ANEW ITS SURROUNDINGS IN SUMMER.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

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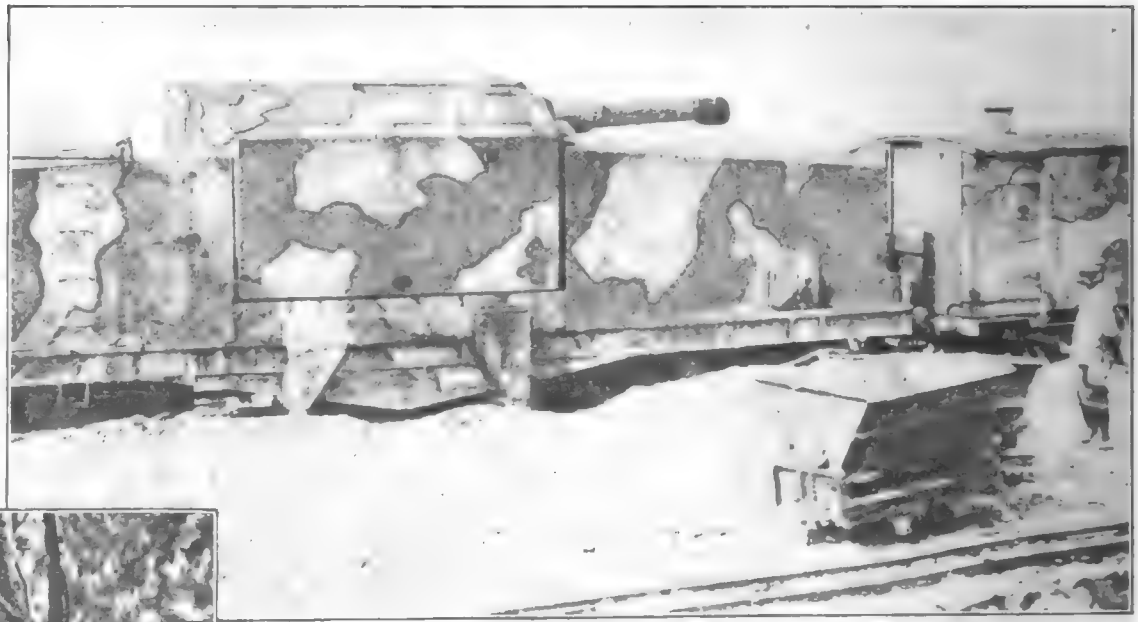
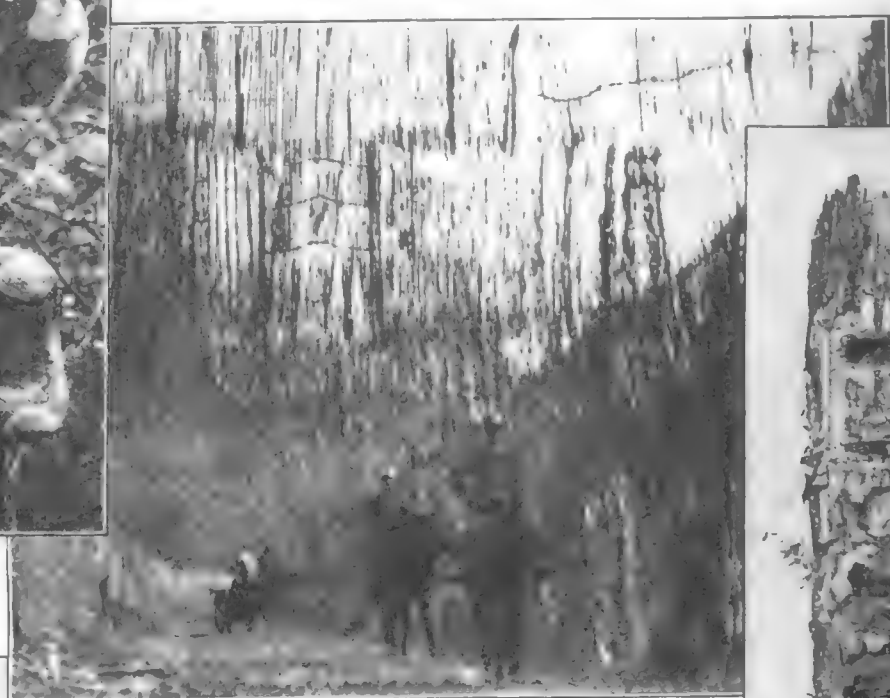
THE BOA-CONSTRICTOR COILED ON A BRANCH, CONCEALS ITS GREAT LENGTH WITH ITS PATCHES OF LIGHT AND DARK MARKINGS, WHICH BREAK UP THE FORM, AND IT IS EASILY LOST TO THE EYE AGAINST THE LIGHT AND SHADOW OF ITS BACKGROUND. THIS SCHEME OF PROTECTIVE MARKINGS IN REPTILES IS AMONG THE MOST EFFECTIVE IN THE CAMOUFLAGE OF NATURE.



THIS LONG "SNAKE" OF ARMORED CARS IS DISGUISED WITH JAGGED SPLOTCHES—A DEADLY PARALLEL WITH MR. BOA. THE HULLS, FUNNELS AND RIGGING OF DOZENS OF GREAT TRANSPORTS AND LINERS HAVE BEEN SIMILARLY PAINTED WITH SPLOTCHES OF VARIED COLOR TO BREAK THE OUTLINE OF THE VESSEL, MAKE IT BLEND WITH SEA OR SKY AND DECEIVE THE EYE OF THE ENEMY SUBMARINE.

New York Zoological Society.

BELOW IS A CARRIER-PIGEON POST AT THE FRONT, PROTECTED BY A SIMILAR DISGUISE.



Photograph by Kadel and Herbert.

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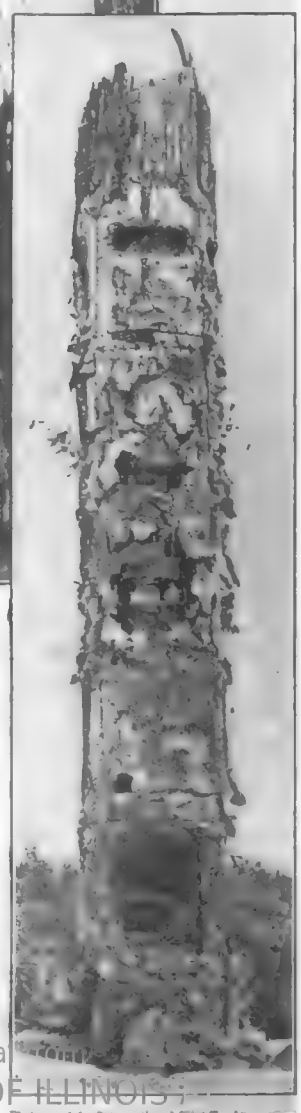
THE AIRPLANE SCOUT DISCOVERED EVERY MOVEMENT OF TROOPS—LITTLE, DARK, MOVING SPOTS ON A WHITE RIBBON OF A ROAD MILES BELOW—UNTIL THE INGENIOUS ITALIANS SCREENED THEIR ROADWAYS, TOP AND SIDES, WITH BRANCHES REEDS AND SAPLINGS. SHOWN ABOVE.

TO THE RIGHT IS A GERMAN OBSERVATION POST. BUT TO THE EYE OF THE ENEMY IT WAS NOTHING BUT 'A HARMLESS OLD SHELL SHOT-TORN TREE TRUNK.'



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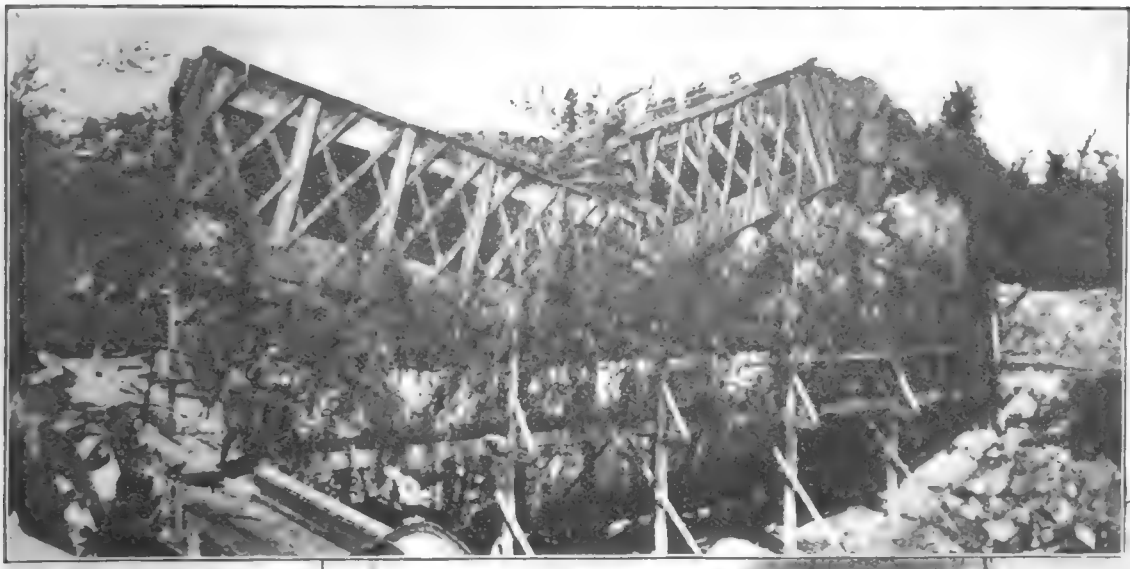
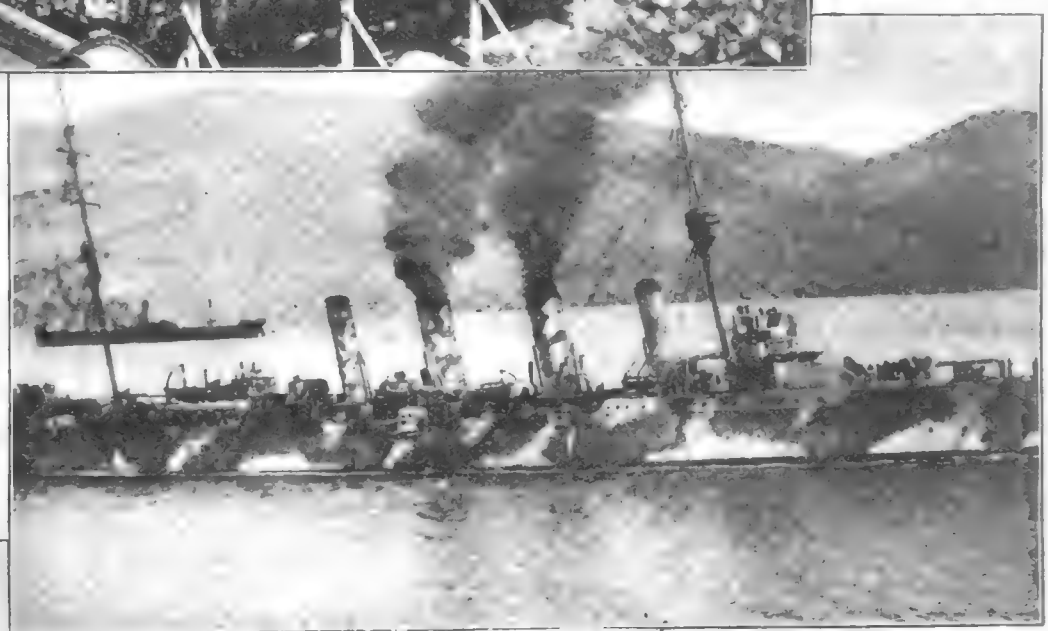


A NOTABLE PIECE OF CAMOUFLAGE—A WOODEN TRUSS-WORK SCREENED WITH SAPLINGS WHICH, TO THE ENEMY, IS A BROKEN BRIDGE-SPAN. IT CONCEALED SUCCESSFULLY THE ERECTION AND CONTINUAL USE OF AN ACTUAL SPAN BEHIND IT, DURING MONTHS OF CLOSEST SCRUTINY BY THE ENEMY. TRICKS OF DISGUISE LIKE THIS ARE SOMETIMES EFFECTED WITH HUGE PAINTINGS ON CANVAS OF NATURAL SCENERY.

Times Photo Service.



A DREADNOUGHT IN THE DARDANELLES—ON THE HIGH SEAS ITS PATCHES OF COLOR RENDER THE FORM OF THE VESSEL NEARLY INVISIBLE AGAINST THE WAVES AND SKY. THE SELECTION AND DISTRIBUTION OF COLOR ARE MADE ACCORDING TO THE PRINCIPLES DERIVED FROM A STUDY OF NATURAL PROTECTIVE ART BY SKILLED PAINTERS. EXPERIMENTS IN NAVAL CAMOUFLAGE BEGAN LONG BEFORE THE WAR, AND THE PRESENT PRACTISE IS THE RESULT OF LONG TRIAL AND IS STILL FAR FROM PERFECTION.

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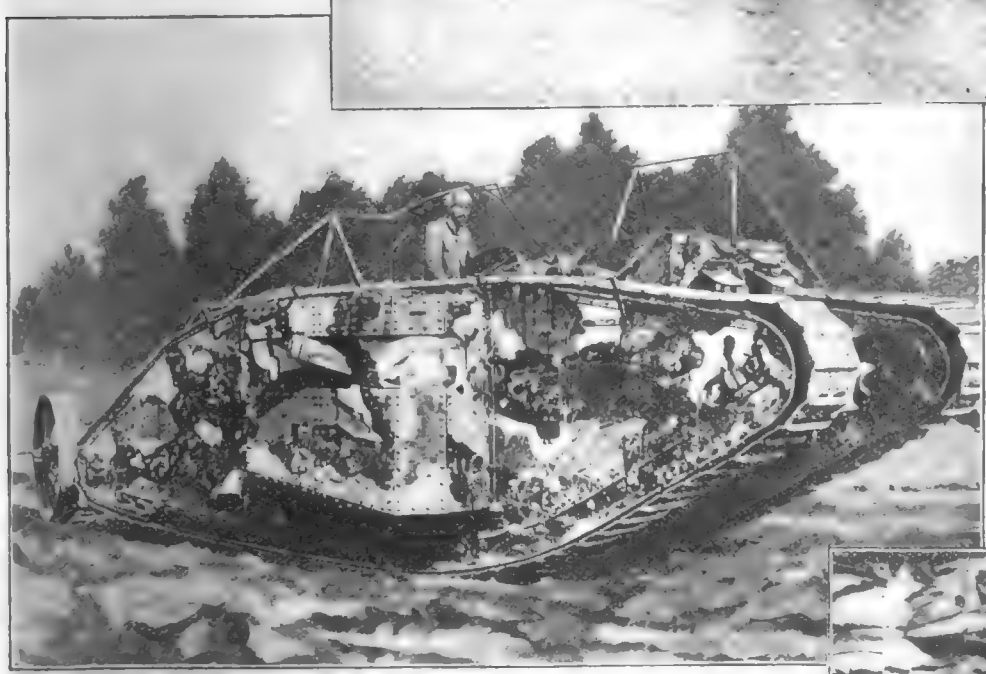
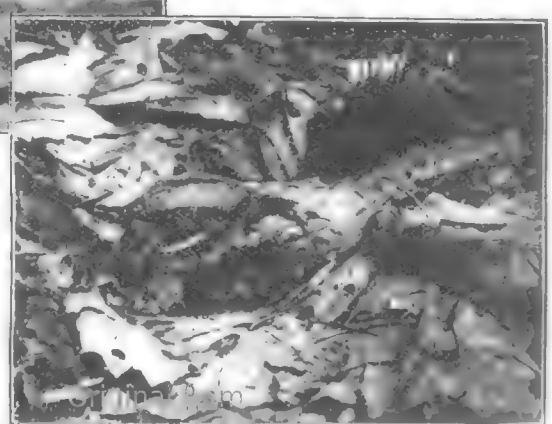


A TANK IN ACTION COULD HARDLY BE CONCEALED, BUT ITS PATCHWORK WOULD MAKE IT DIFFICULT FOR AN ENEMY AIR-SCOUT TO FIND IN BROKEN COUNTRY. HEREIN THE TANK HAS SIMPLY TAKEN ONE MORE CUE FROM THE GILA MONSTER, THE LIZARD, AND THE MUD-TURTLE.

AT THE FRONT LARGE BODIES OF TROOPS HAVE BEEN MOVED UNDETECTED ACROSS OPEN COUNTRY AND CONCEALED IN OPEN FIELDS WITH THE AID OF THESE PRINCIPLES OF NATURAL DISGUISE.



THE WHIPPOORWILL ON ITS NEST AMONG THE DEAD LEAVES. ITS WHOLE FORM AND COLOR SO MUCH A PART OF ITS SURROUNDINGS THAT EVEN ITS PICTURE NEEDS A LABEL—OUR ARTISTS AND SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT CAN ONCE AGAIN "RETURN TO NATURE," THIS TIME FOR A LESSON IN WARFARE. IN NATURE'S WAR, SURVIVAL DEPENDS UPON THE SMALLEST ADVANTAGE—ESPECIALLY THE ADVANTAGE OF NOT BEING SEEN BY YOUR ENEMY. IN THIS INTENSE STRUGGLE OF MEN AGAINST MEN WE HAVE ONLY ADOPTED AND ARE DEVELOPING CONSCIOUSLY WHAT BIRD, BEAST, FISH AND INSECT HAVE EVOLVED UNCONSCIOUSLY THROUGH AGES IN THEIR STRUGGLE TO MAINTAIN THEIR SPECIES AGAINST OTHER ENEMY SPECIES.

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DAVIDA'S UNCLE

By

Frank Hurburt O'Hara

ILLUSTRATED BY R. VAN BUREN

BERT FINISHED THE RIDE IN SILENCE, HIS THOUGHTS OF BUOYANT FANNY THOMAS, TYPEWRITING.

THEY say that those of us who have no children understand them only theoretically. But it isn't so. No one knows children better than the childless. The spectacled seamstress sews into the baby garments she is making something subtler than the mother, for she weaves into them the pattern of her dreams. Nieces and nephews bring back a fading youth to maiden aunts. And to no one is Christmas a redder date on the calendar than to your bachelor uncle.

Bert Furness was not even an uncle. The people who knew him would have said that he cared more for his horses than for children, and last May, when the lilacs were thick in front of his farmhouse, Bert would have agreed. He was thirty or so, and looked older. His rather large gray eyes had lost their sparkle. He wore his soft-collared shirts and khaki trousers carelessly, and his sturdy shoulders stooped a bit. But it was not the farm work that made Bert seem old. He didn't work, not to speak of. He took good care of his mother, white-haired and younger in spirit than himself, and let things go at that. Then, suddenly, one day in May, he sat at the kitchen table, staring at a letter. It was from Fanny Thomas. And she was sending him her little girl.

As Bert stared at the letter, a sense of humiliation of resentment stirred within him. It was the same feeling he had had the only time he had seen the child, three years after the elopement, when he had met Fanny on the street in Chicago. Each probably would have avoided the meeting if it had been possible. As it was, they shook hands, and talked for a while about little things. All the time, however, Bert was looking from the child back to Fanny's face, wondering that the brightness of the woman's eyes and the youthfulness of her manner, should have gone so completely into the radiant little thing in her arms. It was pointless, of course, but his resentment seemed to be against the child. He did not think particularly of the care-free young fellow who had taken Fanny away from him until he asked the baby's name.

"Davida," Fanny said.

"And how is David?" Bert remembered asking perfunctorily.

"David's all right, I guess," she answered. At the time, Bert had not noticed the "I guess." Afterward, the words came back to him, disquietingly; and when, a month ago, young Doctor Gray—still Charlie to the townspeople—had returned from a Western trip, to say that Fanny Thomas was living alone in Arizona, "having a hard time of it," he recalled the uncertainty of her tone over seven years before.

"Where's David?" Bert inquired.

"Didn't you know? Fanny's a widow, Bert. But I reckon she was practically that for a long time before——"

Bert felt the blood race to his wrists and temples. It had always been hard to be uncertain about Fanny's happiness. Now that he knew she was "having a hard time of it," alone and two thousand miles away, it was more than that.

"It doesn't seem possible," his mother sighed, looking out across their farm to the old house on the hill where Fanny Thomas had grown up. "She was always so gay. Always up to some prank or other. I used to think Fanny Thomas *couldn't* be unhappy. She ought to come back," she concluded briskly.

"To—what?" His voice was a little hoarse. Somehow, it didn't seem right that the old fire should sweep over him like this. "Her folks are gone. There's no place to come to."

"I mean, *here*," said Mrs. Furness, placing her thin hand on his shoulder. "Tell her I want her to come. Tell her to stay—as long as she likes."

Bert had not answered, but that night he had written the letter, with its shy enclosure. "Since we're asking you to come because mother needs you," he equivocated, "we think it's only fair to send this." It had been difficult to word, and he was not satisfied. Even so, it did not occur to him that he was suggesting anything impossible; and, strangely enough, he had not given a thought to Fanny's child. And now it was Davida who was coming.

I have thought it over carefully—you can not know how carefully, Bert—and at last I have decided to send you a little hostage instead. The doctor says that Davida can't possibly stand another Arizona summer, and your letter seems like—well, it almost seems like something divine. You have always been a brick. A friend is going East next week, and Davida will go with her. She will be company for your mother. And I hope she won't give *you* too much trouble.

Bert sat on the concrete railing of the station platform, smoking. He knew what the child would be like. She would be a frilly little thing, homesick, timid—a problem a man couldn't handle. He'd be glad when he got over the mile they had to drive. Perhaps the ride would interest her. He hoped so. Fanny used to like horses as a kid. Even in winter, they used to "hitch bobs" together. He could see her now, a red-cheeked youngster in a tight-fitting stocking-cap and jersey. The train whistled. He threw away his cigar, and climbed down from the railing. He kept somewhat in the background of the small crowd, oddly shy until the long string of cars rushed

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in, slowed, grated to a stop. Then he went forward. The porter was handing a tiny figure with ridiculously thin legs from the Pullman steps to the pavement. She had a miniature suitcase in one hand, and a small hand-bag in the other. Under a shapeless brown hat, her hair showed, very curly in a tangled way, and very golden. Fanny's hair was brown. Bert drew in his breath sharply, as if he had not been prepared for yellow hair.

"Hello, Uncle Bert," she called out primly, adding: "Mother says I may call you Uncle Bert. May I?"

The man took another breath. She seemed incongruously grown-up, this mite of a girl.

"Yes, of course," he mumbled. Then he looked down to see two large brown eyes smiling up at him. The brownness stirred recollections. He had "hitched bobs" with eyes like those. As he looked, he saw that the small red lips were pursed, and he gave her the kiss she was expecting. He did it clumsily, and she laughed.

Mechanically Bert took her grip and led her toward the farm wagon. He was more ill at ease than he had expected. He knew nothing about little girls; but Davida, evidently, was a sort of little woman, and Bert knew less about them.

As they drove off toward the farm, her quaint grown-upness seemed to slip from her. She exclaimed about the houses and the trees, and Lake Michigan, stretching out at their right.

Her companion, far from finding it difficult to drive a mile with her, found his chief task in keeping up with the rapid flow of her talk. Once she turned to him to say:

"You know, I could've come a week sooner, if it hadn't been for my hair."

"Your—hair?"

"Yes," she giggled. "You see, it's awfully kinky, and I simply can't comb it myself. Well, Mr. Melchers was coming East, and he told mother he'd look after me. But he's a *congressman*, and we thought it wouldn't be right. Just think of a United States congressman combing *my hair!*"

Bert joined in her chuckle, but stopped abruptly.

"Mr.—the congressman—he's a friend of your mother?"

"Oh, yes, he's been very nice to us. You see, mother, she works—typewrites—and Mr. Melchers has helped a great deal. Oh, looky!" She pointed to the sand-dunes, rising yellow against the blue of the sky.

Bert finished the ride in silence, his thoughts of buoyant Fanny Thomas, typewriting.

Mrs. Furness was at the gate, arms outstretched to lift Davida welcomingly to the yard. They went in arm in arm. As he drove to the barn, Bert could hear them talking, as women will, even grandmothers and little girls; and they were still talking when he came in to dinner. Davida looked quainter than ever, sitting on pillows in her chair at the table, her golden hair "done up" in winding braids. It seemed somehow comfortable to have her there, across from him, talking.

"How did you know me?" he asked her.

"Because you look like the picture mother has—only older," she added judiciously, studying his face. "And of course you were dressed up in the picture."

Mrs. Furness changed the subject.

After they had eaten, they took her up to her room, the small guest-chamber until now almost unused, that looked out through the apple orchard to the dunes, and the lake beyond. She gave a breathless cry of pleasure at the sight, then turned from the dormer window to look about her room—her first "very own," as she termed it. She stopped suddenly before a picture in a gilt frame, standing on the white-painted dresser. It was the picture of a girl, youthful, smiling, on horseback.

"Oh," cried Davida, "what a pretty lady!"

Bert glanced at his mother, standing in the doorway. She looked back at him, smiling, with the glint of tears in her pleasant eyes. Davida looked from the picture back to them.

"That," Bert said slowly, "is your mother. We thought you'd like it in here, with you."

"Oh-h." The soft voice was scarcely audible. She clasped her hands nervously. For a moment she was

THERE WAS A STEP BEHIND THEM. FANNY STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, HER LARGE BROWN EYES SMILING WISTFULLY.

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silent, gazing at the photograph. Presently she picked it up carefully and carried it over to the window. Then: "She must have been a lovely girl," she murmured, more to herself than them; and: "She's changed some, hasn't she? But not *very* much. My mother's lovely."

"Yes," said Bert.

"Yes," said Mrs. Furness cheerily, going over to the solemn little figure and putting her arm about the slim shoulders.

Davida looked up into her face.

Bert turned away. It was a time for women.

A half-hour later his mother came down-stairs, finger to lips warningly.

"She's had her cry, and now she's sleeping."

"Why, she seemed chipper than a squirrel. She talked like a machine!"

His mother smiled vaguely. "Son," she said ambiguously, "that's why. That little girl's a woman just as much as the rest of us. And when we feel like crying, and don't want to, we talk."

Bert glanced uneasily back up the staircase. "Homesick?" he whispered.

She nodded.

"When she wakes up," he announced, "I'll take her over to the old Thomas place. She'd like to see where her mother was a kid, I suppose."

"You'll do nothing of the sort to-day, son. What she needs just now is something that won't remind her of Fanny."

"That's what we all need," said Bert, tramping out of the door.

But the first thing Davida asked for when she came down was to be taken to the hill. So they went together, Fanny's daughter and the man who had expected to marry Fanny, and although he still felt awkward, some of his restraint vanished before her eager interest. Perhaps it was partly because, in the spring-scented afternoon, the ten years between seemed to slip away, and he could see Fanny Thomas as she had appeared in that last spring he knew her, radiant, lovely, youthful. The man forgot the child at his side, until a small hand found his and squeezed it.

"I'd like to have seen my grandma and grandpa," she said softly. "It must be nice to have grandmas and grandpas. I wonder if your mother would let me call her grandma?"

And suddenly Bert Furness, thirty or so and looking older, peered down at the ridiculously grown-up youngster, and his reserve melted so completely that he patted her on the head and said, "She'd love it!" Then he led her briskly to the path leading to his own farm, down below. Davida paused at the edge of the hill to glance back over her shoulder and wave a hand toward the old house. "So long, mother," she called. "I'll come again soon." Then she plunged, pell-mell, down the slope.

In the evening, bolstered up on the dictionary and the family atlas, Davida sat at the writing-desk in the bay-window. She was poring over her first letter home. The glow of the reading-lamp gilded the tangled curls, softened the white hair of Mrs. Furness, mending, and brought out the strands of premature gray in the man's, as he rustled the evening paper.

"Pshaw!"

The others looked over inquiringly.

"Another blot," Davida explained. "And I *can't* spell." She swung around. "Uncle Bert," she ventured, "don't you think it'd be fun if I *dictated?*"

"I WONDER IF YOUR MOTHER WOULD LET ME CALL HER GRANDMA?"

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"Dictated?" smiling his surprise.

"The way they do to mother. I like to dictate. I can think faster that way."

It was the beginning of a custom. Afterward, the letters that went to Fanny Thomas were quaint composites: with Davida as intermediary Bert told Fanny the news.

At the close of that summer, no one in town had any misapprehension about Bert Furness's affections. They pointed to him as he drove through the streets, spick and span as the day he came back from college.

Quite simply, Davida Aikens had marched into the hearts of the country folk just as another little girl, years ago, had taken possession there; and they used to watch her as she tramped along on her spindle legs, and mutter, "Poor Fanny Thomas!" When the leaves were taking on their first tinge of crimson and burnt-orange, and the hint of a tang was in the wind, her legs were rounding out from spindleness, color had come into her cheeks, and the little hands were clasped less nervously. A Michigan summer had worked its spell. And now that the summer was gone, it was time to think of Arizona and home.

"Glad you're going back?" queried Bert one morning casually.

"N-no, Uncle Bert."

He looked over at her sharply. For three months he had watched for signs of homesickness. This was scarcely a symptom.

"Would you like to *stay?*"

"I think I would, Uncle Bert." She hesitated. "Of course, I'd like to see mother, but it's kind of hard for two of us out there. Maybe if I stay, she'll come. I wish——"

"So do I!"

But Fanny didn't come. However, from her letter, she seemed glad to have Davida remain. No one doubted it was because she could do less for her herself.

So Davida stayed on for school. Bert went with her to the schoolhouse where he and her mother had gone. She talked glibly all the way. She thought she might go into the third grade—she had been out the year before, because the doctor said she wasn't strong enough. But she'd like to *try* the third. Bert quizzed her dryly. Spelling? Of course she could spell! Reading? He knew that. Arithmetic? Well, arithmetic—

"Can you divide?" Bert insisted.

"Di-vide?"

"I mean, can you do division?"

She pondered. Then, with inspiration: "I'll tell you, Uncle Bert—they don't *have* division in Arizona!"

BERT LEANED AGAINST THE RAIL FENCE, AND WAITED. HE WATCHED HER SLOW CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT, A SLIM WHITE FIGURE IN THE MOONLIGHT.

But Davida "made" the third. It was Lallie Trandall's room. Lallie was the sort of girl who puzzles every town. Still pretty, she had been prettier, and every one looked to her to "marry well" and young. When she saw Bert Furness's sturdy form looming in her doorway, with a child hanging tight to his hand, Lallie's lucid blue eyes took on a far-away expression so that for a moment the newcomers thought she did not see them. Lallie had gone to school with Bert and Fanny.

"Seems funny, doesn't it?" she mused after the preliminaries.

"Yes," said Bert, taking a final survey of Davida, now primly settled in a front seat near Lallie's desk.

"They say she's had a hard time of it," Lallie went on, "but I d' know, Bert. I reckon it's worth it, maybe."

"Yes," said Bert again; and made his way awkwardly down the crowded hallway to the street.

Hallowe'en, and Thanksgiving, and Christmas came back onto the calendar that year. Rubbers, boots, leggings stood by the kitchen range to dry; school-books littered the sitting-room table; snow men came and went in the yard. By February, the man who knew nothing about children summoned courage to enter Rolston's store for cigars, and leave it hurriedly with sundry valentines tucked in an inner pocket; and when the lilacs were budding again, he surreptitiously hung a May-basket. He was thirty or so, and looked less.

Then one morning there was no sound of a high voice singing school songs up-stairs, and no playful knocking

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TAM O' THE SCOOTS

The Law-Breaker and Frightfulness

By Edgar Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. SHAFER

These stories of the air-service are written around the personality of a little Glasgow mechanic, a sergeant-pilot. The story told here is founded on an incident which occurred on the western front in 1916.

IT IS an unwritten law of all flying services that when an enemy machine bursts into flames in the course of an aerial combat the aggressor who has brought the catastrophe should leave well alone and allow his stricken enemy to fall unmolested.

Lieutenant Callendar, returning from a great and enjoyable strafe, was met by three fast scouts of the Imperial German Flying Service. He shot down one, when his gun was jammed. He banked over and dived to avoid the attentions of the foremost of his adversaries, but was hit by a chance bullet, his petrol tank was pierced and he suddenly found himself in the midst of noisy flames which said "Hoo-oo-oo!" most terribly.

As he fell, to his amazement and wrath, one of his adversaries dropped after him, his machine gun going like a rattle. High above the combatants a fourth and fifth machine, the one British and the other a unit of the American squadron, were tearing downskies. The pursuing plane saw his danger, banked round and sped for home, his companion being already on the way.

"Ye're no gentleman," said Tam grimly, "an' A'm goin' to strafe ye!"

Fortunately for the flying breaker of air-laws, von Bissing's circus was performing stately measures in the heavens and as von Bissing's circus consisted of ten very fast flying-machines, Tam decided that this was not the moment for vengeance and came round on a hairpin turn just as von Bissing signaled, "Attack!"

Tam got back to the aerodrome to discover that Callendar, somewhat burnt but immensely cheerful, was holding an indignation meeting, the subject under discussion being "The Game and How It Should Be Played."

"The brute knew jolly well I was crashing. It's a monstrous thing!"

"One was bound to meet fellows like that sooner or later," said Captain Blackie, the squadron commander philosophically. "I suppose the supply of gentlemen does not go round, and they are getting some rubbish into the corps. One of you fellows drop a note over their aerodrome and ask them what the dickens they mean by it. Did you see him, Tam?"

"A' did that," said Tam; "that wee Hoon was saved from destruction owing to circumstances ower which A' had no control. A' was on his tail; ma bricht-blue eyes were glancin' along the sichts of ma Lewis gun, when I speered the grand circus of Mr. MacBissing waiting to perform."

Tam shook his head.

"A'm hoping," said he, "that it was an act of mental aberration, that 'twas his first crash; and, carried away by the excitement and enthusiasm of the moment, the little feller fell into sin. A'm hoping that retribution is awaiting him.

" 'Ma wee Hindenburg,' says Mr. MacBissing, stern and ruthless, 'did I no see ye behavin' in a manner likely to bring discredit upon the Imperial and All-Highest Air Sairvice of our Exalted and Talkative Kaiser? Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!'

"Little Willie Hindenburg hangs his heid.

" 'Baron,' or 'ma lord,' as the case may be, says he, 'I'll no be tellin' ye a lie. I was not mesel'! That last wee dram of sauerkraut got me all lit up like a picture palace!' says he; 'I didn't know whether it was on ma heid or somebody else's,' says he; 'I admit the allegation and I throw mesel' on the maircy o' the court.'

" 'Hand me ma strop,' says MacBissing, pale but determined, and a few minutesl ater a passer-by micht have been arrested and even condemned to death by hearin' the sad and witch-like moans that came frae headquarters."

That "Little Willie Hindenburg" had not acted inadvertently, but that it was part of his gentle plan to strafe the strafed—an operation equivalent to kicking a man when he is down—was demonstrated the next morning, for when Thornton fell out of control, blazing from engine to tail, a German flying-man, unmistakably the same as had disgraced himself on the previous day, came down on his tail, keeping a hail of bullets directed at the fusilage, though he might have saved himself the trouble, for both Thornton and Freeman, his observer, had long since fought their last fight.

Again Tam was a witness and again, liking a raging tempest, he swept down upon the law-breaker and again was foiled by the vigilant German scouts from executing his vengeance.

Tam had recently received from home a goodly batch of that literature which was his peculiar joy. He sat in his bunk on the night of his second adventure with the bad-mannered airman, turned the lurid cover of "The Seven Warnings: The Story of a Cowboy's Vengeance," and settled himself down to that "good, long read" which was his chiefest and, indeed, his only recreation. He began reading at the little pine table. He continued curled up in the big armchair—retrieved from the attic of the shell-battered Château d'Enghien. He concluded the great work sitting cross-legged on his bed, and the very restlessness which the story provoked was a sure sign of its gripping interest.

And when he had finished the little work of thirty-two pages, he turned back and read parts all over again, a terrific compliment to the shy and retiring author. He closed the book with a long sigh, sat upon his bed for half an hour and then went back to the pine table, took out from the débris of one of the drawers a bottle of ink, a pen and some notepaper and wrote laboriously and carefully, ending the seven or eight lines of writing with a very respectable representation of a skull and cross-bones.

When he had finished, he drew an envelope toward him and sat looking at it for five minutes. He scratched his head and he scratched his chin and laid down his pen.

It was eleven o'clock, and the mess would still be sitting engaged in discussion. He put out the light and made his way across the darkened aerodrome.

Blackie saw him in the anteroom.

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TAM SWOOPED JOYOUSLY TO THE FRAY

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for Tam enjoyed the privilege of entrée at all times.

"His name? It's very curious you should ask that question, Tam," smiled Blackie; "we've just had a message through from Intelligence. One of his squadron has been brought down by the Creepers, and they are so sick about him that this fellow who was caught by the Creepers gave him away. His name is von Mahl, the son of a very rich pal of the Kaiser, and a real bad egg."

"Von Mahl," repeated Tam slowly, "and he will be belongin' to the Roulers lot, A'm thinkin'?"

Blackie nodded.

"They complain bitterly that he is not a gentleman," he said, "and they would kick him out but for the fact that he has this influence. Why did you want to know?"

"Sir," said Tam solemnly, "I ha'e a grand stunt."

He went back to his room and addressed the envelope:

"Mr. von Mahl."

THE next morning when the well-born members of the Ninety-fifth Squadron of the Imperial German Air Service were making their final preparations to ascend, a black speck appeared in the sky.

Captain Karl von Zeiglemann fixed the speck with his Zeiss glasses and swore.

"That is an English machine," he said; "those Bavarian swine have let him through. Take cover!"

The group in the aerodrome scattered.

The Archie fire grew more and more furious and the sky was flecked with the smoke of bursting shell, but the little visitor came slowly and inexorably onward. Then came three resounding crashes as the bombs dropped. One got the corner of a hangar and demolished it. Another burst into the open and did no damage, but the third fell plumb between two machines waiting to go up and left them tangled and burning.

The German squadron-leader saw the machine bank over and saw, too, something that was fluttering down slowly to the earth. He called his orderly.

"There's a parachute falling outside, Fritz. Go and get it."

He turned to his second in command.

"We shall find, Mueller, that this visitor is not wholly unconnected with our dear friend von Mahl."

"I wish von Mahl had been under that bomb," grumbled his subordinate. "Can't we do something to get rid of him, Herr Captain?"

Zeiglemann shook his head.

"I have suggested it and had a rap over the knuckles for my pains. The fellow is getting quite a dry ball name."

Five minutes later his orderly came to the group of which Zeiglemann was the center and handed him a small linen parachute and a weighted bag. The squadron-leader was cutting the string which bound the mouth of the bag when a shrill voice said:

"Herr Captain, do be careful; there might be a bomb."

There was a little chuckle of laughter from the group, and Zeiglemann glowered at the speaker, a tall, unprepossessing youth whose face was red with excitement.

"Herr von Mahl," he snapped with true Prussian ferocity, "the air-services do not descend to such tricks nor do they shoot at burning machines."

"Herr Captain," spluttered the youth, "I do what I think is my duty to my Kaiser and my Fatherland."

He saluted religiously.

To this there was no reply, as he well knew, and Captain Zeiglemann finished his work in silence. The bag was opened. He put in his hand and took out a letter.

"I thought so," he said, looking at the address; "this is for you, von Mahl," He handed it to the youth, who tore open the envelope.

They crowded about him and read it over his shoulder:

"THIS IS THE FIRST WARNING OF THE AVENGER. SHAKE IN YEER SHOES. TREMBLE!
Surround ye'sel with guards and walls
And hide behind the cannon balls,
And dig ye'sel into the earth.
Ye'll yet regret yeer day of birth.
For Tam the Scoot is on yeer track
And soon yeer dome will start to crack!"

It was signed with a skull and crossbones.

The young man looked bewildered from one to the other. Every face was straight.

"What—what is this?" he stammered; "is it not absurd? Is it not frivolous, Herr Captain?"

He laughed his high, shrill little laugh, but nobody uttered a sound.

"This is serious, of course, von Mahl," said Zeiglemann soberly. "Although this is your private quarrel, the squadron will do its best to save you."

"But, but this is stupid foolishness," said von Mahl as he savagely tore the note into little pieces and flung them down. "I will go after this fellow and kill him. I will deal with this Herr Tam."

"You will do as you wish, Herr von Mahl, but first you shall pick up those pieces of paper, for it is my order that the aerodrome shall be kept tidy."

I am swooped back to his headquarters in time for breakfast and made his report.

"The next time you do tricks over Roulers they'll be waiting for you, Tam," said Blackie with a shake of his head. "I shouldn't strain that warning stunt of yours."

"Sir," said Tam, "A've no intention of riskin' government property."

"I'm not thinking of the machine, but of you."

"A' was thinkin' the same way," said Tam coolly. "'Twould be a national calamity. A 'doot but even the *Scotsman* would be thrown into mournin'—'Intelligence reaches us,' says our great contempor'y, 'from the western front which will bring sorrow to nearly every Scottish home reached by our widely sairculated journal, an' even to others. Tam the Scoot, the intreepid airman, has gone west. The wee hero tackled single-handed thairty-five enemy busses, to wit, Mr. MacBissing's saircus, an' fell, a victim to his own indomitable fury an' hot temper, after destroyin' thairty-one of the enemy. Glascae papers (if there are any) please copy.'"

That Blackie's fears were well founded was proved later in the morning. Tam found the way to Roulers barred by an Archie barrage which it would have been folly to challenge. He turned south, avoiding certain cloud masses, and had the gratification of seeing "the circus" swoop down from the fleece in a well-designed, encircling formation.

Tam swung round and made for Ypres, but again found a barring formation.

He turned again, this time straight for home, dropping his post-bag (he had correctly addressed his letter and he knew it would be delivered), shot down out of control a diving enemy machine that showed fight, chased a slow "spotter" to earth, and flashed over the British trenches less than two hundred feet from the ground with his wings shot to ribbons—for the circus had got to within machine-gun range.

A WEEK later Lieutenant von Mahl crossed the British lines at a height of fifteen hundred feet, bombed a billet and a casualty clearing station and dropped an insolent note addressed to "The Englishman Tamm." He did not wait for an answer, which came at one o'clock on the following morning—a noisy and a terrifying answer.

"This has ceased to be amusing," said Captain von Zeiglemann, emerging from his bomb-proof shelter, and wired a requisition for three machines to replace those "destroyed by enemy action," and approval for certain measures of reprisal. "As for that pig-dog von Mahl . . ."

"He has received his fifth warning," said his unsmiling junior, "and he is not happy."

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INVADED AMERICA

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Making Over the Alien

WHAT is an alien? Don't seek the answer in your dictionary. It will give you the definition of peace times, of a dead and insignificant yesterday. It will afford no clue to the question in its vital, war-time sense of today, which is—Is an alien one who is

For us?

Against us?

Or neutral?

If for us, his place is in the war, as fighter or worker.

If against us, his place is in internment camp or prison.

If neutral, our business is to convert him.

One thing is sure: he is either an asset or a liability, in this our struggle for existence. As a liability he must be reduced to his lowest possible degree of harmfulness or dead-weight. As an asset he must be raised to his highest possible degree of usefulness and efficiency. That means, in one word, Americanization. We need those men in our business of war. The alternative is that we can afford, in this time of world peril, to dispense with the aid, military or economic, of some millions of our fellows who might be and ought to be (if we had done our duty by them) patriots. If any reader thinks that to be the fact, let him read elsewhere; I have nothing worth his consideration.

EVERY day the question of what we are going to do about the alien becomes more exigent. As increasing numbers of our American men go to the front, he will become a dominant consideration in our civic and industrial life.

Our Foreign Born

PAST sins of omission and commission toward the alien-labor exploitation, swindling, robbery by banks and investment companies, denial of adequate protection by the law, our national neglect of and contempt for the stranger within our gates as one not of ourselves and not worthy to be of ourselves—all this is history. And I am not dealing with history here, but with a present fact and a future hope, the immense, unassimilated mass within the body politic which, largely through our own selfish and short-sighted neglect, remains foreign in life, thought, and language. Such a mass would be unthinkable in England, France, Italy, or Germany. It is peculiarly America's problem; a condition balanced between peril and hope.

How many of us realize the extent of our invasion from other countries? When I began to look into this matter, the figures convicted me of humiliating ignorance. Had any one asked me what proportion of our populace is foreign by birth or parentage, I should probably have played about the question in some such manner as this:

"Pittsburgh and the Pennsylvania steel towns are largely foreign; and there's a large proportion of Europeans in the New England mill towns and the West Virginia coal-mines; Wisconsin has a surplus of Germans, Minnesota a lot of Scandinavians; the Pacific coast has Chinese and Japanese, and New York's East Side is largely Jewish; but I don't suppose the total amounts to much in a country the size of this."

Doesn't it? The present occupants of the soil of the United States of America born abroad or of foreign-born parents, make up about one-third of our entire population. Fifty per cent. of the foreign born are males of working age, and how little they, the illiterate among them, tend consciously to merge with our civilization is suggested by the fact that only four in a thousand attend school to learn English.

In the iron and steel industries (vital to the waging of war) east of the Mississippi, fifty-seven per cent. of the employees are foreign born. In the mines of the soft-coal states (basically important to war industry) more than sixty-one per cent. are foreign born. Woolen textiles and clothing are essential to army equipment; in the North Atlantic woolen and worsted mills, sixty-one per cent. of the operatives are foreign born, and in the clothing manufacturing trades of New York, Rochester, Baltimore, and Chicago, seventy-two per cent.

Vital Weaknesses

MODERN warfare is very largely a matter of railroad transportation. Two-thirds of the construction and maintenance work on our railways is done by the foreign born. Suppose even a small percentage of these formidably large percentages prove actively disloyal. Might not a fatal slowing-up of our war activities result? Isn't it about time that we began to think of the alien seriously as a war risk?

Now for some rather more general but none the less disturbing figures. One-third of Boston's population is foreign born; one-half of the populations of Lawrence, Lowell, Fall River, and New Bedford. There are three million people in the United States unable to speak English. It is among them that the I. W. W. has been largely successful in fostering that industrial unrest which is engendered by our unjust and oppressive treatment of foreign labor with results which Frank Trumbull, Chairman of the National Americanization Committee, has justly characterized as "the high cost of living upon a volcano."

About one-third of those born on foreign soil or of foreign or mixed parentage —approximately ten millions—are of the stock of the Central Powers, mostly German. Considering the tenacity of "Deutschtum" even in environments far remote from Germany, it is fair to regard these people as of possible enemy prejudice. One round million German and Austrian men of voting age within our borders are unnaturalized. Reckon each as a pound of dynamite—surely

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modest comparison of potential danger, consider how widely they are scattered and how intimately involved in our industrial life, now being painfully readjusted to the purposes of war, and you will gain some appreciation of the threatening possibilities of the situation.

Not all these enemy aliens are hostile. Not all dynamite explodes. But it is well to know where and in what conditions high explosives, whether human or chemical, are being maintained. This knowledge is particularly essential in war time. Generally speaking, this is provided for in the case of the chemicals. On the broad scale, and except for minor details, it is practically ignored in the case of the humans.

Perhaps it was inevitable in dealing with adjustments wholly new, that the authorities should adopt a groping and indeterminate course. Officially recognizing the alien as a war risk, we haven't known what to do with him. As for *her*, that phase has been—I know of no other word more sufficiently expressive—"ducked." Women of German and Austrian nationality are not recognized as enemy aliens. Nothing is to be done about them. They may come and go as they please. Yet I seem to have observed that the eyes and ears of women function much the same as those of men, and the female tongue is at least the equal of the male in imparting information, whether covering the comings and goings of neighbors—or of warships. Women spies have been known in Europe and suspected in the United States. In all probability a woman has long been the center of the more subtle German propaganda in New York City, and that the discovery of an illegal wireless apparatus upon her large and fashionably located house did not suffice to curtail her activities—or, at any rate, her liberties—is still the source of misgivings and conjecture in certain patriotic circles. Further, women are beginning to take the place of men in industry: in munitions factories, in power plants, in transportation systems. Many of these, perhaps most of them in the early development, will be aliens. The assumption that, as women, they are impotent for harm is about on a par with discriminating between rattlesnakes along sex lines. Mr. Kipling has said a word concerning "the female of the species," which the Administration might well ponder.

For men there is the zone system. As a beginning it holds promise. But if it is not to be developed and broadened, it will touch only the fringe of the problem. To tell an alien enemy that he must not approach within one hundred yards of the water-front—though he may climb a watch-tower one hundred and one yards away—but that he is graciously permitted (in and around New York, for example) to travel on ferries where the entire water-front is open to his examination, is to bewilder his mind with a new view of American humor! He must not approach within a half mile of an arsenal, armory, or other prohibited areas; but he may travel without question on railroad trains and drop off at some point where a munitions-laden freight may be coming along presently, the derailment of which would produce dire results. "Food will win the war," declares our wise and efficient Food Administration. But our grain-elevators and storage plants are not closed to enemy aliens. Possibly that is why the fire destruction in this class of building has increased some four hundred per cent. A German submarine will cruise for weeks at tremendous expense and desperate risk to sink a shipload of grain—and one single maleficent German workman in a factory, by any one of half a dozen methods which every fire insurance man understands, and with far less risk than would be involved in his service on a submarine, may succeed in destroying, at one blow, not a single shipload, but a hundred shiploads of wheat!

To call our present internal war conditions vulnerable is a refinement of terms. They constitute a broadly general invitation to the alien enemy to do the greatest possible amount of damage with the least possible trouble and risk. Look into almost any industry dealing with agencies of destruction, and you will find it largely manned by Germans. This is particularly true of the chemical trades. Many chemicals are violent poisons; many others are high explosives. Leaving the nation's enemies to handle the nation's output of such material is only one step less dangerous than putting them on duty at points of military or naval importance.

Is a war contract for essential equipment or machinery let? Three to one a census of the plant will uncover the presence of enemy aliens, not improbably at vital points. Part of the mechanism for our new battle-ships is (or was) being manufactured by a German citizen out on bail charged with suspicious actions in connection with an interned German ship.

A considerable portion of the steam turbines for battle-ships have been turned out at a plant where more than three hundred alien enemies were employed at the time. Apropos of this, it is an open secret that one of our great troopships was compelled to put back into port because of damage to her engines caused by malicious tampering. German workmen in a motor-car plant devoted to government contracts were regarded as "harmless," and so comported themselves until the period of greatest pressure arrived. Then mysterious accidents began to happen to the machinery and the output. With the removal of the "harmless" aliens, the sabotage ceased. But invaluable time had been lost. Repairs on ships on the Hoboken water-front were found

A WAR POLICY FOR ALIENS

INTERNMENT of alien enemies who are anti-American.

Probation of alien enemies not unfriendly to America, in charge of native-born loyal citizens.

Elimination of alien enemies from the army and inclusion of friendly aliens in the draft.

Admission to citizenship of aliens serving in the military forces of the United States, upon taking the oath of allegiance.

Alien enemy women to be subject to the same regulations as men.

Compulsory registration of all alien enemies and prohibition of their movement from place to place without permits.

Systematic transfer of alien enemies from war industries to non-war industries.

Location of alien workmen in war industries at points where there will not be fire and accident risks, endangering life.

Correspondents on alien matters to be selected in each war industrial plant to handle all matters affecting alien workmen.

Plant Protection Corps in government departments to facilitate protection of industries and safety from alien enemies.

Labor Priority Board to direct the placement of workmen, establish labor exchanges and regulate private employment agencies.

Alien enemies debarred from war zones to be immediately interned or placed at work, transfers to be by permit.

Care of dependents of alien enemies evicted from war zones, interned or unemployed through government action.

Counteracting of anti-American propaganda and activity, by education on the causes and conduct of the war.

Creation of adequate facilities for aliens friendly and loyal to America to learn English and become citizens.

Committee of the Council of National Defense to direct Americanization work.

Americanization representatives of State Councils of Defense to direct the intensive state work.

Appointment of an Aliens Administrator with full authority to deal with all aliens within our borders.

National Americanization Committee. Dec. 15, 1917

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to be unsatisfactory. Investigation showed that wooden rivets had been used, a wooden rivet affording an excellent imitation of the genuine article in every respect except the somewhat important detail of holding the ship together. Charitable-minded persons may regard it as a coincidence that Teutonic shipwrights were employed on these jobs. A similar coincidence may have characterized the fire, in all probability incendiary, which destroyed a New York wire factory employing a score of Germans and two hundred Austrians.

Insidious Propaganda

THROUGH the country districts of the Middle West, every war campaign has been hampered, and in spots practically nullified, by undermining gossip of a species almost impossible to trace. The Liberty Bonds, it was rumored, would be defaulted. Red Cross goods were being sold at auction by grafters in the organization. Signing of Food Conservation cards would be followed by a census of household provisions and conscription of supplies. Conscripted men were being starved, cheated and brutally handled in the camps or on the transports. How effective a brake upon the war-energy of the public all this constituted, can never be reckoned; nor has it been possible in most cases to trace the poison to any individual source. But this much is known: that the rumors emanate from the little centers of enemy alien Kultur, so thickly settled through the country, and so remote from Americanizing influence or effort.

Malice is not necessarily a concomitant to baneful alien activities. Discovery was made last fall that certain big gun shells were defective. The difficulty was with the fuses, which had been left unwrapped. The dereliction was traced back to an alien workman. He proved to be an ignorant fellow, with only the slightest knowledge of English, and readily admitted his fault. What was the basis of it? Enmity to this nation? A desire to serve the cause of the Central Powers? Not at all. The man was profoundly and stupidly indifferent to the outcome of the war. He had stopped wrapping the fuses because an acquaintance had pointed out that he could turn out more shells and make more money (he was a piece-worker) by leaving them unwrapped. It is not inconceivable that the result of some military operation might have hinged upon the petty cupidity and dense ignorance of an unconsidered alien—plus a suggestion from one who, not improbably, was a German propagandist. The weak point was, of course, the detailing of such work to a man wholly out of contact with Americanism, and thus peculiarly susceptible to foreign influence.

With the best will imaginable, many manufacturers of war products play directly into the hands of the enemy by ignorance or carelessness of their own plant conditions. There is a certain factory near the Atlantic seaboard which manufactures an article essential to aviation. In fact, ninety per cent. of the airplane factories of this country and Canada depend upon the factory for this article, and a considerable portion of the European production is based upon it. Properly enough, the company applied for a military guard. The Adjutant-General's Office sent an inspector. What he saw convinced him that the initial protection should be established not outside but inside the plant. In one remote corner a workman, alone in a room, was feeding a hopper. Familiarity with machinery stood the inspector in good stead.

> *OUR present war conditions constitute a general invitation to the alien enemy to do the greatest possible damage with the least possible trouble and risk.*

"Isn't this a pretty important point?" he asked.

The factory manager replied in the negative. "Anybody can do that work," he said casually.

"Yes, but the machinery. Suppose something happened to it, right here." The inspector indicated a point.

"Oh, that's all right. It's bomb-proof."

"Is it fool-proof?"

The manager began to look thoughtful. "No, it isn't, of course," he admitted.

"What nationality is that workman?" The other shook his head. "What country do you come from?" the Government representative asked the lonely workman.

"No Inglis," said the man.

"Why don't you put an American on this job?"

"We'd have to pay him five a day and we get this man for two and a quarter."

"And if your man, who doesn't even understand English, left a little bomb—just a little one that he could easily carry in his trouser-leg—right *there* when he quit for the day—how much would that cost you?"

The manager began to perspire lightly. "My Lord!" he said. "We'd be out of business for three months and maybe six."

"How long has this man been here?"

The records were sent for and a startling condition of affairs at that particular point revealed. In twelve months seven different men had held the "fool-proof" job. All were aliens. What variety of aliens? Nobody knew. Four of them couldn't speak English at all. None of the remaining three could read or write English. Whether they were well or ill disposed to this nation, there was nothing to show. They had come; they had gone; and by the grace of God the delicate and vital piece of mechanism had not been tampered with. No battle had been forfeited by heedless negligence in that remote and dusty corner of a far-away factory. But it might have been! In three other locations in the plant, conditions were found such that the total production could have been stopped for months by one man with a pipeful of high explosive.

Artificially established conditions are such, often, as to make destruction simple. Our American manufacturers have as yet absorbed only the rudiments of plant protection. They will loyally spend thousands of dollars establishing a system of guardianship, and overlook some one vital feature which vitiates the whole plan. A factory was recently built on the Atlantic coast for a very large and important war contract. From a strategic view-point it was admirably situated. It was built on a peninsula (and out over the adjacent tide-water on concrete walls with wide apertures for tidal drainage) the access by land being across an isthmus only twenty yards wide. Night and day a guard patrolled this neck of land. No man could get through unidentified. All ground-floor windows were heavily barred. An elaborate registry system was established.

Forgotten Essentials

THE proprietor was not only vitally concerned, for commercial reasons, in maintaining the highest degree of safety and efficiency in his plant, but he was also intensely patriotic, and was untiring in his efforts to impress and inspire his men with the realization that upon the accuracy of their work depended the lives of our soldiers in France. He was quite proud of his system—

Until, one day, the governmental inspection experts arrived. They complimented him on what he had done, as

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Those easy-going days, when fuel was plentiful and cheap, will come no more! Scarcity is now to become our teacher. The wasteful, "run-away" fire common to old-fashioned heating devices is rapidly giving place to the *controlled* fire of radiator heating, with its scientifically measured heating surfaces and automatic regulation guaranteed with outfits of

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far as it went. They approved the checks on ingress and egress. They then considered the rising tide.

"How much water would you say there was under here at high tide?" asked the spokesman, indicating the center of the five-acre building.

"About six feet, I suppose," said the owner.

"That's plenty." The spokesman glanced from the overcast sky to the rising waves. "Between nine and ten o'clock to-night," he observed pleasantly, "I will blow your whole place into splinters."

"You could never get into it to plant a bomb."

"I would never need to," retorted the expert. "I'd go under it." He pointed to the undefended tideways. "A boat loaded with explosives would do the trick so well that nobody would ever know what had happened."

THE present occupants of the soil of the United States born abroad or of foreign-born parents make up about one-third of our entire population.

Fire is, of course, the chief destructive agency to be guarded against. The generative material is usually at hand, in a factory: electric wires, greasy waste, and the like. Incendiarism is one of the safest of crimes because it destroys its own evidence. As I have pointed out in a former article in EVERYBODY'S (article on "Burnt Money"), we are at once the laughing-stock and the scandal of other civilized nations, for our yearly fire-sacrifice of carelessness. Under war conditions fire risks are naturally enhanced, due partly to the wide distribution of alien enemies, partly to the extensive and hasty erection of necessarily flimsy frame buildings. This is unavoidable, haste being a prime necessity. To offset it there should be greatly increased effort and care in fire defense. Effort and care have been expended, but unfortunately commensurate skill and knowledge have not always been available.

One typical weakness of our war-factories is that the power-plant is usually the least protected part of the establishment. This is as if a soldier going into battle should sedulously armor his hands and feet and leave his heart undefended. Two extreme instances will suffice to illustrate. In a certain New England plant, working night and day on one of the most pressing of war necessities, a careful and expensive guardianship was established. Guards, barred windows, unscalable fences, all were there. Entry for an ill-intentioned person would have been very difficult and dangerous. That is, to the body of the plant itself. Unfortunately, it had left its heart outside and exposed. The transformer upon which the entire mechanism depends, was fifty feet outside the fence, in an unguarded, unprotected field. With very little trouble and comparatively little danger, an enemy with a tin can (properly loaded) could have destroyed the transformer, and absolutely paralyzed the whole factory for a month, *every hour of which would have meant lives saved to Germany and lost to the United States.*

Over plants actually working on war contracts, the War Department exercises a certain well-formulated guardianship through the Plant Protection Section of the Military Intelligence. At the head of this section is Edmund Leigh, formerly a high police official of New York City, who brings to the difficult task of constructing a new system, not only expert police knowledge, but a breadth of vision and a certain projective and constructive quality of mind not often developed by the police routine of our American cities. Fire and explosion are the risks chiefly contemplated, but guardianship against these dangers has broadened out to include a definite recognition of the alien enemy as a risk, *per se*, and of the necessity, as a war measure, of establishing and maintaining relations of friendship and trust between employer and employed.

ONE-THIRD of those born on foreign soil or of foreign parentage are of the stock of the Central Powers.

Under our old slipshod system, it was customary for a factory adjusting itself for a special contract, to throw up the necessary buildings, establish a hastily considered pretense of fire protection, insure to the limit, and trust to luck for the rest. If the plant burned down, the owner collected the insurance and tried again. Evil and wasteful though this was, it was endurable—or so considered—in peace conditions. Under war pressure it is intolerable. Upon our factory output now depends the safety of navies and the success of armies. Delay through the destruction of a factory may mean disaster. Insurance may comfort the owner; it doesn't help the soldier in the field, waiting for the war supplies that are burned or blown up. Now, when a war contract is undertaken, the Plant Protection Section sends a "team" of three experts, which examines into approaches, designates the gates and the checks on entry, makes a careful study of the fences, disposition of refuse, careless or evil factory practises, handling of waste matter, nature of adjacent buildings which afford points of observation, faulty gearing of machinery which might cause friction, wiring and lighting, protection of the power, water-pressure, availability of city fire-engines, and even the prevailing winds.

So much on the physical and mechanical side. On the human side, they make inquiries as to the labor supply, whence it is drawn, what nationalities are represented, in what environment the men live, what hospital arrangements are provided, and what amusements are available. By the time the inspection team's report has been presented and acted upon, the plant has not only increased its effective protection against attack several hundred per cent., but it has also established a simple, inexpensive but efficient system of guardianship against enemies within, the details of which I am not permitted to publish.

Patriotic Baseball

AUTHORITY to enforce regulations is not given to the Plant Inspection Section. Apparently it is not necessary. Apart from the fear of losing Government contracts, manufacturers almost invariably accede to the suggestions without question, as a matter of patriotism. Often this involves considerable expense. In a brand-new factory which was proudly regarded by its management as the last word in equipment and protection, the "team," after inspection, recommended alterations and improvements aggregating thirty thousand dollars. Before they left the place, half the work was in process, and the remainder followed shortly. The "policeman" and "fireman" members of the team visiting another big plant had completed their suggestions, when the recorder, who is specially charged with the non-physical details, sought the superintendent and asked if the concern did not have reason to suspect probable trouble from its labor. It did, but could not understand it. Wages were high, working conditions were good, yet there was a consciousness of grumbling and hard feeling among the men when they gathered together at the noon hour and after closing-time, and a suspicion of an undetected element fomenting trouble.

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We know that most people give little thought and attention to treads.

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The recorder's gaze wandered across the court-yard, filled with small groups of workmen (it was the noon hour), to a broad expanse of level ground within the enclosing fence.

"What are you going to use that for?" he asked.

"Nothing in particular, at present."

"Suppose we take a walk out there."

At the farther side, he indicated a spot. "This," he said, "would be a good place for the grandstand. Your diamond could go in there. That would leave space for a secondary diamond out beyond."

"Is that your official recommendation?" asked the surprised superintendent.

"It's the best suggestion I have to make. Baseball is a mighty good antidote to discontent."

The ball-field was made at once, and the morale of the plant notably improved.

Useful and necessary though such a system as that of the Plant Inspection Service is, it is defensive only. It regards the alien as a possibly hostile force, and seeks to guard against his depredations. To undertake any definition or disposition of him as friend or enemy is far beyond its functions. Yet, every day, the question of what we are going to do about the alien becomes more exigent. Already he is numerically formidable. As increasing numbers of our American men go to the front or to the camps, he, left behind, will become more and more an important if not a dominant consideration in our civic and industrial life. Left to himself, he will inevitably imperil a system of government which he neither shares nor understands. It may yet even become a question of our continued maintenance as a homogeneous nation, whether we shall absorb him, or he shall disintegrate us.

ONE round million German and Austrian men of voting age within our borders are unnaturalized.

IN THE iron and steel industries vital to the waging of war, fifty-seven per cent. of the employees are foreign born.

In the mines sixty-one per cent. are foreign born.

In the construction and maintenance work on railways two-thirds are foreign born.

The one broadly comprehensive plan for the solution of the insistent problem is that of the National Americanization Committee,* which is working in conjunction with the Committee for Immigrants in America and the Immigration Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, and whose "War Policy for Aliens" is outlined on the first page of this article. At the head of this committee is Frank Trumbull, Chairman of the Board of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, and a man of recognized breadth of view upon labor matters. Associated with him in the active direction of the committee are Miss Frances A. Kellar, formerly Chief Investigator of the Bureau of Industry and Immigration in the New York State Labor Department, and Joseph Mayper, a social worker and writer of long experience, who followed Miss Kellar in the New York State position.

The work of formulating a comprehensive scheme for Americanizing foreign elements as they come to this country, to which they have devoted themselves for years, supplies a want which is only emphasized and intensified, not created, by war conditions. To adjust it to the crisis, no fundamental revision was called for. It might almost have contemplated the world war and the involvement of America, years in advance. There remained only to add certain detailed provisions, and it became a practical, feasible war plan, requiring only adoption by the Government in its main features, and cooperation by states, cities, employers of labor, labor organizations, and individuals in its minor phases to establish it.

First of all, knowledge of where the alien enemy is, is essential. No such knowledge exists. The census is always years behind the fact. Our alien registration law thus far has been a farce. Therefore the committee's plan contemplates registration twice every year by real-estate owners, of all persons dwelling on their property, this to be checked by postmasters, national banks, and other Federal agencies. This registration would include a statement of the nationality of each person. It would apply to women as well as men. "First catch your alien." Having determined the presence of an alien of enemy nationality, the next step after discovering him would be to make certain that he continued to "stay put." If proof exists that he (or she) is anti-American in sympathy, the plan calls for internment. In the case of those who are technical enemies but are actually not unfriendly to America, a probation system would be established, the subject being put in charge of a native-born loyal citizen who should be responsible for the good behavior of his charge; not unlike the "Big Brother" movement, which has proved so successful in many cities. Upon aliens with slight knowledge of our language and customs, such personal contact would unquestionably exercise a potent and valuable educational influence. The committee's policy calls for a prohibition of travel by enemy aliens except upon permit. Such a permit would practically be a certificate of good character for the holder, and would operate to remove the prejudice against employment of aliens which often causes injustice to loyal and well-intentioned people.

It is obvious that war industries should not be subjected to the risk of alien enemies in their working force. Such workmen, if well-disposed and not proper subjects for internment, should be transferred to non-war industries where possible. Other alien workmen in war industries should be disposed at such points as are not liable to major damage or destruction. Under our present system, or lack of system, alien enemies debarred from war zones and thus thrown out of employment, are utterly unprovided for. Not only is this an obvious hardship and injustice, but it is a source of danger. For this turns loose for harm a large number of men to whom enforced idleness will merely serve as an irritant, if they are at heart disloyal. Even if they are loyal, and still more if they are unsettled in sympathy, harsh treatment of this kind is likely to inspire them with a hostility which may well find expression in destructive action.

To handle these difficult adjustments of labor, a special Federal organization is called for, in the form of a priority board on labor, which should have authority to supervise the transfer of aliens and to divert them from unimportant to important industries where necessary.

It is further suggested that a law be passed requiring all aliens over

* Publications of this committee, which will be found useful by chambers of commerce and other civic bodies interested in the alien problem, may be obtained by writing to the committee at 29 West 39th Street, New York City.

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America and England have a common defender—

THE great plants that work on government orders have all been fenced with barbed wire while sentries with loaded guns patrol their boundaries.

Intent on maximum production, many manufacturers have neglected to put Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers in the front-line trenches where they will watch day and night for the enemy whose presence means destruction—FIRE.

Fortunately, most of the biggest industries are already safe—textile, shoes, metalworking, automobile, woodworking, etc.

In the newer munition-plants that have been extended almost overnight from a modest floor-space to an enormous acreage, Grinnell Sprinklers have frequently been installed. They have already stopped incendiary fires again and again and will always be prepared to stop them. Sprinkler Supervisory Systems make it impossible for an enemy to tamper with the sprinkler system.

Even in England, fires started by German incendiary bombs, dropped from Zeppelins, have been conquered by Grinnells.

War-industries cannot afford to be without Grinnell-protection. Aside from the nation's need, the interest of the owners requires it, for the interruption of the industry by fire during these years of gigantic production and large profits would be a calamity far outweighing the cost of protection.

The Standard Fire Insurance policies carefully exclude losses caused directly or indirectly by invasion, riot, civil war, or commotion, military or usurped power. State insurance authorities refuse to allow companies under their charters to write insurance against "riot or commotion."

The Grinnell System usually saves enough money in insurance premiums to pay handsome returns on the investment. Don't theorize—get the figures!

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sixteen and under fifty, on being admitted to this country, to state their purpose in coming and their intention as to remaining; further requiring every such alien to learn English and apply for citizenship within three years or give a satisfactory reason for his failure to do so, on pain of deportation. Had such a law been in effect ten years ago, the nation would not now be facing a divided, almost a disintegrated allegiance, and it would not have been necessary to establish schools in our Western army camps to teach the soldiers English enough for the understanding of simple military routine!

Finally, the plan looks to the education, the Americanization, and the *welcoming* of our aliens to citizenship and the fellowship without which citizenship is of little worth.

The success of these plans depends upon their being carried out as part of a *system*. To insure this the Committee urges the appointment of an Aliens Administrator or Aliens Board for the purpose of making these measures effective. It suggests, that, to coordinate the wastefully decentralized work in Washington, an Americanization Committee be appointed by the Council of National Defense to carry on the work through State Councils of Defense and to head up and direct the thousand and one agencies now doing some form of Americanization work, and that each department now dealing with aliens follow England's successful plan of appointing an aliens officer to cooperate with and carry out the program of the Aliens Administrator.

For some months the movement has been forwarded, in various parts of the country, largely through the opening of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States of America, exerted through local chambers of commerce. Rochester has carried the campaign to the factories, establishing naturalization classes, bringing to bear upon the alien workmen the personal influence of their fellow employees and of the plant officials to point out the advantages of citizenship; publishing brief and pithy "citizenship lessons" on the pay envelopes.

The most significant and promising campaign is that now well under way in the city of Cleveland, which is determinedly seeking to get at the root of the difficulty. Cleveland woke up one morning, after war was declared, to find that three-fourths of its population was of foreign birth or parentage. Of this formidable proportion sixty per cent. were of German or allied nationalities. A round eighty thousand couldn't even speak English, and there were about one hundred thousand adult males who were unnaturalized—"present but not voting." Cleveland made the unpleasant discovery that its Americanism was chiefly that of location. The war had come to Cleveland just about in time to save it from an overwhelming denationalization.

Cleveland has a Mayor's Advisory War Committee which represents that quality so rare in American life—civic intelligence. It found a coadjutor in the local chamber of commerce, and the two organizations united in the creation of the Cleveland Americanization Committee, whose title sufficiently explains its purpose. The committee went to the root of the matter at the start. It undertook to convert alien Cleveland to the use of the English language through "a city-wide effort to make Cleveland a one-language city."

First, an Americanization information bureau was organized to give free information in all languages to aliens regarding the draft, regulations affecting aliens, naturalization, Liberty Bonds, Red Cross work, how and where to learn English, how to secure employment, and how to make use of the public libraries, the post-office, the city departments, and other official agencies. Three hundred and fifty war-information centers, radiating from the bureau, have been established throughout the city.

> *IF THIS war shall eventually unite old America to the new America in a spirit of understanding, a bond of true national fellowship, it will be well worth the heaviest price that we may have to pay for it.*

Second, a campaign for the education of aliens in English and civics was established. Special teachers for immigrant classes were called for; four hundred and fifty enrolled. All industrial plants of considerable size were visited, and arrangements were made for enrolling the non-English-speaking adults and training them either in evening schools or through classes established in the plants themselves under the Board of Education's extension plan, with a view to fitting them for citizenship. Special classes for immigrant women were also started in the Roman Catholic and Greek churches and in plants employing women workers on war products.

Third, a woman's auxiliary was formed for house-to-house education—a most wise and forethoughtful provision, since the foreigner who reverts to his own language in his home will insensibly revert to his own nationality, no matter how far he may be Americanized in working hours. Classes are established in the homes and the English language taught through the medium of practical instruction in the domestic arts.

In the course of the preliminary investigations into conditions, some of those curious little instances, apparently unimportant, but really of fundamental significance were brought out. One man, for example, who had been in Cleveland for eight years, had never been inside an American home. Another, a five-year resident, had never so much as shaken hands with an American. Repeatedly, the Americanization workers found it difficult to persuade the foreigners that they would be permitted to become American citizens. It had not occurred to them as a possibility. A picturesque visitor to one of the centers was a Czech who had for years been a hater of all things American. His conversion came about, strangely enough, through the Postal-Savings Bank, to which he had been guided by his political boss. Here, for the first time he found a governmental agency which served instead of exploiting him. Once convinced that the United States meant to deal fairly by him, he bought Liberty Bonds, and finally turned up with the intention of learning enough to become naturalized before he died.

The typical difficulty of the problem in Cleveland—and the same is undoubtedly true of our other cities—was not that the alien was hostile or reluctant. It was that he was starkly ignorant of his opportunities. No point of friendly, human contact had ever been established between himself and the country of his adoption. To him the Government was merely a distant but rather malicious force which occasionally arrested him for breaking laws which nobody had ever told him anything about.

That the Cleveland experiment is consciously *friendly* is the best augury for its success. It is not a case of a remote and lofty class of Americans addressing itself to a lower level of "wops," "dagoes," and "hunkies," but a sympathetic advance on the part of the American of to-day to the American of to-morrow. The city is holding out to the alien within its gates the hand, not of condescending assistance, but of the fellowship of the United States of America. And if this war shall eventually unite the old America to the new America in a spirit of understanding, a bond of true, national fellowship, it will be well worth the heaviest price that we may have to pay for it.

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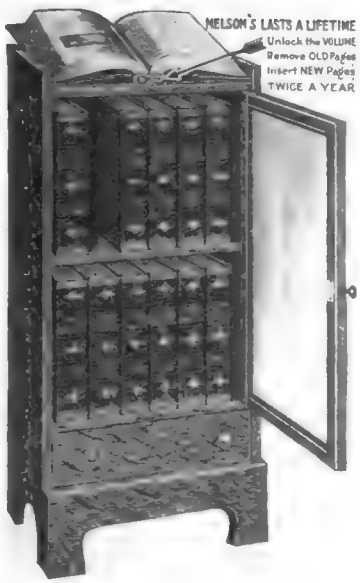

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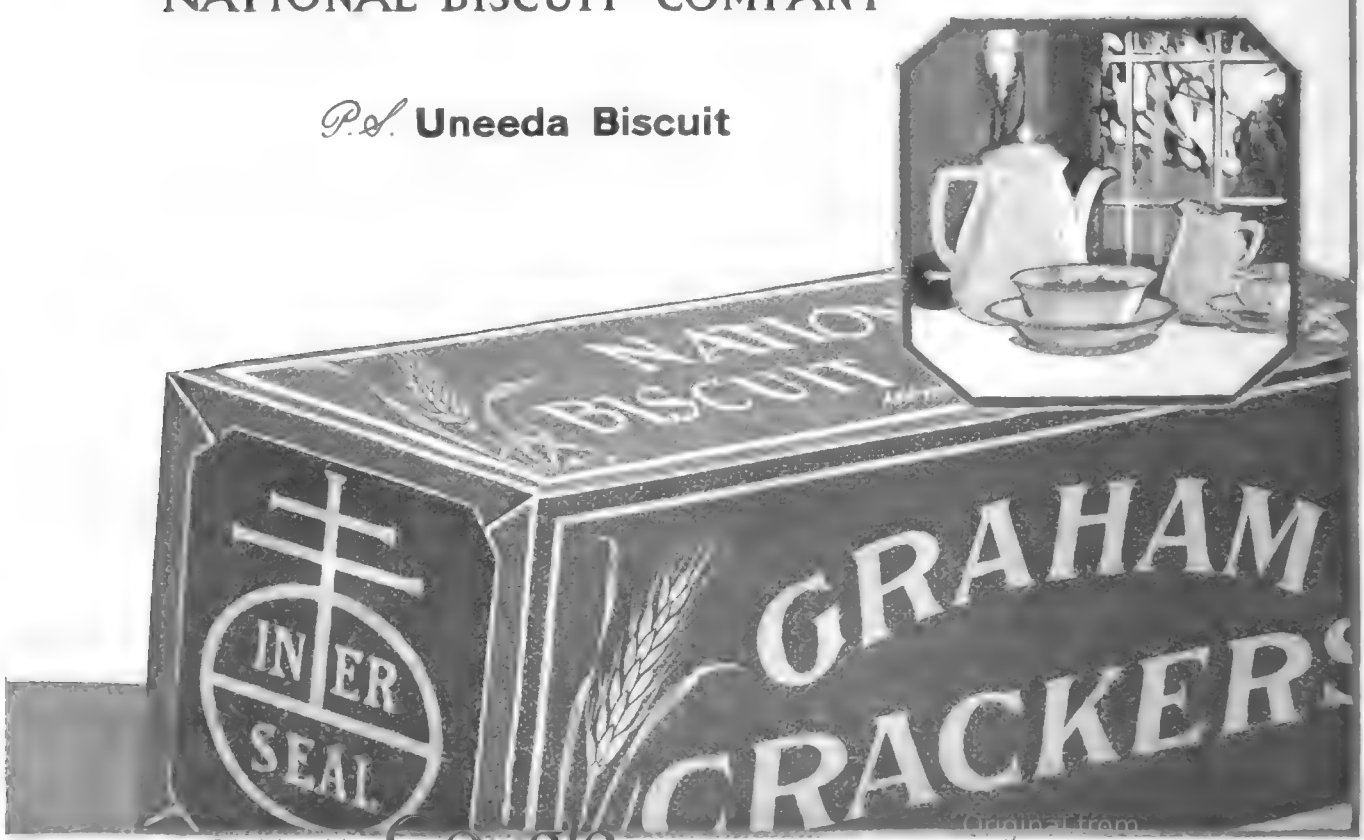

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THE BOOK-SOLDIER

(*Continued from page 31*)

A plane came driving overhead from the enemy lines. It circled slowly like a hawk, high over Clarkson's battery. At once clusters of enemy shell began to burst above, but behind his guns. The plane made a maneuver which was a signal to shorten range, but Clarkson gave little heed to what was happening so close at hand.

His attention was now centered on the lowlands far to the left, where a great movement of his army was taking place. A tidal wave of infantry was turning the ground into a queer, moving patchwork. Great sections shifted about, coordinating themselves into a pattern of *échelons*. Soon it began to move forward.

The air-scout overhead volplaned back to his own lines, and the rain of shell above Clarkson ceased abruptly. The enemy had seen the tidal wave; and the guns which had been spraying Clarkson's gully were called off to hammer that big wave and pave the way for a counter attack.

CLARKSON kept his guns working. He changed to sweeping fire. Ammunition might be running low, but the target he was covering must be battered down.

He watched the tidal wave move forward, wondering if it was to be hurled back again to-day, as it had been hurled back so many weary days.

The big guns increased their pounding, and the smaller ones worked so fast that they made a dull hum like swarming bees.

A division of artillery went into action well to the left of Clarkson's position, and opened up on the same line which Clarkson's battery was pounding. The battle-front was widening.

A curtain of smoke fell between the advancing tidal wave and the enemy. As the tidal wave moved forward, the curtain advanced ahead of it.

Clarkson converged his fire and called for hundred-yard increments of range in order to keep his projectiles in the curtain. He could no longer distinguish his own bursts in the flying spray on the plain before him.

Then came a lull in the artillery fire, and the ground over which the tidal wave was to cross, cleared a little. As the two lines drew together, there was a hush of big guns on both sides for a few minutes. Clarkson ceased firing. The two waves met. The gray line wavered. It broke, bent back under terrific pressure. The tidal wave, slacked a little by the shock, hesitated a moment—and then went on. The enemy maneuvered to protect his flank. . . .

Clarkson heard cavalry pounding in his rear. It was his own, cutting through the gully, to begin a turning movement on the enemy.

He saw a red cap waving through the [illegible] . . .

brush, and a horse coming toward him. The horse reared as it discovered the hidden limbers.

"Rejoin—32-64 Junction!" yelled the officer wearing the red cap, and Clarkson saluted in assent. Red cap and horse tore away with the cavalry.

Clarkson looked at his map. The position designated at which he was to meet his regiment was *ahead*. Down toward the white house! The advance had begun! There was to be no more retreat!

He blew his whistle and ran to high ground, to signal the limbers to come up. His horse was brought to him and he mounted. The guns were hooked up, and the battery rattled down through the gully in pursuit of the cavalry.

The gun-squads were black to the ears, their teeth showing whitely as they grinned and chaffed the drivers with endearing insults.

The men were more like picnickers than soldiers. The discipline of the drill-ground was forgotten in the delight of an advance. A cannoneer struck up an air:

"Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon."

Shrapnel began to burst in the nearby fields, amid a tornado of yellow dust. The red flashes resembled the petals of some blossom coming into bloom by an internal shock.

But none minded the shell. It was one thing to be driven back, another to drive ahead—and the French and British were doing the driving to-day. Who cared for bursting shell? Every foot of ground the wheels rumbled over, was another foot of France won back and . . .

"She wore it in September and in the month of May."

When they reached the white house, they left the road and halted in a nearby stubble-field. Clarkson dismounted and trudged off to the left into the field to look over the ground which he had plowed with shrapnel.

He noticed that the field was covered with gray forms, like stocks of corn tumbled over by a cyclone. He was puzzled—there was something wrong with that field.

Clarkson was looking for targets—targets made from upright planks—new yellow wood, smelling of pitch and splintered by shrapnel bullets. He wanted to count his hits by spotting the indentations with a paint-brush, as he had at Tobyhanna in Pennsylvania. But upon this field of confused shapes scattered about, in disorderly, disconsolate forms.

Clarkson drew near to one of the first of the prostrate forms at the end of a shallow trench. He touched the queer, huddled bundle with his foot. *It was a dead man!*

Clarkson's eyes opened wide in an amazed stare. He noted that the man's boots were partly covered with sand churned up from the fresh trench by shrapnel bursting on graze. The posture of the dead man, as he lay twisted on his side with his arms over his head, suggested that he had fallen asleep from weariness.

A sentence from the little red book took shape in Clarkson's mind. He visualized the printed words—they were on page 64, paragraph 67, chapter IX, regarding the Effect of a Group of Shrapnel. And paragraph 67 read: *If Q targets are within the effective zone of dispersion, a certain number, m, will be hit by the first shots . . . it is immaterial whether the target is hit twenty . . .*

Clarkson remembered what the Chief Clerk had said about the man who studied navigation in Kansas. Clarkson hadn't bargained for quite this—dead men all around him—and he, Clarkson, had done it! He felt faint and ill. So this was why the little red book was *red!* This was the real meaning of the Determination of X.

CLARKSON heard the clinking of a pick and the grating of shovels. A burial party was out already. He heard a shout from his battery, and looking back, saw his executive officer signaling to him that they had orders to advance. The battle was still roaring on ahead, but Clarkson had forgotten. He turned, sick at heart as he realized that he must go on with the business in hand—more dead men.

"So, Fritz, you wanted France—and got it," came a voice from the burial party.

"If you'd stuck 'ome, mindin' of yer blinkin' business," said a Tommy, addressing one of the gray forms, not unkindly, "I'd be about *my* business, in my walkin'-about clothes, seein' Marble H'arch."

"And I'd be back in the big town back of the Statue of Liberty, minding *my* business," said another soldier.

"Good God!" Clarkson blurted out. "That's it! We're all back of the Statue of Liberty, right here in France! Plant 'em deep, you men—there'll be a heavy crop—for the little red book and the Statue of Liberty!"

The burial party stared. Clarkson took the reins of his horse from the orderly, and mounting, signaled "Forward" and galloped after the battery. He knew now the value of the Determination of X and the little red book. They were designed for men who would not stay home and mind their own business.

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HAMPTON REINED HIS HORSE IN CLOSER, STARING FROWNINGLY AT THE OLD CATTLEMAN.

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

By Jackson Gregory

AUTHOR OF "UNDER HANDICAP," "THE OUTLAW," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HERBERT DUNTON

BLUE LAKE RANCH, with its ten thousand acres of cattle and horse range, dairy farms and olive groves, was acquired and built up by the energy of Luke Sanford. It should be prosperous, but, on Sanford's death, through a mysterious accident, it fell into the hands of three part owners: Sanford's daughter, Judith; Pollock Hampton, a young spender and man about town; and a third person, who doesn't appear in the story.

Its management is entrusted by them to Bayne Trevors, who is deliberately planning to ruin the ranch so that it may fall cheaply into the hands of the Western Lumber Company, owners of a neighboring estate, for whom Trevors is secretly working.

Judith Sanford, who has been educating herself to fill her father's place, acquires the second share of ownership in the ranch, and unexpectedly appears on the scene to take charge.

She finds Trevors about to sell a number of horses to the Western Lumber Company at a ridiculously low price, using as an excuse a peremptory demand for money from Hampton. Bud Lee, the young horse-foreman of the ranch, one of Sanford's employees, whom Trevors has been compelled to retain on account of his eminent abilities and the affection of the men for him, has his suspicions of Trevors's crookedness brought to a head by this and he refuses to have any share in the sale, and proposes to quit the ranch. There is uneasiness also among the few remaining old employees of Sanford's.

Judith dismisses the enraged Trevors at pistol point, and otherwise impresses the men with her capability by riding the most intractable bronco of the ranch. Trevors retires to the Western Lumber Company's ranch.

Preparing for his revenge, she sounds the loyalty of her men, especially of Lee, and calls to her assistance "Doc" Tripp, a trusted employee of her father's, who was discharged by Trevors because of his interference with the ruinous and treacherous practises of the manager.

Judith finds these methods everywhere being carried out by the men, most of whom are Trevors's henchmen. She discharges some, and many others leave under encouragement from the Western Lumber Company, threatening thereby to cripple the ranch.

Rumors that the ranch is insolvent are spread among the men, and a messenger, returning from Rocky Bend on pay-day with the ranch salaries, is waylaid and robbed in a lonely pass. Bud Lee, using fast horses in relays, makes a second trip to Rocky Bend for the gold. On the return his horse is killed under him by a silent shot from some covert in the cliffs; but he arrives in time to save the good faith of the men in Judith and the ranch.

Meanwhile, Pollock Hampton embarrassed by his excessively tangled city ties, has come to the ranch to live, bringing with him several guests: Farris and Rogers, artists; Mrs. and Major Langworthy, and their daughter Marcia, for whom young Hampton is destined by her parents.

Hampton is disposed to believe in Trevors's ability and honesty, and continues his social relations with the former manager, even to the point of entertaining him at the ranch.

Under these added embarrassments, Judith's difficulties increase; but she is sustained by the loyalty of Lee and Doc

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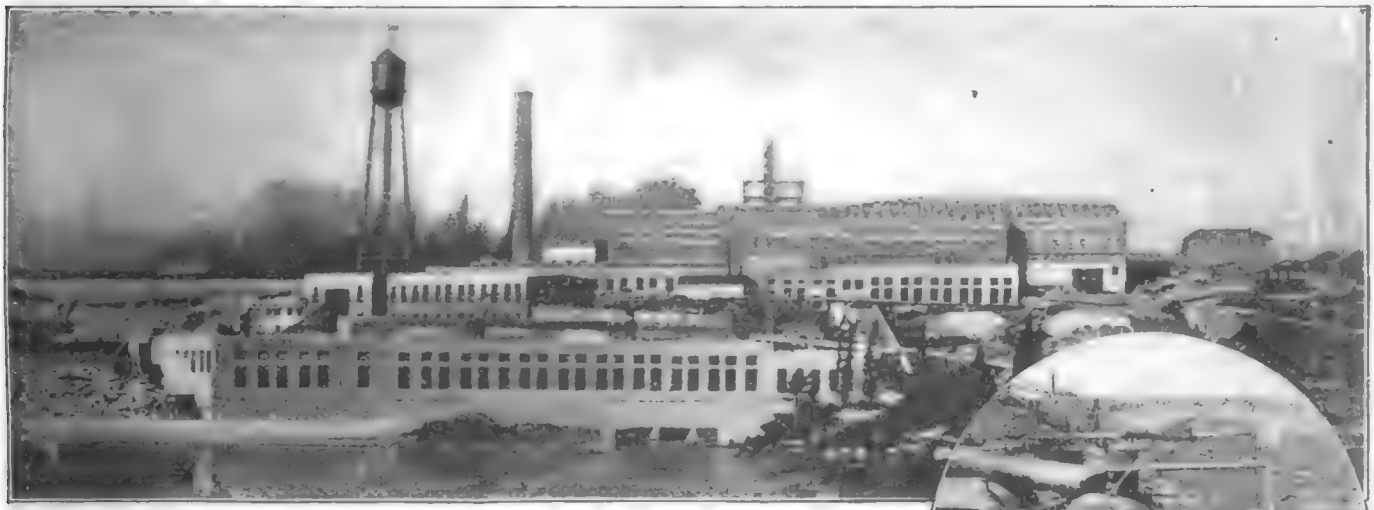

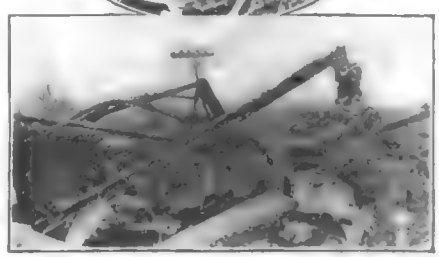

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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

Tripp, and old Carson, another former employee of her father's.

Evidence is discovered of an attempt to introduce cholera into the ranch pigs, and Trevors's plotting against Judith becomes open and violent.

Judith, on a tour of inspection, encounters Bud Lee at the scene of the holdup and robbery. While attempting to get some clues as to the number and identity of the bandits, they come upon a picturesque cabin in the hills which Bud Lee, around whose past there is something of a mystery, has built for himself as a retreat. Its books and furnishings indicate a refinement of taste and a temperament which are strange in such a place, and they greatly excite Judith's curiosity.

Here they are ambushed and attacked in the dusk by unseen foes. They find their way to and take refuge in the cabin, bringing in with them one of their assailants, wounded and dying.

He proves to be Bill Crowdy, one of Trevors's men whom Judith had discharged, and he carries the pay money stolen from the messenger.

During the siege Lee recognizes the voice of one of the besiegers of the cabin as that of a rascal called Quinnion. Judith believes that this is the man who murdered her father, and tells Lee the story of his death.

Hampton meantime rides out to seek them, and by sheer bravado he puts the besiegers to rout, capturing bare-handed one of them called "Shorty," who is taken to the ranch and locked up, but is mysteriously released by some fellow conspirator on the ranch, and escapes in the night. Bill Crowdy dies of his wound without revealing the identity of his companions or their instigators.

During the siege Judith discovers that the cabin belongs to Lee, and through it glimpses a new side of his nature. Harassed by the growing difficulties which the ranch faces, she finds herself turning to Lee for support. He recognizes the gravity of the situation, and reconsiders his prejudice against working under a woman manager, and decides to stay and see the fight with Trevors through. He has hitherto been somewhat scornful of Judith's masculine capabilities. But he has seen her composure in danger, and gains new respect for her.

Judith gives a party to Marcia and Hampton's guests, who are leaving. In a spirit of mischief she invites Lee, and he, dragging out long-stowed-away evening clothes—and old memories, in his cabin retreat, decides to go.

At the party Lee is recognized by Farris as an old chum, once wealthy, but ruined by the treachery of friends and forced to drop out of sight. Lee resists Farris' pleas that he resume his former life, under the spell of Judith's attraction, and after an evening of dancing he impetuously kisses her. He leaves abruptly and returns to the bunkhouse. A message comes from Rocky Bend saying that Quinnion has been defaming Judith's character. Lee, with Carson, rides to Rocky Bend determined to punish Quinnion. Lee discovers him in a dangerous dive, and in the dark engages in a gun duel with Quinnion and his three companions.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN (Continued)

THERE was a sound of a chair violently thrown down, the scuffle of hasty feet and in the door the faint blur of a flying figure seeking refuge in the bar. Lee flung the crippled door shut after him and then with his left hand struck a match, his revolver ready in his right.

Holding the tiny flame down toward the floor, he made out two prone bodies. One, that of the first man he had struck down, a man whom he knew by name as Lefty Devine, a brawler and boon companion of Quinnion. The other Quinnion himself. Devine lay very still, clearly completely stunned. Quinnion moved a little.

Carson's weather-beaten face peered in at the window.

"Better do the hot foot, Bud," he grunted softly, "while the trail's open. Steve will be mixin' in again."

But Lee seemed in no haste now. When the match had burned out, he dropped it and slipped fresh cartridges into his gun. That done, he stooped, gathered up Quinnion's feebly struggling body in his arms and carried it to the window.

"Here," he said coolly to Carson. "Take him through."

"What the hell do you want of him?" Carson wanted to be told. "Ain't goin' to scalp him, are you, Bud?"

"Take him out," commanded Lee with no explanation. Carson obeyed, jerking the now complaining Quinnion out hastily and unceremoniously. Lee followed, slipping through the window as Steve threw open the barroom door.

"It's a new one on me, jus' the same," said Carson dryly as he watched Lee stoop and gather Quinnion up in his arms. "After a little party like this one, I'm generally travelin' on an' not stoppin' to pick flowers an' gather sooveneers! You ain't got cannibal blood in you, have you, Bud?"

While Carson was cudgeling his brains for the answer and Steve was making cautious examination of the card-room, Lee with his burden in his arms passed through the dark blot of night lying at the rear of the saloon and out into the street. Carson followed to take care of a sortie should Steve and the rest not have had all they wanted for one night. He chuckled, remarking to himself that Bud Lee and Quinnion were the very picture of a young mother and her babe in arms.

Not until they again reached the Golden Spur did Lee's burden completely recover consciousness and understanding. Many a man on the street looked wonderingly after them, demanded to know "what was up," and receiving no answer had swung in behind Carson.

In the Golden Spur the arrivals were greeted by a heavy silence. Sandy Weaver forgot to set out the drinks which had just been ordered by three men who, in their turn, forgot that they had ordered. Men at the tables playing cards put down their hands and rose or turned expectantly in their seats.

Lee put Quinnion down, prone on the floor. He lay there a moment blinking at the lights above him and at the faces around him. At length his eyes came to Lee.

"Damn you," he muttered, trying to rise, and slowly getting to his feet with the aid of a chair. "I'll get you——"

Then Bud Lee gave his brief explanation, cutting Quinnion's ugly snarl in two.

"This is Quinnion's farewell party," he said bluntly. "He is a liar and a crook and an undesirable citizen. I have told him all that before. He took it upon himself to say about town that I am all of those things which he is himself. I have damned near killed him for it; I am going to give him ten minutes to get out of town. If he doesn't do it, I am going to kill him. And out of that ten minutes he is going to find time to eat his words."

"I'll see you in—" began Quinnion, as something of the old bluster came back to him.

"Shut up!" snapped Lee. "Carson, let me have your gun."

Carson, wondering, gave it. Lee dropped it on the floor at Quinnion's foot.

"Pick that gun up and we'll finish what we've begun," he said coolly to Quinnion. "I won't shoot until you've got it in your hand and have straightened up. Then I'll kill you. Unless first you admit that you are the contemptible liar every one knows you are, and second, get out of town and stay out. It's up to you, Quinnion."

Knowing Quinnion, the men moved swiftly so that they did not stand behind either him or Lee. Sandy Weaver, shifting a few feet along his bar, shook his head and sighed:

"It'll be both of them," he muttered.

Quinnion turned his head a little, his red-rimmed eyes going from face to face, his tongue moving back and forth between his lips. For an instant his eyes dropped to the gun at his feet, and a little spasmodic contraction of

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JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH

his body showed that he was tempted to take up the weapon. But he hesitated, and again turned to Lee.

"It's up to you," repeated Lee. "If you're not a coward after all, pick it up." Lee's hands were at his sides, his own revolver in his pocket. Quinnion was tempted. The evil lights in his eyes danced like witch-fires. Again he hesitated; but his hesitation was brief. With his whining, ugly laugh he lurched to the bar.

"Gimme a drink, Sandy," he commanded.

"Neither now nor after a while," Sandy told him briefly. "I ain't dirtyin' my glasses that-a-way."

"There you are," jeered Quinnion, with a sullen sort of defiance. "You swat me over the head while I ain't lookin' an' then bring me in here where they're all your friends. If I drop you I get all mussed up with their bullets. No thanks."

"For the last time," said Lee, and his low voice was ominous, "I tell you what to do. If you don't do it, I'll kill you just the same. You've got your chance. Count ten seconds, Sandy."

"One," said Sandy, watching the clock on the wall, "two, three, four, five, six, seven——"

"Curse you!" cried Quinnion then, a look of fear at last in his eyes. "I'll get you for this some day, Bud Lee. Now you've got me——"

"Keep on counting, Sandy," commanded Lee.

"Eight," said Sandy, "nine——"

"I lied!" snapped Quinnion. "An' I'm leavin' town for a while."

And lurching as he walked, he made his way out of the room, his eyes on the floor, his face a burning red.

"Carson and I are riding back to the ranch as soon as our horses rest up and get some grain," said Lee, his fingers slowly rolling a brown cigaret. "We'll mosey out now, see Quinnion on his way and drop back to make up a little game of poker for a couple of hours. Strike you about right, Billy? And you, Watson? And you, Parker?"

They listened to him, took the cue from him, and allowed what lay between him and Chris Quinnion to lie in silence. But there was not a man there but in his own fashion was saying to himself:

"It's a good beginning. But where's the end going to be?"

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

A Cloud in a Clear Sky

AS JUNE had slipped by, so did July and August. On Blue Lake Ranch life flowed smoothly. Men were too busy with each day's work to sit with one idea and that idea ensilage into the nights prophesying trouble ahead. And in truth it seemed that if Bayne Trevors had ever actively opposed the success of the Sanford venture he had by now accepted the rôle of inactivity forced upon him by circumstance. He was with the Western Lumber Company, as director and district superintendent, seemingly giving all his dynamic force to the legitimate affairs of the company.

But there were those who placed no faith in the obvious. Bud Lee kept in touch with Rocky Bend and learned that Quinnion had not come back; that no one knew where he had gone. Carson's man, Shorty, was sought by Emmet Sawyer and his disappearance was like that of a pricked bubble; it seemed that Shorty had no actual physical existence or that, if he had, he had taken it into some other corner of the world. Quinnion's friends had also gone from Rocky Bend, like Quinnion, leaving behind them no sign to show where they had gone.

KNOWING Quinnion as he did, and having his own conception of the character of Bayne Trevors, Bud Lee said to himself that too great a quiet portended strife to come. If Quinnion was the man to carry in his breast the hate that drove him to the murder of Judith's father, then he was the man to remember the humiliation he had suffered at Lee's hands, to remember and to strike back when the time was ripe.

Judith had heard of the night in Rocky Bend, a lurid and wonderfully distorted account from Mrs. Simpson, who had received it in a letter from her daughter:

"So that was what Bud Lee did after he kissed me!" mused Judith.

She sent immediately for Carson and forced from him the full story. Dismissing Carson, she remained for a long while alone. Only one remark had she made to the cattle foreman, and that a little aside from the issue occupying his mind:

"Keep your weather eye open for what's in the wind," she told him briefly. "Behind Quinnion is Trevors, and the year isn't over yet."

The ranch was stocked to its utmost capacity. Carson had bought another herd of cattle; Lee had added to his string of horses. The dry season was on them, herds were moved higher up the slopes into the fresh pastures. Carson, converted now to the silos, was a man

Again the alfalfa acreage was extended, so that each head of cattle might have its daily auxiliary fodder. Carson now agreed with Judith in the matter of holding back sales for the high prices which would come at the heels of the lean months.

The man Donnelly who had brought to the ranch the pigeons carrying cholera, was tried in Rocky Bend. The evidence, though circumstantial, was strong against him, and the prosecution was pushed hard. But it was little surprise to any one at the ranch when the trial resulted in a hung jury. The ablest lawyer in the county had defended Donnelly, and finally, late in August, secured his acquittal. The man himself did not have ten dollars in the world; the attorney taking his case was a high-priced lawyer. Obviously, to Judith Sanford at least, Bayne Trevors was standing back of every play his hirelings made.

Doc Tripp had the hog cholera in hand. And every day, out with the livestock whose well-being was his responsibility, he worked as he had never worked before, watchful, eager, suspicious.

"If they'll drop cholera down on us out of the blue sky," he snapped, "I'd like to know what they won't try."

For the first few days following the dance Bud Lee had within his soul room but for one emotion: he had held Judith in his arms. He had set his lips on hers.

He went hot and cold with the remembrance. Being a man, he made his man-suppositions of the emotions that rankled in her breast. He imagined her contempt of a man who by his strength had forced her lips to wed his; he pictured her scorn, her growing hatred. He told himself that he should go, rid the ranch of his presence, take his departure without a word with her. For, already, he had fitted her into his theory of the perfect woman, lifting her high above himself and above the human world. It was a continued insult for him to remain here.

But, after careful thought, he remembered what Judith had already told him; he was one of the men whom she could trust to do her work for her, one of the men she most needed, a man whom she would need sorely if Bayne Trevors were lying quiet now but to strike harder, unexpectedly, later.

Judith did not dismiss him, as at first he had been sure she would. So he stayed on, keeping away from the ranch headquarters, sleeping when he could in the cabin above the lake, spending his days with his horses, avoiding her but keeping her personality in his soul, her interests in his heart. When the winter had passed, when she had made her sales and had

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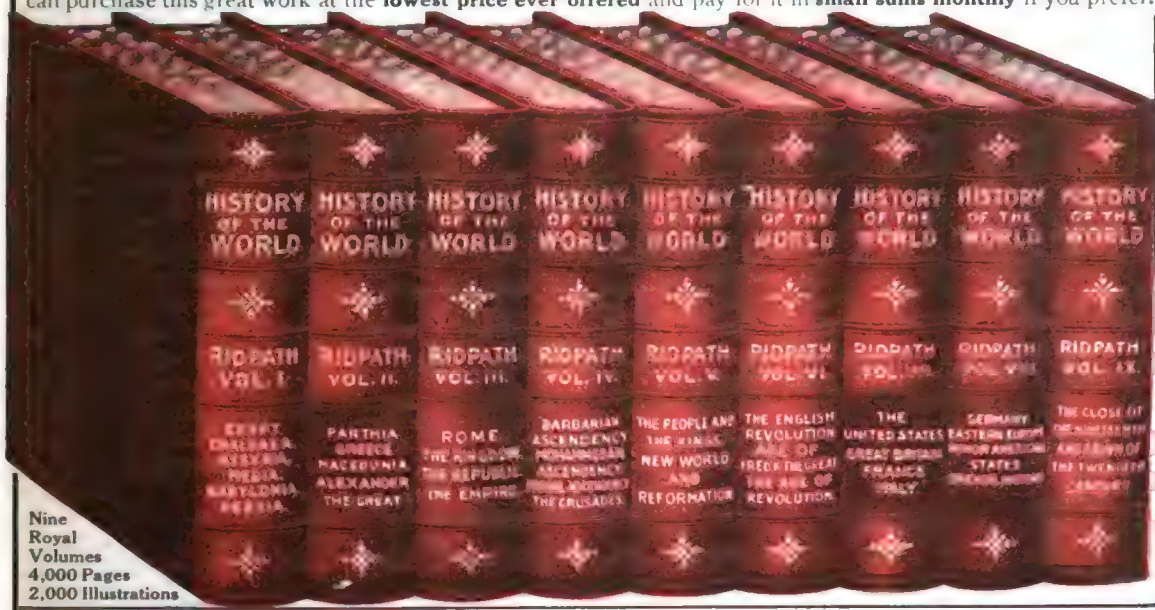

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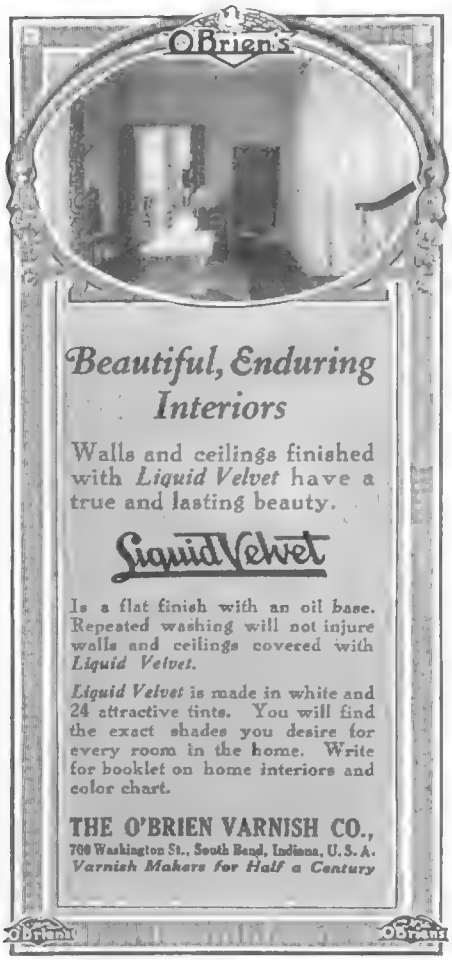
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the money in hand for the payments upon the mortgages, then he would go. Whereat, no doubt, the high gods smiled.

As time passed, there came about a subtle change in the attitude of the outfit toward Pollock Hampton, whom they had been at the beginning prone to accept as a "city guy." It began to appear that under his lightness there was often a steady purpose; that if he didn't know everything about a ranch, he was learning fast; that in his outspoken admiration of things rough and manly and primal there were certain lasting qualities. Whereas formerly his being thrown from a spirited mount was almost a daily occurrence, now he rode rather well. With tanned face and hard hands, he was, as Carson put it, "growin' up."

He came to Judith one day serious-faced, thoughtful-eyed.

"Look here, Judith," he began abruptly, "I'm no outsider just looking on at this game. You're the chief owner and the boss and I'm not kicking at that any longer. Your dad raised you to this sort of thing and you have a way of getting by with it. But, on the other hand, I'm part owner and you've got to consider me."

Judith smiled at him.

"What now, Pollock?" she asked.

"You're the boss," he repeated stoutly. "I've got a right to be next in authority. Under you, you know. Why, by cripes, I go around feeling as if I had to take orders from Carson or Tripp or any other of the foremen!"

"'By cripes' is good!" laughed Judith. "Go ahead."

"That's all," he insisted. "You can tell them, when you get a chance, that I am your little old right-hand man. Suppose," he suggested vaguely, "that you left the ranch a day or so. Or even longer, some time. There's got to be some one here who is the head when there is need for it."

Judith mirthfully acquiesced. Hampton's interest was sufficiently heavy for him to be entitled to some consideration. Besides, she had come to experience a liking for the boy and had seen in him the change for the better which this new life was working in him. Further, she meant to make it her business that she did not leave the ranch for a day or so, or an hour or so, when she needed to be there. Consequently, within a week Pollock Hampton was known humorously from one end to the other of the big ranch as the Foreman-at-Large.

IF BOTH Judith Sanford and Bud Lee, in their own ways, were alert for possible trouble, Mrs. Simpson was sleepless in her vigilance. Pollock Hampton, converted entirely to the way of the range, had discharged his now useless valet.

Mrs. Simpson watched Fujioki's departure with a shake of the head and a sigh. Better by far, she thought within herself, keep him here where he might be under her eye than let him away to work his wickedness in the dark. With one of her two chief interests in life taken from her, the housekeeper bestowed more consideration on the Black Spanish. Had not her espionage showed collusion between José and Donnelly? When she waited upon Judith José glared at her jealously. Mrs. Simpson interpreted his glare in her own way and nightly dreamed of daggers in her ample back. Almost daily she brought a fresh suspicion or new accusation to the amused Judith.

MARCIA LANGWORTHY, visiting in southern California, wrote brief, sunny notes to Hampton, intricate letters to Judith. The mystery of Bud Lee of which she had had a glimpse when the artist, Dick Farris, and Lee recognized each other as old friends, had piqued her curiosity in a way which allowed that young daughter of Eve no rest until she had made her own investigations. She wrote at length, telling Judith all that she had learned of Lee. How he had been quite the rage, my dear. Oh, tremendously rich, with a great ranch in the South, a wonderful adobe hacienda of the old Spanish days, where like a young king he had entertained lavishly. How, believing in his friends, he had lost everything, then had dropped out of the world, content equally to allow that world to believe him soldiering in France or dead in the trenches and to take his wage as a common laborer. Wasn't it too romantic for anything?

In due course, following up her letters, Marcia herself came back to the Blue Lake ranch, Judith's guest now. The Major and Mrs. Langworthy were visiting in the East—it seemed that they always visited somewhere—and Marcia would stay at the ranch indefinitely. Hampton drove into Rocky Bend for her and drew the girl's breathless admiration all the way home, handling the reins of his young team in a thoroughly reckless, shivery manner.

"Isn't he splendid?" cried Marcia when she slipped away with Judith to her room.

Under the bright approval of Marcia's eyes Hampton flushed with pleasure. Could Mrs. Langworthy have seen them together she would have nudged the Major and whispered in his ear.

During the two months after the dance, Bud Lee and Judith had seen virtually nothing of each other. When routine duties or a necessary report brought them for a few minutes into each other's society there was a marked constraint upon them. Never had the man lost the stinging sense of his offense

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Two Partners Plus a Big Idea

How Bernard-Hewitt & Co. *serve* and *save* for men everywhere who dress well

One was a practical tailor, the other a banker—both young men.

"There are hundreds of men all over the country who would like to get tailor-made clothes if they could find a good tailor who didn't charge more than they want to pay," said the tailor one evening.

"Why not reach them?" said the practical young business man.

"How?" asked his friend.

"Advertise your service in a small way and see how the idea takes," was the answer.

"We can put good material into our suits, we won't have a pay roll to meet for salesmen and agents, and I know from the clothes you've made for me that every man you fit will come back for other orders."

"Thanks for the compliment. Let's talk 'turkey.'"

* * *

And so Bernard-Hewitt got down to business. That was five years ago. They started modestly—indeed they had to, for their capital was limited. But their small advertisements attracted orders from near and far, and they proved from the first order that they could give any man a perfect fitting suit, hand-tailored, built on measurements taken by the customer himself.

Perfect fit, however, was not the only ace card in their deck. The practical man at once saw the great advantage of offering an unusual bargain—a value that no one could overlook.

"How about an all-wool blue serge suit for $15? Could it be done?" he wanted to know.

They figured and figured and scoured the markets.

They found a mill whose owners knew them and believed in the soundness of their idea. And the agreement was made—Bernard-Hewitt & Co. were guaranteed a big supply of blue serge, and their future looked sure of success. Now the question was, would men order blue serge suits at $15 in sufficient quantities to make the manufacturer continue his agreement.

A Flood of Orders from the Start

Men did. Right from the start the partners were flooded with orders. They worked day and night keeping pace—they added experienced tailors to their staff—added packers and office help—and today Bernard-Hewitt & Co. are making clothes for thousands of well-dressed men in every state in the Union—men in city banks and country stores—men who are hard to fit and men who are easy to fit—a surprisingly large percentage of business men, doctors and other professional men—men who must dress well, but who value the money saved by this firm which started with two partners and a big idea.

Blue serge suits at $15 still receive the most orders. But Bernard-Hewitt & Co. now issue a Style Book twice each year which contains 70 different samples of goods for suits and overcoats. Their suits and overcoats range in price from $15 to $35.00. They have also added a complete line of made-to-measure raincoats, men's furnishings, and in fact every article you need in your dress.

While increasing costs make it extremely difficult to produce today, the original high quality standard of this $15 serge suit is being maintained at the original price and it can not be equalled elsewhere for less than $25. That is because they anticipated that the war would cause a tremendous increase in prices, and made arrangements to lay in a large supply of excellent all-wool blue serge stock. Here again the confidence of the mill owners helped them make good terms.

It is also in a large part because they save the expense of dealers, agents and sales representatives, and because their business is built on the solid foundation of re-orders. The practical man was right when he told his tailor-partner that every man he fit would come back for more clothes.

So this offer:

An All-Wool Blue Serge Suit, Made to Your Measure, $15

is not a sensational offer from a new firm, but it is only one proof of the advantage to be gained by ordering your clothes from a well-known and thoroughly high-class firm of men's tailors, Bernard-Hewitt & Co., of Chicago, which has a sound financial rating and an honorable record of faithful service and honest dealings.

The offer is guaranteed: If your clothes are not more than satisfactory you get your money back. The garments must please you in every particular—workmanship, fit, and quality. Bernard-Hewitt tailors are experts in the science of building suits and overcoats from the measurements which thousands of men have taken for themselves.

"We may as well admit that we have a motive in continuing to offer a genuine all-wool, blue-serge suit at $15," said the business man of the firm. "It is to win new customers, for although we don't make any profit at this price with material so expensive, the first suit nine times out of ten brings additional orders from the new customer and from his friends. Our whole business is based on the satisfaction and good-will of our customers. Every suit we send out must be a 'silent salesman' for our business, consequently our values must be held up to the old standards."

Men's Furnishings on the Same Plan

Direct to the wearer—that is what Bernard-Hewitt & Co. have installed during the last two years. It is more than making good, for the stocks are all carefully selected and priced so low that they are doing a great volume of business in this department. Volume of business is the secret of economical buying and hence of continued low prices in the face of general advances.

Among the leading lines for spring are collars, both laundered and soft, in over twenty different styles, and a price of six for 57c.

Then there are hundreds of beautiful necktie patterns, stripes, plain colors, and flowered effects, made up in the large, imperial-shape flare-end four-in-hand style now so popular. These ties are 50c and 75c quality, but sold by Bernard-Hewitt & Co. three for $1.

Shirts are another good example. Their selections include countless of the broad satin or silk stripes, coat front, with soft fold-back cuffs, at three for $4.50. They are guaranteed $2 shirts and their customers are showing a great preference for the black, blue and lavender stripes.

Send Today for Your Copy of the Style Book

It gives you a new tape measure, order blanks, and self measuring charts by which you can easily and accurately take your own measure for a suit, overcoat, shoes, hats, caps, shirts, or any other article of wear. Besides, it contains 70 generous samples, with prices plainly printed under each, with descriptions and illustrations of all styles. It is more than a Style Book—it gives you the means to decide unbiased in the quiet of your home, just what you want and the price you wish to pay. When you decide and send in the order, Bernard-Hewitt fill it promptly—they take about six days to make and ship your suit unless you are in a special rush, and they pre-pay charges. They send your order to you with an absolute guarantee. You take no risk whatever—and you get better clothes at lower prices. Send for the Style Book at once and see how you can help yourself to saving without sacrifice.

It does not obligate you in any way. Mail the coupon.

Bernard-Hewitt & Co.,
Desk G522, Congress and Green Sts., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your new Spring style book with 70 samples free—also full details of your new system of tailoring.

Name.....

Address.....

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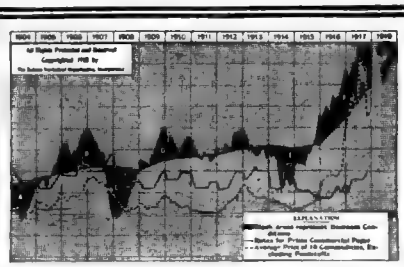

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against her; never had Judith condescended to be anything but cool and brief with him. While no open reference was made to what was past, still the memory of it must lie in each heart, and though Lee held his eyes level with hers and drank deep of the warm loveliness of her, he told himself angrily that he was beneath her contempt. The chivalry within him, so great and essential a part of the man's nature, was a wounded thing, hurt by his own act. The old feeling of camaraderie which had sprung up between them at times was gone now; they could no longer be "partners" as they had been that night in the old cabin.

He told himself curtly that he did not regret that; that now it was inevitable that they should be less than strangers since they could not be more than friends. That the girl was ready to forgive him, that she had never been as harsh with him as he was himself, that there was a golden, delicious possibility that she should feel as he did—so mad an idea had not come to Bud Lee, horse-foreman.

A few days after Marcia's arrival there came to Pollock Hampton a letter which was addressed:

Pollock Hampton, Esq.,
General Manager,
Blue Lake Ranch.

It was from Doan, Rockwell & Haight, big stock buyers of Sacramento, submitting an unsolicited order for a surprisingly large shipment of cattle and horses. The price offered was ridiculously low, even for this season of low figures, due to the fact that many overstocked ranches were throwing their beef cattle and range horses on the market. So low, in fact, that Judith's first surmise when Hampton brought it to her was that the typist taking the company's dictation had made an error.

Judith tossed the note into the wastebasket. Then she retrieved it to frown at it wonderingly, and, finally, to file it. It began by having for her no significance worthy of speculation. It soon began to puzzle her. Finally, it faintly disturbed her.

Here were two points of interests. First: Doan, Rockwell & Haight was the company to which Bayne Trevors, when general manager, had made many a sacrifice sale. Because the Blue Lake had knocked down to them before, did they still count confidently upon continued mismanagement? Surely they must know that the management of the ranch had changed. And this brought her to the second point: How did it come about that they had addressed, not her, but Pollock Hampton? Was this just a trifle?

Long ago Judith had told herself that she must keep her two eyes wide open for seeming trifles. In spite of her, though she scoffed at her "nerves," the girl had the uneasy conviction that this offer had been prompted by Trevors; that Trevors, for purposes of his own, had given instructions that the letter be addressed to Hampton; that this was the first sign of a fresh campaign directed against her from the dark; that trouble was again beginning.

Thoughtfully she smoothed out the letter, impaling it on her file.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Orders

POLLOCK HAMPTON, "Foreman at Large," came and went on the ranch, carrying orders, taking always a keen interest in whatever work fell to hand, an interest of a fresh kind in that it was born of a growing understanding. The men grew to like him; Bud Lee tactfully sought to acquaint him with many ranch matters which would prove of value to him. Carson, however, grown nervous over the new method in stock raising, still in its experimental stage, was given to take any suggestion from Hampton in the light of a personal affront.

"Damn him," he growled deep in his throat when Hampton had ridden out with word to shift one of the herds into a fresh pasture, an act on which Carson had already decided, "some day I'll jus' take him between my thum' an' finger an' annihilate him."

The greater bulk of the stock had been steadily shifted higher in the hills. The hogs grazed on the slopes at the north of the Lower End; cattle and horses had been pushed eastward to the little valleys in the mountains about the lake. Even the plateau, where the old cabin stood, was now stocked with Lee's prize string of horses. Then one day Hampton came galloping through the herds of shorthorns, seeking Carson.

"Crowd them down to the Lower End again," he shouted above the din. "Cut out the scrawny ones and haze the rest into the pens."

Carson's steel blue eyes snapped, his teeth showed like a dog's.

"Drunk?" he sneered. "What's eatin' you?"

"Do as you're told," retorted Hampton hotly. "Those are orders from headquarters and it's up to you to obey them. Get me?"

"If ever I do get you, sonny," grunted Carson, "there won't be enough of you lef' for the dawgs to quarrel over. Orders or no orders, I ain't goin' to do no such fool thing."

Hampton reined his horse in closer, staring frowningly at the old cattleman. The purplish color of rage mounted in Carson's tanned cheeks.

"You'll do what you're told or go get your time," he announced tersely. "We've got an order for five hundred beef cows and we're selling immediately."

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J. Ogden Armour

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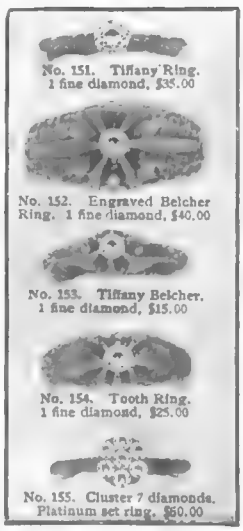
No. 151. Tiffany Ring. 1 fine diamond, $35.00
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Carson's jaw dropped.

"What?" he demanded, not quite believing his ears. "Say that again, will you?"

"I said it once," retorted Hampton. "Now get busy."

"Who are we sellin' to? I ain't heard about it."

"An oversight, my dear Mr. Carson," laughed Hampton, his own anger risen. "Quite an oversight that you were not consulted. We are selling to Doan, Rockwell & Haight. Ever heard of them?"

"Who says we're sellin'?"

"I say so. And, if you've got to have all the news, Miss Sanford says so."

"She does, does she? Hm-m. Firs' I knew of it. What figger?"

"Really, does that concern you? If the price suits me and Miss Sanford, who own the stock, does it in any way effect you? I don't want to quarrel with you, Carson, and I do appreciate that you are a good man in your way. But just because you have worked here a long time, don't make the mistake of thinking that you own the ranch."

With that he whirled his horse, and was gone. Carson, with puckered brows, stared after him.

BUT orders were orders, and Carson, though the heart was sore, barked out his commands to his herders to turn the cattle back toward the lower fields. He had been converted to the new way, he had grown to dream of the fat prices his cow brutes would fetch in the winter market, he knew that prices now were rock-bottom low, that Doan, Rockwell & Haight were close buyers, who before now had cut the throat of the Blue Lake Ranch in sacrifice sales when Bayne Trevors ran the outfit.

"We're standin' to lose thousan's an' thousan's of dollars," he told himself in disgust. "All we've spent on irrigation an' fences an' silos an' ditches, all gone to heck in a han'-basket. Not countin' thousan's of more dollars los' in sellin' at what we can get this time of year. It makes me sick, damn throwin'-up sick."

Riding down a long, winding trail, out through a patch of chaparral into a rocky gorge, Hampton turned east again toward the higher plateau. Taking the roundabout way which led around the far side of the lake and along the flank of the mountain to the table-land, he came to a scattering band of horses and Tommy Burkitt.

"Where's Lee?" called Hampton.

Burkitt grinned at him by way of greeting and then pointed across the plateau to a ravine leading to a still higher, smaller, shut-in valley. Hampton galloped on and a quarter of an hour later came up with Lee. The horse-foreman was sitting still in his saddle, his eyes taking stock of a fresh bit of pasture into which he planned turning his horses a little later. It was one of a dozen small meadows on the mountain creeks where the cañon walls widened out and, in an oval-shaped valley, less than a half mile long, there was much rich grass.

"Hello, Hampton," called Lee pleasantly. "What's the word?"

The perspiration streaming down Hampton's face had in no way dampened his ardor.

"Big doings," he cried warmly. "We're cutting loose, Bud, at last and piling up the shining ducats! You're to gather up a hundred of the most likely cayuses you've got and shove them down to the Lower End. We're selling pretty heavily to Doan, Rockwell & Haight."

A new flicker came into Lee's eyes. Then they went hard as polished agate.

"I didn't quite get you, Hampton," he said softly. "You say we're selling a hundred horses? Now?"

Hampton nodded, understanding nothing of what lay in Lee's heart.

"On the jump, just as fast as we can get them on the run," he said triumphantly. "Judith wanted me to tell you."

"I see," answered Lee slowly.

His eyes left Hampton's flushed face and went to the distant cliffs. It was no way of Bud Lee's to hide his eyes from a man, and yet he did hide them. He did not want Hampton to see what they showed so plainly, in spite of trying hard to master his emotion. He was hurt, for he thought that he saw a great deal which Hampton did not. Long ago he had offended Judith, and she had waited until now to repay his rude insult with this cool little slap in the face. She had not consulted him, she had not mentioned sale to him, and now she sent Hampton and did not even come to him with a word of explanation. It was quite as if she had said:

"You are just a servant of mine, like the rest, Bud Lee, and I treat you accordingly."

UNTIL Judith had come, there had been nothing that this man loved as he did his work among his horses. He watched them as day after day they grew into clean-blooded perfection; he appraised their values; he saw personally to their education, helping each one of them individually to become the true representative of the proudest species of animal life. Had he turned his eye now to the herd down yonder he could have seen the animal he had selected for a brood-mare next year, the three-year-old destined to draw all eyes as he stepped daintily among the best of the single-footers in Golden Gate Park, the rich red bay gelding that he would mate for a splendid carriage team . . . Oh, he knew them all like human friends, planned the future for each, the sale of each would be no sorrow but rather a triumph of success. And

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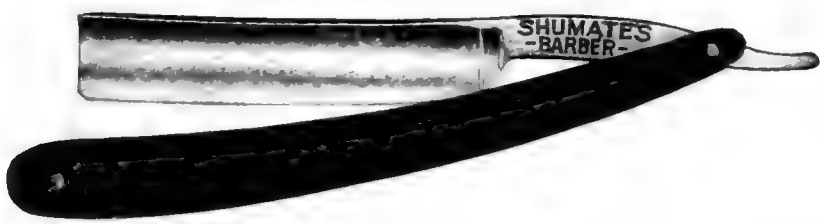

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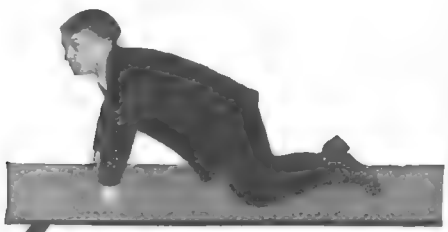

Infantile Paralysis

made it impossible for this boy to stand, so he crawled on hands and knees. Four and a half months' treatment at the McLain Sanitarium "put him on his feet." Read his parents' letter:

We are pleased and very thankful for the improvement our boy has made. When we came to the McLain Sanitarium, March 22, 1917, he crawled on his hands and knees. After four and one-half months' treatment he can stand erect and walk without crutches or braces. Will be pleased to answer letters concerning what you have done for our boy.
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now, to see them lumped and sold to Doan, Rockwell & Haight—even that hurt. But most of all did Judith's treatment of him cut, cut deep.

"You're a fool, Bud Lee," he told himself softly. "Oh, God, what a fool!"

"The buyers will be here the first thing to-morrow," said Hampton. "Judith says we're to have everything ready for them."

"I'll not keep her waiting," answered Lee quietly. And with a quick touch of the spur he whirled his horse and left Hampton abruptly, going straight to the plateau.

"Round 'em up, Tommy," he said sharply. "Every damned hoof of them. They go back to the corrals."

Though quick questions surged up in Tommy's brain, none of them was asked just yet, for he had seen the look on Lee's face.

IT WAS early in the afternoon when Hampton carried his messages to Carson and Lee. It was after dark when Lee, his work done, his heart still sore and heavy, came into the men's bunkhouse. It was very still, though close to a dozen men were in the room. Lee's eyes found Carson and he guessed the reason for the silence. Carson was in a towering rage that flamed red hot in his eyes and now, under the spell of his dominating emotion, the men sat and stared at him.

"Well, what's wrong?" asked Lee coolly, standing at the door and looking in keenly at Carson.

"Good goddlemighty!" growled Carson snappishly. "You stan' there an' ask what's the matter. If they's anything that ain't the matter an' you'll spell its name to me I'll put in with you. The whole outfit's goin' to pot, an' I, for one, don't care how soon it goes."

"Rather a nice way for a cattle foreman to talk about his ranch, isn't it?" asked Lee colorlessly.

"Cattle foreman?" sniffed Carson with further expletives. "Now will you stan' on your two feet an' explain to me how in blue blazes a man can be a cattle foreman when there ain't no cattle!"

"So that's it, is it? I didn't know how close you were selling off——"

"Don't say *me* sellin'! Why, I got silage to run my cow brutes all winter, what with the dry feed in them cañons——"

Lee didn't hear the rest. It had been his intention to come in and smoke with the boys and perhaps play a game of whist. Anything to keep from thinking. But now, moving on impulse, he turned and left the shack, going swiftly up the knoll to the ranch house.

Just stepping into the courtyard, soft under the moon, tinkling with the play of the fountains, stirred his heart to quicker beating. He had not set foot here for over two months, not since that night which he knew he should forget and yet to whose memory he clung desperately. This was the first time in many a long week that he had gone out of his way to seek Judith.

Words which Judith herself had spoken to him one day were now at least a part of the cause sending him to speak with her. She had said that he was loyal, that she needed loyal men. He still took her wage, he was still a Blue Lake Ranch hand, he still owed her his loyalty, though it came from a sore heart.

If she were hard driven in some way which she had not seen fit to confide to him, if she were forced to make this tremendous sale, if she were mad or had at last lost her nerve, frightened at the thought of the heavy sums of money to be raised at the end of the winter, well, then it still could do no harm for him to speak his mind to her. Hampton had told him the price which the horses were to bring; it was pitifully small and Lee meant to tell her so, to tell her further that he would guarantee an enormous gain over it if she gave him time. He would be doing his part though she called him meddler for his pains.

MARCIA LANGWORTHY, hidden in a big chair on the veranda, watched him approach with interest, though Lee was unconscious of her presence. He had lifted a hand to rap at the door when she called to him, saying:

"Good evening, Mr. Mysterious Lee. Have you forgotten me?"

Though he had pretty well forgotten her, it was not necessary to tell her that he had. He came toward her, putting out his hand.

"Good evening, Miss Langworthy," he said cordially. "I haven't seen much of you this time, have I? Two reasons, you know: busy all day and half the night, for one thing, and for another, Hampton has monopolized you, hasn't he?"

Marcia laughed softly.

"To a man your size the second reason is absurd. . . . Will you sit down? You see, I am taking it for granted that you come here to see me? Unless," and her eyes twinkled brightly up at him, "you were surreptitiously calling on Mrs. Simpson?

"I'd love to talk with you," he assured her. "But, as I've just hinted, my work here has got into the habit of running away with me into the night. I really came up for a word with Miss Sanford."

"Oh, didn't you know?" asked Marcia. "Judith isn't here."

"Isn't here?" He frowned. "No, I didn't know. I haven't seen much of her lately and didn't know her plans. Where is she?"

"In San Francisco. Her lawyers sent for her, you know. Something about a tangle in her father's business. Funny

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Why I Am Paid $50,000 A Year

How A Poor Young Man Trained for a Big Job—and Got It in Three Years

AS TOLD BY EMORY E. HILL

THERE are only a few $50,000 jobs—yet of all the men in the country it is difficult to find enough to fill the few big jobs available. There are plenty of men for the $25-a-week positions—but the thousand-dollar-a-week openings "go begging." How this young man trained himself for earnings of $50,000 a year is one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of even present-day fortune making. This is the story told me, almost word for word, by the young man *who did it.*

"Three short years ago I was $5,000 'in the hole'—and earning $30 a week. I had a wife and two children to support, and I used to worry myself sick about the future.

"Today—it seems like a dream—all my troubles are over. I am worth $200,000—enough to keep me and my family in comfort for the rest of our lives. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to.

"Let me say in all sincerity that what I have done I believe anyone can do. I am only an average man—not 'brilliant'—have never gone to college—my education is limited. I know at least a hundred men who know more than I, who are better educated and better informed—and their earnings probably average less than $50 weekly while my income is over $1000 weekly. I mention this to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education—to encourage those who have not had the advantage of a comprehensive education.

"What, then, is the secret of my success? Let me tell you how it came about.

"One day, about three years ago, something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of little consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

"I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover *what was wrong with me.* Along towards dawn I resolved to make an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to 'put it over'—that I would not be afraid of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to give me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*to demand and command what I wanted.*

"With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power and in my investigation I encountered the works of Professor Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson, and Royce, had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, 'The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!' My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

"It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practice the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock, and I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. You already know the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

"People sometimes worry because they cannot *remember* or because they cannot *concentrate.* The truth is, will power will enable them to do *both.* The man who can use his will cannot only concentrate and remember but can *make use* of these two faculties. And I want to leave this one word with you—no knowledge, no plan, no idea, is worth a penny unless it is used—and it cannot be used unless someone's power of will does it!

Prof. Haddock's rules and exercises in will training have been placed in book form, and I have been authorized by the publishers to say that any reader who cares to examine his startling book on will power may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that "Power of Will" is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: The law of great thinking; How to develop analytical power; How to guard against errors in thought; How to drive from the mind unwholesome thoughts; How to develop fearlessness; How to use the mind in sickness; How to acquire a dominating personality.

It is interesting to note that among the 225,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before you. It is not even necessary to write a letter. Use the blank form below, if you prefer, addressing it to the Pelton Publishing Company, 24-F Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life as it has meant to me and so many others.

PELTON PUBLISHING COMPANY,
24-F Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

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you hadn't heard; she left last Saturday."

Saturday? This was Monday evening. Judith had been gone over three full days. Lee, thinking hurriedly, thought that he saw now the explanation of Judith's ordering a sale like this. Her lawyers had found what Marcia called a "tangle" in Luke Sanford's affairs; there had been an insistent call for a large sum of money to straighten it out, and Judith had accepted the only solution.

Still, it didn't seem like Judith to sell like this at a figure so ridiculously low. Doan, Rockwell & Haight were not the only buyers on the coast; Lee himself could get more for the horses if he had two days' time to look around; the cattle were worth a great deal more than they were being sold for, even with the market down.

"Did she have an idea what the trouble was before she left?" he asked finally.

"Why," said Marcia, "I don't know. You see, she slipped out late Saturday night after we'd all gone to bed. There was a message for her over the telephone; she got up, dressed, saddled her own horse and rode into Rocky Bend alone, just leaving a note for me that she might be gone a week or two."

Just why he experienced a sense of uneasiness even then, Lee did not know. It was like Judith to act swiftly when need be; to go alone and on the spur of the minute to catch her train; to slip out quietly without disturbing her guest.

"You have heard from her since?" he demanded abruptly.

"Not a word," said Marcia. "She doesn't like letter-writing and so I haven't expected to hear from her."

Lee chatted with her for a moment, then claiming work still to be done, turned to go back down the knoll. A new thought upon him, he once more came to Marcia's side.

"I expect I'd better see Hampton," he said. "Do you know where he is?"

"Where he has been every night since Judith left," laughed Marcia. "He's old Mr. Business Man these days. In the office."

There Lee found him. Hampton, his hair ruffled, Judith's table littered with papers, market reports and many sheets of paper covered with untidy figures, looked up at Lee's entrance.

"Hello, Bud," he said, reaching for cigaret and match. "Got everything ready for to-morrow?"

"Why didn't you tell me Miss Sanford had gone away?" was Lee's sharp rejoinder. Hampton flushed.

"Devil take those two eyes of yours, Bud," he said testily. "They've got a way of boring through a man until he feels like they were scorching the furniture behind him. Well, I'll tell you. While Judith is away I am running this outfit. And if the men think I'm coming straight from her with an order they obey it. If they get the notion she isn't here, they're apt to ask questions. That's why."

"This sale to Doan, Rockwell & Haight," said Lee quickly. "You didn't cook that up, did you, Hampton?"

"Lord, no!" cried Hampton. From its place on a file he took a yellow slip of paper, tossing it to Lee. "She sent me that this morning."

It was a Western Union telegram, saying briefly:

POLLOCK HAMPTON,
Blue Lake Ranch.

Am forced to sell heavily. Sending Doan, Rockwell & Haight Tuesday morning, one hundred horses; as many beef cattle as Carson can round up. Accept terms made in their letter to you last week.

JUDITH SANFORD.

The date line upon the message gave the sending point as San Francisco.

"They wrote *you* a letter offering to buy?" said Lee thoughtfully, his eyes rising slowly from the paper in his fingers. "How'd it happen they didn't write to *her?*"

"Well, it's a natural enough mistake, isn't it? Knowing that she and I were both part-owners, knowing that we were both here, isn't it quite to be expected that they would write to the man instead of to the woman? Of course I gave her the letter as soon as I had opened it."

"Of course," answered Lee.

BUT his thoughts were not with his answer. They were with Bayne Trevors. He knew that Trevors had long ago sold to these people; he knew, too, that at least two of the heavy shareholders in the Western Lumber Company were interested in Doan, Rockwell & Haight. Tom Rockwell himself was second vice-president of the lumber company.

"Have you had any other word from Miss Sanford?" he asked.

"No."

"Know who her lawyers are?"

"No. I don't."

"Anything in her papers here that would tell us?"

"No. Her papers are in the safe yonder and it's locked and I don't know the combination."

"Know what hotel she is stopping at in the city?"

"No. Look here, Bud; what are you driving at? I don't get you."

"No?" answered Lee absently.

What Bud Lee was thinking was: "Here are too many coincidences!" Little things, each one in itself safe from suspicion. But when he meditated that the offer had come from this particular firm, that it had come just a few days before Judith's first departure from the ranch, that it had been addressed not to her but to Hampton, so that he might have the opportunity to read it, that she had been called suddenly to the city, that that call had

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come after the house was quiet, its occupants in bed, that no letter had come since she had left, that no one knew where to reach her—when he passed all of these things in review the bitterness in his heart died under them and the first anxiety sprang up anew, grown almost into fear for her.

"There's just one thing, Hampton," he said, his eyes hard on the boy's face. "We don't sell a single hoof in the morning. Not a cow nor a horse until Judith is here herself."

Hampton, new in his rôle of general manager, flushed hotly, his own eyes showing fight.

"I like you, Lee," he said sharply, his tone that of master to man. "And I don't want us to quarrel. But Judith wired me to sell, I've wired the buyers an acceptance and we do sell in the morning!"

For a full minute Bud Lee stood stone-still, staring into Hampton's face. Then, tossing the telegram to the table, he turned and went out. His face had gone suddenly white.

"They've got you somehow, Judith girl," he whispered through tense lips. "But the fight is still to be made. And, by God, there's a day of squaring accounts coming for a man named Bayne Trevors!"

He went to the bunk-house, neither seeing Marcia nor hearing her when she called after him, and with a word to Carson brought the irate cattle foreman hurriedly outside.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

And Counter Orders

BAYNE TREVORS'S way had ever been to play safe, the way of a coward or a wise man. Even now, no doubt he was giving an account of himself in legitimate endeavor at the lumber camp, putting in his appearance at his regular hour, safe miles lying between him and that which might occur upon the Blue Lake Ranch, establishing alibis, conducting himself like the man he wished the world to think him. But in the mind of Bud Lee there was no question, no doubt. Bayne Trevors, or one of Bayne Trevors's gang, was even at this instant holding Judith somewhere until this colossal deal could be put over. Trevors or one of his gang—and Lee's face went whiter, his hands shut tighter into hard fists, as there came to his mind the picture of Quinnion's twisted face and evil, red-rimmed eyes.

"Well?" snapped Carson. "What now?"

"There's going to be no sale in the morning," said Lee, and at the new strange tone in Lee's voice, Carson jerked up his head, thrusting it forward, peering at the other through the moonlit night.

"Say it again," muttered Carson. "Who said so? Miss Judith?"

"She isn't here," replied Lee briefly. "Hasn't been here since Saturday night."

Now, with more cause than ever, did Carson stare at him.

"Then what did Pollock Hampton say sell for? By cripes, if this is one of that young hop-o'-my-thumb's jokes, I'm goin' up to the house an' murder him. That's all. An' right now."

Lee laid a hand on Carson's arm.

"Hold on, old-timer," he said shortly. "We'll have a talk with him after a while. Now I want to talk with you."

Contenting himself with the coldest of brief outlines, Bud Lee told Carson of Judith's absence and of his own suspicions. Carson, who had listened to him gravely, at the end shook his head.

"That's a pretty bald play, Bud," he said slowly. "I don't believe Trevors would get that coarse in his work. It doesn't look like him a little bit."

"Does this sale look the least little bit like Judith?" demanded Lee sharply. "Is it her way to go over our heads this way, Carson? If she's got to sell heavily, why pick out this particular set of buyers? Why is the deal rushed through while she's away? I tell you there's a nigger in the woodpile and it's up to you and me to smoke him out. Come up to the house with me."

Marcia did not see them as they drew near in the moonlight. For, with a plan shaping in his brain, Lee judged best that they should not be seen. He and Carson passed in a wide arc about the left end of the courtyard, around the end of the house and so to a door opening from the office to the back of the house. This door he found unlocked and pushed it quietly open.

*The next instalment of "**Judith of Blue Lake Ranch**" will appear in the April number.*

In the April number there will be an article by Herbert Corey, EVERYBODY'S new war-correspondent in France. Mr. Corey has seen the war from its beginning, and has been on almost every front. The The April article—"Allies—or Friends"—is an informal account of the training of our men in British camps.

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YES *it costs more to build* NOW *than it did one, two or five years ago. The cost of lumber, however, has not increased more than twenty-eight per cent since 1914, while other building materials have advanced as much as seventy-five per cent.*

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"WANTED—A GODMOTHER"

"On demande une marraine"

BY CARLYLE ELLIS

JEUNE poilu, front, dem marr. gent. affect. Parisienne. Ecrire: Paragon. 248e artill. 1er groupe. par B. C. M.

THERE, for all to see, in the want-ad. column of a Parisian weekly, is bared the hungry heart of one young soldier of France. And he is but the type-example of thousands.

It is not hard to reconstruct young Paragon's story, given a little French and a little patience. He is an artilleryman at the front, fighting for France, enduring much for her with cheerfulness. But there is one thing above all others that makes his soldier's life hard to bear. When the mails come, and his comrades are joyously absorbed in the letters that speak of home and family and all the little things that are woven into the fabric of the heart, he must turn away to hide the sudden loneliness that chokes him. There is no one to welcome him home on leave—no one to write him even a little letter. And the mail-hunger at the front becomes to all, in time, a sharp pain.

And so, after the dear custom that has grown up in France since the beginning of devastation, he advertises for a godmother.

From his pitifully meager pay he assembles the equivalent for $1.20, and, after days of thought over his copy and much counting of letters, figures and spaces, he sends them on to *La Vie Parisienne*, or one of the other publications of the capital. There, after weeks of delay (for there is always a waiting list) it appears in the "*Petite Correspondance*" column, far back among the advertisements, and there, let us hope, it is found by the right girl.

Three francs a line (forty letters, figures or spaces) is the average charge. It is much, and so the words that crowd to his thought must be compacted with infinite care. By dint of such abbreviation, as we have seen above, he makes known his desires with revealing particularity.

Paragon requests a godmother to write him letters which he tacitly engages to answer, and he wishes his godmother to be "genteel," "affectionate" in a kindly and sisterly way, and "a Parisienne." Almost surely he would like her to be young and pretty and, if he could have afforded another line, and did not feel too humble to be exacting, he might have said so.

It may be that his name is not really Paragon, but that he has whispered this bashfully to his company's letter-bringer, and used it to imply that his intentions are all that an honorable young French soldier's should be. Had he had that other line he might have added, as some of his comrades do, "discretion of honor," or even achieved the triumphant explicitness of a lieutenant in the chasseurs, who advertises on the same page and adds, "Be without fear of answering, for I wish only moral consolation."

There is no way of telling if brave young Paragon found his godmother, but we can be fairly sure that he did, for the girls of France have risen to this need with shining unselfishness.

And still we may smile over Paragon's frank and public way of making his wants known. It is engagingly French, very touching, and a vivid revelation of himself, despite the cryptic abbreviation. Eagerly we compare his advertisement with those of his comrades. The manner of appeal and the specific conditions vary as greatly as do the military rank, the branch of the service, and the individual tastes, but the need is always the same. Always there is that "gnawing of fed-upness," the blue devils of weariness at the endless monotony of war service that must be banished at all hazards—for France. *Cafard*, the poilus call it, and it is something that gnaws, and that must be chased away. There is one sovereign remedy—thoughts of a girl, a particular girl, who writes you brave, tender letters, full of her own shy girlhood, and whose "charm" you wear hidden under the blue-gray and the mud.

And if there is no girl you left behind when you answered the call, what better than a gentle little godmother, even though you have never seen her or heard her voice and quite probably never will? For that is not in the bargain.

But "chasing the blues" is not quite a full statement of the work of the young godmothers of France. Two young sailors of the *Gabion*, begging in print for correspondence with a godmother, who, it would appear, they are willing to share, write that it is "to sustain their morale," and they preface their appeal with the wireless "S. O. S."

That is it precisely. That is the heroic task of the girls of France in the fourth year. It is theirs to see that their defenders keep their grip on the stern realities and their devotion to France unsullied.

And so there may be the suspicion of tears through our smiles as we seek the man behind the advertiser. Here, for example, are André, Maurice, and Marcel. For needed economy's sake they unite in a combined appeal that packs itself so tightly into three lines that we are sure they must have counted "letters, figures and spaces" over and over again. They are quite irresistible, these three, with a taste for the flowers of diction. "On the dull horizon of the fourth winter," they write, "will there not appear a gentle godmother whose affectionate correspondence would cheer and strengthen three young sappers?" Another trio—aviators, this time—prefaces its request with excess of modesty: "We are not pilots, but simple mechanics," they declare.

Even lieutenants band together in occasional threes, but cooperative love-making reaches its triumph in the case of one group of six, which squeezes its united needs into two lines by this masterpiece of Gallic brevity: "*Rongés par Caf., dem. marr. gai affect.*" (Gnawed by depression, asks for a godmother, gay and affectionate).

Another, with very definite ideas of the godmother for him, has also something distinctive to offer: "Is there left," he asks, "a young and pretty godmother of Paris or Rouen, distinguée, and a woman of the world, to raise the spirits of a young poilu who is possessor of a Croix de Guerre?"

Then here's a chap named Kite, with a Paris forwarding address and a cosmopolitan inclination that makes one guess, Foreign Legion. "I have thirty-two years and no godmother!" he exclaims, as if astonished at his own poverty. "Is there still living a Parisienne or American without a godson?"

In the matter of complexion the demand is all for blondes. One adjutant wishes his godmother to be serious, young, and spirituelle, another is willing that she should be French, English, or American, so long as she is jolly, distinguished, and *not too sentimental*.

Pour la France immortelle the young poilu gives every ounce that is in him and, in the end, if need be, his life, without a murmur. *Pour sa marraine* he keeps his heart sweet through all the weary waiting or the bloody turmoil of killing. That is France.

To the present the high command of the American Army in France has rather discouraged the godmother idea among our boys. The mails already have been heavy and there are three thousand miles of uncertain ocean to be traversed. But we have just arrived. Godmothers of America may be needed yet, and when they are they will answer.

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Colored Shoes in War Time

Are not too expensive if the right means of preserving their appearance and flexibility is used.

Flexibility gives durability to leather. To retain flexibility, avoid sticky polishes or gummy cleaners. Use polishes which apply a

Thin Coat

to the leather, as the heavier the coat of polish the stiffer the leather becomes. Avoid using two coats where one will do. Use Chain Lightning Shoe Cream, which is a cleaner and polish combined, one thin application of which will clean the shoes and without a second application, or even waiting for the first to dry, the shoes can be polished by light rubbing with a dry, soft cloth.

The more anything delicate is handled, the worse it looks. The more that is daubed onto colored shoes, especially if it is sticky stuff, the worse they will look. Colored shoes are more cheerful than black. Give them considerate treatment and a decent diet and they will retain their health and appearance to your satisfaction.

All of Kelly's polishes are thoughtfully made

KELLY'S SHOE POLISHES

GEO. J. KELLY CO., 510 Washington Street, Lynn, Mass.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

HEADING AND SKETCHES
BY RALPH BARTON

IN THE police court of a Middle-Western city recently a defendant was booked as "Omar Khayam." When the clerk called the name, a dapper, tailored figure stepped forward.

"So you are Omar Khayam," drawled the judge, studying the docket. "If I remember right, you are a tent-maker. Business is pretty good these days, isn't it, with so many soldiers needing tents?"

"Beg pardon, Your Honor, I am not a tent-maker," replied the defendant.

"No offense meant," said the court. "The charge is running a gambling game. The last time I saw you your name was Eddie Hathaway."

"I use both names," said the defendant, "since I won a big bet on the horse, Omar Khayam."

"That so? What about the game at the Occident Hotel?"

"I'm guilty, your honor."

"All right. Ten and costs."

"Thanks," said Khayam-Hathaway, and while the clerk was calling the next case, the erstwhile defendant inquired: "Excuse me, Judge; but may I ask how you got the idea that I was a tent-maker?"

HE WAS a street-cleaner before he was drafted and sent to cantonments.

The former street-cleaner afforded the other recruits much amusement when, during his leisure hours, he would go through the company street, picking up every piece of paper on the ground and in the tents, keenly observing its character and invariably casting it down with the exclamation:

"No, that isn't it."

Of course, these actions came to the attention of one of the young lieutenants, recently graduated from Plattsburg. The lieutenant, naturally enough, came to the conclusion that the new recruit was insane.

The army surgeons, after observing him for several days, also arrived at the same conclusion. Accordingly they ordered his discharge.

When the papers which freed the recruit from the life of a soldier were given to him, the former street-cleaner, greatly to the surprise of the young lieutenant, was heard to exclaim:

"There, that's it! That's the paper I've been looking for ever since I came up here."

TWO Kansas farmers met at the county seat shortly after a cyclone had visited that neighborhood.

"Well, sir," said one of them, "she shook up things out my way, to be sure. By the way, Henry," he added, "did that new barn of yours get hurt any?"

"I can't say," replied the second farmer. "I haven't found it yet."

AN OHIO man whose son was an applicant for a position in the Federal civil service, but who had been repeatedly "turned down," said:

"It's sure hard luck, but Bill has missed that civil service again. It looks like they just won't have him, that's all!"

"What was the trouble?" asked the friend.

"Well, he was kinder short on spellin' and geography, an' he missed a good deal in arithmetic."

"What's he going to do about it?"

"I don't know," said the father. "Times are not so good for us, an' I reckon he'll have to go back to teachin' school for a livin'."

A SOUTHERN man tells of a balloon ascension made from Charleston one hot summer afternoon. A thunder-storm came up. The balloonist, amid buckets of rain, the roar of thunder, and the flash of lightning, was blown about like a thistledown.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree" enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

On toward midnight he found himself over a plantation and threw out his anchor—a grapnel at the end of a long rope.

It happened that a negro had died in one of the huts of this plantation. The funeral was to take place in the morning. A dozen friends of the deceased sat in the soft summer night before the hut, telling ghost-stories.

Suddenly in the darkness above them they heard strange noises—a flapping, as of great wings, menacing cries. And they saw dimly a formless black shape.

All but one man ran. This one man, as he cowered on his stool, had the ill-luck to be seized by the grapnel.

The grapnel, going at a great pace, whirled him up for four or five feet in the air, and jerked him along at the rate of fifteen miles or so an hour.

"Oh, Massa," he yelled, squirming and kicking in that strange flight, "I's not de one! I's not de cawpse! Henry's in de house dah! In de house dah!"

A MAN had taken into his confidence an intimate friend touching a most important moment of his life.

"I can," said he to his friend, "marry a rich girl, whom I do not care for, or a penniless girl, whom I love dearly. I am in great doubt. Which shall I do?"

"Follow the dictates of your heart, old man," was the prompt response, "and be happy. Marry the poor girl. And, say —er—would you mind introducing me to the other?"

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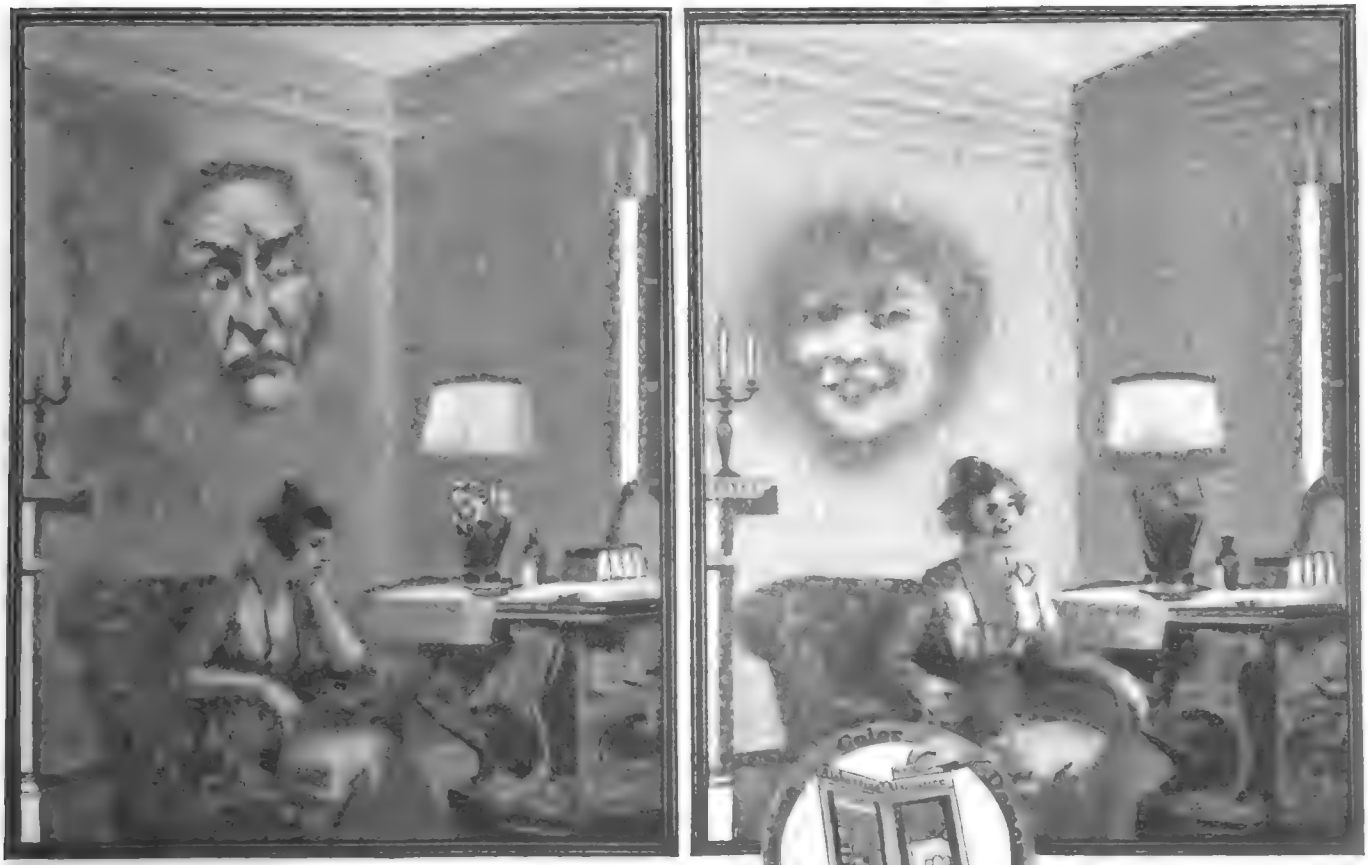


Farewell, Old Man Gloom!

It all came about through Misplaced Confidence, to be frank. Painted walls were described to me as being TRUE ECONOMY—once on (although expensive) an occasional washing would restore them to their first Bloom. They would last a lifetime—hence the economy.

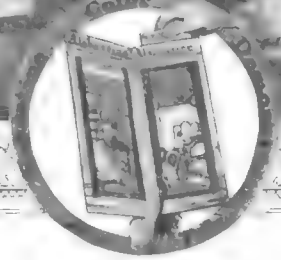
Ah me, shall I ever forget the first washing that I attempted? To this day I can see the reproachful, sad and fear haunted gaze of Dick when he saw the streaky nightmare my poor walls presented. We called in an expert (more expense) and very little improvement—my walls were second hand walls, no doubt of that, and poor me, a victim of Old Man Gloom.

"What about Mrs. Brown's walls, how does she manage to have them so fresh and smiling?" This from Dick. Mrs. Brown told her little secret like a little woman—"Alabastine," "new colors," "new home," "Doesn't cost much," "New joy in living," just like that.

Now I'm emancipated—a new woman and I have a new home presided over by the cheerful spirit of Alabastine. Dick says it's a scream to have new scenic effects at such extremely low cost whenever we feel like "alabastining" a room for our little "musical comedy" as he calls our married life.

Mrs. * * * * *

(Name furnished on request)



Discriminating Women

are realizing more every day that stylish wall effects at small cost are possible by means of Alabastine—that home can be made an ever changing source of color delights, expressing miladi's personality, showing her aesthetic taste in harmonious colors, making the most of her rugs, draperies and pictures, carrying her message of cheery hospitality to her family and her friends.

Alabastine

For Walls—Instead of Paint, Kalsomine or Wall Paper

1. Paint—there are all kinds—Good, Indifferent and Poor—all expensive. Indifferent and poor paints are a misfortune. The housewife who expects to wash paint as she does woodwork may be disappointed even in good paint.
2. Kalsomines—there are all kinds marketed under coined and fanciful names—no definite quality.
3. Wall Paper—Why do hospitals prohibit Wall Paper? Because Wall Paper harbors germs and vermin—why not have truly sanitary walls—*in your home?*
4. Alabastine—one known standard of quality, *really sanitary*, stylish, artistic, economical, easily prepared; put up in full five-pound packages in a range of velvety nature tints and white, with the red cross and circle on each package. For homes and all public buildings. Sold by 30,000 Paint, Hardware and Drug Stores.

Send for Free Alabastine Color Demonstrator

Shows colors fashionable for 1918, enables you to test color combinations and harmonize clashing colors in carpets, draperies and pictures by means of Alabastine background. Used by domestic science classes and high schools. We receive a great many requests for the Demonstrator—better write for yours today.

THE ALABASTINE COMPANY
208 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.
U. S. A.

Your Local Dealer is entitled to Your Trade

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RIVETS AND MEN

(*Continued from page 44*)

Munitions, the Government has commandeered premises, plants and warehouses for national war factories; and the country has been divided into local districts, each district being under a clearing-house committee of resident business men. In addition to the national army and navy and munitions plants, some five thousand controlled factories now represent a progressive mobilization of the country's entire resources of materials, transportation facilities and men.

Hardly less vital than the suspension by the unions (during the duration of the war) of their regulations governing the closed shop, the limitation of output, the prohibition against "dilution" of labor, and the right to strike, have been the supplementary regulations by the Government governing the limitation of profit, the fixation of wage and hours, and (for a period) the requirement of a certificate of leave-permit for any worker desiring to change from employment in an industrial plant paying the standard wage.

To protect the essential industry from labor competition by the non-essential factory, no male worker between the ages of eighteen and sixty-one years is permitted to obtain employment in restricted occupations, without permission of the Department of National Service, or unless he has enrolled as a National Service Volunteer. Thus all work required by the Government is given priority; not only of materials but also of men.

Military exemption for essential workers has followed the return from the trenches of those first lost to industry through unregulated volunteering for service in the ranks. Furthermore, men and women were everywhere called upon to volunteer as paid munition workers, and, like the soldier, were under orders to be sent wherever their services were in demand.

To safeguard these volunteers and workers subject to district-transfer, committees of employers and employed have been formed to decide who should be released from less essential trades; and to make provision for their transfer (through the substitution officers of the National Service Department) to the localities and plants where they were called. Thus injury to the trade through too rapid and unbalanced withdrawal, and hardship to the men from lost time and delayed transportation, were largely avoided; while the necessity for obtaining a certificate of leave-permit from the last employer, further steadied the forces thus built up in response to the necessities of war. A weekly Government bonus of seventeen shillings and sixpence, in addition to the regular wage, together with free fortnightly or monthly passes on the Government-owned railroad lines, further stimulated volunteering for industrial service, even when that service involved continued absence from home. In addition, the creation of local arbitration courts for the settling of wage or employment grievances, have in large measure helped to balance organized labor's concession (during the war period) of stabilized forces, and the removal of barriers from intensive training for the filling of skilled jobs.

With the mobilization of labor, however, and the systematizing of the transfer system, the question of housing at once became the dominant problem in the speeding-up of England's myriad plants. The Rent Act (forbidding the raising of rent, or dispossession of the wife of a soldier or a civilian following his ordinary occupation) while powerless to provide lodging, at least prevented excessive rates in localities congested by the influx of new shifts of workers.

Under a Housing Commission, created to expend Parliamentary appropriations, the Government erected industrial hostelries or "barracks"; the model-village community, the detached house, and the tenement, at last began to relieve the universal hardships which threatened to block continuous output in the expanded and newly-constructed munition plants.

The belated welfare standardization of working conditions, of first-aid provisions, and the equipping of lunch-rooms, or "industrial canteens," followed a Commission's report as to the health of munition workers, as logical essentials for the insuring of speeded production, and the conservation of sustained working efficiency in industries vital to England's military successes at the front.

The Reveille

BACK of England's mobilization of military man-power lies the genius of Kitchener. Back of her no less vital mobilization of industrial man-power lies the constructive genius of Lloyd George. His challenge to labor, capital, and Government authority, forged the fighting weapons of an awakened nation, and poured to the front that flood of munitions which has swept with Haig's guns through the impregnable German front.

"If we can not do it, and do it quickly, it will be our eternal damnation. *And we shall do it!*" he prophesied, in the face of early disaster in the trench and apathy at home. Back of such mobilization of man-power must lie the power of men to whom error and failure are but incentives, and who can temper in the glowing flame of patriotism the idle weapons of the nation unprepared.

"We are going to build six million dead-weight tons of ships in 1918. We've got the men, we've got the money and we've got a cause that's right." This is the Emergency Fleet Corporation's challenge, not only to the German U-boat, but its reveille to the man-power of America; to its labor, its capital, and its Federal machinery of Government control.

The death-struggle of broken regiments, the crisis of beleaguered strongholds; the

THIS IS THE GREATEST CALL TO RESOURCES AND LABOR IN THE HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY.

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"But your nerves simply can't stand the strain!"

SHE knows that something must be done to nourish, strengthen, repair and build up what long hours of work and worry at the office have torn down.

She knows—from experience, from her Physician or from its reputation—that Sanatogen, the vital food-tonic, supplies what nerves need most—*concentrated nourishment*, strength and tone—all of which lead to healthy vigor and greater mental and physical endurance. Furthermore—she knows that, through the organic phosphorus and pure albumen that Sanatogen contains, it works with Nature to repair frayed nerves.

So when Sanatogen actually brings to him a new joy in working and achieving, he, too, feels that in Sanatogen he has found a true friend to lean on in times of physical stress.

Over 21,000 Physicians, having proven its worth in actual practice, have written endorsements of Sanatogen, as have also thousands of active men and women, such as

John Burroughs	Mme. Sarah Grand
Sir Gilbert Parker	Mme. Olive Schreiner
Col. Henry Watterson	Lady Henry Somerset

You, too, will find Sanatogen the aid you need. A few weeks' use will surely convince you.

* * *

Send for interesting booklet touching on Sanatogen's kindly help and giving many interesting aids in the quest for contentment and better health. This book is FREE. Address the Bauer Chemical Co., Inc., 30-R Irving Place, New York.

Sold by Drug Stores everywhere in three sizes—$1.00, $1.90, $3.60. No advance in prices.

THE FOOD-TONIC APPROVED BY SCIENCE

SANATOGEN

ENDORSED BY OVER 21,000 PHYSICIANS

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RIVETS AND MEN

throes of stricken nations and our own solemn pledges to our Allies, call for ships. But the fulfilment of our promise rests not alone in the hands of the Emergency Fleet Corporation; it rests in the hands of a nation still waiting its summons to arouse. It rests in the hands of a nation still thinking in terms of months, when each hour is written in the blood and agony of women and children and the shattered bodies of other nations' fighting men. It rests in the hands of a nation prodigal of resources, yet more prodigal in its wastage of the priceless treasures of efficiency and time.

The righteous cause, the nation's ungrudged money—these already lie back of the contracts of the Emergency Fleet. But the man-power which alone shall launch the keels that will make safe the world for Democracy, must be summoned to its task by the united nation's peremptory voice.

A Program

ENGLAND'S many failures and successes in her mobilization of war industries are an open text-book for her American ally.

If America is not only to build ships, but to equip them, every constructive force of industrial organization must be united to furnish the shipyard and its tributaries with the stable man-power which the Emergency Fleet Corporation still needs.

Since lack of foresight has made the housing problem the most serious handicap at the new and expanded ship-producing plant, and since the ten million dollars available for emergency measures has already proved inadequate to give relief, there should be immediate appropriation of a preliminary fifty million dollars and the appointment of a Commission, to carry out plans for the erection of forty thousand homes, first formulated by the Committee on Labor, and perfected by the Housing Committee of the Council of National Defense.

Since the loss of working efficiency, the increase of the labor turnover, and absence are largely attributable to lack of physical working essentials in the ship-producing plant, there should be immediate appropriation and the appointment of a Welfare Commission, for the standardization of adequate welfare, sanitary and safety provisions, including toilets, dressing and wash-room shelters, first-aid hospitals, and lunch-rooms, in connection with the Emergency Fleet Corporation's yards and tributary plants.

Since lack of transportation facilities is an almost universal barrier to the "dilution" of the shipyard's forces and the adoption of needed extra shifts, there should be immediate clearance probably by means of regulations by the Priorities and War Industries Boards, of transportation for the shipyard employees, through changes in the opening and closing hour-schedules of local less essential plants.

Since several months must pass before adequate housing facilities become available, there should be the immediate organization of local Clearing-Houses, consisting of committees made up of a resident employer and a representative of labor, together with a Federal representative, chosen by the United States Shipping Board.

Such committees, with the cooperation of Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade and Employment Service Agencies, should organize a balanced system of transfer of housed workers from local non-war industries, so that immediate assimilation may be assured in the shipyard, without undue hardship to the operator of the non-essential factory or the worker so transferred.

Since the stabilizing of labor is a prime essential for production, and variations in wage and hours tend to increase the turnover by "scamping" or labor competition among the ship-producing plants, there should be immediate Government standardization with the cooperation of organized labor, of the maximum wage and hours of employment in the various yards of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, based on local living and wage conditions in the districts in which such Government standardization is made.

Since the trained worker is essential for the speeded production of tonnage, there should be immediate appropriation for the extension of the Emergency Fleet Corporation's training-school program; to include the financing and utilization of all established state or other technical, trade and vocational training facilities, together with the organization and financing of vestibule schools in ship-producing yards and mills, and additional schools for the practical intensive training of shipbuilders, toolmakers and machinists, for the contributary shops.

Since service in the shipyard is now of paramount importance, there should be the immediate exemption of all ship-mechanics and others working on ship fittings and ship material who are now subject to the draft.

Since the dilution of labor is essential to speeded production, and since the restrictions of the closed shop, discrimination against "unfair" materials, and against non-union labor and limitation of output are insuperable barriers to the scale of production required by the nation's lack of transport and merchant-marine ships, there should be immediate agreement between representatives of the Government, the Emergency Fleet Corporation, and organized labor, as to suspension of shop rules, in addition to the abandonment of the strike and lock-out, during the entire period of the continuance of the war.

Since skilled labor should be increasingly available for ship-producing industries, there should be the immediate organization of volunteers from the questionnaire of the selective draft. Such volunteers to be under the jurisdiction of the Draft Board and War Industries Board, and used so far as possible in or near their home localities, and at the regular wage established for the district to which they are assigned.

Since the provision of an adequate supply of labor is requisite for enlarging the ship-producing forces of the Emergency Fleet Corporation's yards and plants, there should be immediate extension of a unified Federal Employment Service throughout the industrial districts of the United States.

The Vital Issue

THOUGH man-power is still the vital lack in the Emergency Fleet Corporation's program, the way to its securing may be cleared by the organization of all available machinery for the preliminaries of mobilization.

There could be no more serious delay to the balanced speeding-up of ship-building contracts than is promised by a radical "starving" process of non-essential industries, through the withholding of raw materials by means of blanket orders issued by the Priorities Board. Until the worker so released can be placed without delay not only where he is needed, but where he can be housed, trained and advantageously employed, a congested labor market will but serve to lower production by forced and unassimilated "dilution," and to increase the turnover, with all the social as well as trade demoralization involved. It is not merely a question of building hulls at one hundred and thirty-two shipyards; it is the equally vital question of first building up their tributary forces of skilled machinists in engine-shops, in boiler plants, and trained workers in structural steel and plate mills, and in other related industries.

Our six million tons must come from the melting-pot of a hundred widely scattered industries; and the machinery of the Priorities Board, and the War Industries Board, must feed them not only a steady flow of material, but cooperate to enable the feeding of a regulated supply of immediately available men.

But though the speeding of ships is

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Hugh Britling's Letter to His Father Offers a Powerful Suggestion to Every American

Hugh, that fine lad—son of Mr. Britling—went out with the first contingent of troops from England. He never came back. As told by Mr. Wells, it is one of those poignant little private incidents that form the tragedy and the glory of war. If you want to know what experiences *your* boy will go through, if you want to know how he will *feel* in the thick of it, if you want to help him all you can—as of course you do—recall what Hugh Britling wrote to his father! In one packed paragraph, he reveals more clearly what your boy will go through than you can ever learn in any other way. This is what he wrote:

"War is an exciting game—it excites once in a couple of months. And the rest of it is dirt and muddle and boredom, and smashed houses and spoilt roads and muddy scenery and boredom, and the lumbering along of supplies and the lumbering back of the wounded and weary—and boredom, and continual vague guessing of how it will end, and boredom and boredom and boredom—and thinking of the work you were going to do . . . . and the waste of life and the waste of days and boredom, and . . . . stink everywhere, stink and dirt and boredom. . . . So send me some books . . . . and send them soon, and address them very carefully."

Soldiers Are Idle Three-Fourths of the Time

Wait for a few months. You will get letters like this from your boy. He will go through these identical experiences. Soldiers are idle most of the time, waiting, waiting, waiting to attack or to be attacked. No one at home can realize that the lonesomeness and the homesickness, and the emptiness of their time is harder for them to bear than all the physical hardships. Imagine *your* soldier crouched for hours under heavy shelling—sometimes for days and nights without relief—waiting, almost endless waiting, with nothing to occupy his mind. Then, into the front-line trenches, and over the top, through frightful fire, horrible sights, grewsome experiences and again back to the agonizing waiting, to brood over what he saw, to grow morose, to wonder if there is a God, to suffer mental torture that often destroys the reason. We, at home, can do our boys no greater service than to keep their minds away from what they have gone through.

General Pershing Cables for Books

In England they understand this. They have been close to the war. England's sons, by the hundred thousands, have been through the mill. And England has sent over 11,000,000 books to men in the trenches. The French Government, in a list of articles men should supply themselves with, put down books as one of the first necessities. Our own troops had been abroad but a short time when General Pershing cabled for books. Books will keep your boy from brooding—will keep him in touch with a sane world—will keep his mind normal. You have a boy in service—a brother, a son, a friend, send him books if you send him anything. Keep his mind off the strain of lonesomeness, homesickness and the almost endless waiting, waiting, waiting.

Pocket-Size Volumes Needed

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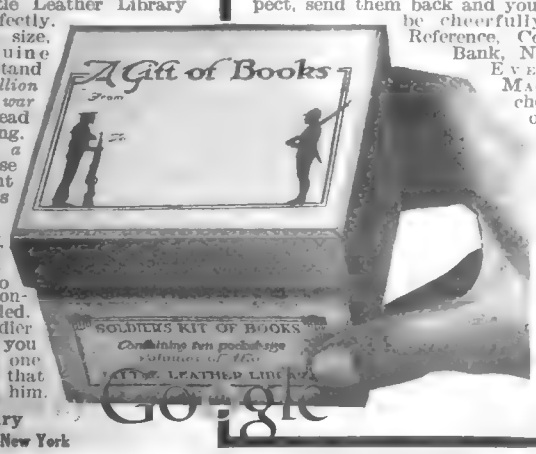

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now known to mean the correlated speeding of housing, transportation, labor transfer exchanges, industrial training-schools, and the standardization of physical working essentials in the shipyard and its interrelated plants, the Government can not longer limit its functions to appropriation and military exemption. It must face the vital problem which neither the Emergency Fleet Corporation nor its employes can hope to solve.

The Government's solemn obligation to safeguard by all reasonable precautions the bodies of those in its military or industrial ranks, is no more binding than the obligation laid upon the soldier or the war-emergency worker, whatever his means or training, to safeguard the freedom of the country he is called upon to serve. Without the response of English labor, not all the genius of Kitchener could have changed the early record of defeat.

Without the immediate and unflagging service of American labor, American capital and American engineering genius, the triumph of Prussian militarism may yet be sealed by the conclusion of a premature peace.

The war for Democracy must be won by universal service, which shall know no distinction of class or creed or race. Only a united nation, loyal to the common cause which calls us to the battle-fields of devastated Europe, can guarantee fulfilment of our promise to our Allies of munitions, of food, and of fighting men.

Labor must be safeguarded; but national policies are paramount. Neither capital nor labor dare fail for service when called upon for aid. The recruiting of labor from the questionnaires of the selective draft may be forced by our lack of industrial foresight, and service in the shipyard may yet be called upon to balance the service of the trench.

But whether commandeered as a recruit, or under voluntary service, the question of wage, of hours, and of continuity of employment can no longer be left to the element of chance. Whatever be the machinery created to supply workers to our essential war industries, *these vital industries must be assured their unfluctuating complement of men.*

Without coordinated regulations by the Government, by employers, and by labor, of the standards controlling working conditions, wage, and continuous service during the war, our Emergency keels will be laid upon the quicksands of shifting man-power, rather than upon the substantial ways which alone can launch our promised ships.

This is to-day the paramount issue. The human factor must be as certain as the guarantee of steel and wood.

Ships will win the war. American ships must win it!

Though they be built with blood and iron, we dare not fail to float our six million tons.

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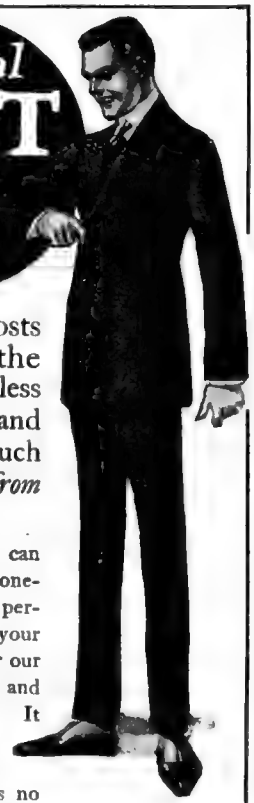

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OUR FIRST WOUNDED

By ALFRED M. BRACE

IT SEEMED more like the accident ward in an American city hospital than a ward of wounded American soldiers in France. The two rows of American boys seemed strangely and pathetically out of place as they lay or half-reclined on their cots, in the little town not far from the American front in France, where we visited them. And this was our first little group of a dozen-odd American wounded of the war.

"Attention!" called the youthful hospital orderly, as he saluted the medical officer coming through the doorway. The men adjusted themselves—those who could—and turned to look at the officer. He passed quickly from one cot to another, throwing back a cover to look at a wound, leaning over a bed to catch the words of a soldier who could not talk loudly, and giving orders for the care of another.

The orderly followed him.

"What's this man's wound?"

"Shrapnel through the feet, sir," said the orderly and wounded man together. The officer looked at the bandaged foot and passed on to another bed.

"How are you to-night?" he said, looking down at a man whose face was drawn with the pain of his wound.

"Pretty well, sir," responded the wounded man. "But I'd give all I've got to be able to change and lie over on my side."

"We'll have you fixed up pretty soon," added the officer, comfortingly, and moved on to another.

"Grenade, sir," said the orderly as they came to the next, whose face was pockmarked and whose hands were wounded. He replied in a whisper to the questions of the officer.

"This case is a shell wound in the head," explained the orderly, as they came to a boy sitting up and looking quite happy.

"Vait till I get dose Germans," he said to us as we passed, in accents that sounded to me very much like those I had often heard in Milwaukee. "I'll make 'um pay for dis."

In the corner bed was a poor fellow with only his mouth showing through the swathe of bandage around his head. He had other wounds, too, from a grenade, and was going to lose an eye.

There were not many of them—a mere dozen, with an additional five or six with sprained ankles or bruises. But they were much more impressive to American eyes than a hospital ward of a thousand French *blessés* would have been. One is used to the sight of wounded French soldiers. There have been so many of them scattered over France. One finally comes to accept them as the terrible but inevitable wreckage of this war, of which France has borne the brunt.

The American soldier, however, has not yet become the familiar adjunct of a war hospital. He has not yet lost his individuality among thousands of others sharing the same fate. He seems the victim of some cruel mistake, even to one intensely pro-Ally.

A Red Triangle Man arrived in a car and brought in an armful of books and magazines. Another trip to the auto, and this time a phonograph was produced and a box of records. The adjustment was a matter of two minutes. The orderlies were opening the records. The first one proved to be "Quit Your Ticklin', Jock." It was real laughter that the record produced, laughter that became uproarious.

And, as Harry Lauder laughed from the record disk, the pale faces of the men in the beds lighted up into a smile which grew broader and broader, until the appeal became irresistible even to wounded men. Their own laughter broke out and ran around the room. They had forgotten their wounds.

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IN THE DARK DAYS

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

I AM afraid and sad—but I will meet
And master fear—aye, will rejoice in it
As glorious occasion to be strong;
Will sing triumphant from the miry pit
Of doubt—will own but not accept defeat;
And though, as the adventure's final cost,
The worn-out garment of my soul be lost,
God will not lose the struggle and the song.

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Olive Thomas
living up to the title in
"Betty Takes a Hand"
Triangle Photoplay

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Try this sure way to give your complexion the clear, colorful beauty you want so much. Get a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream tonight and use it a few minutes each day. Just "any" cream that merely softens and cleanses will not bring the beauty for which you long. Every complexion needs a cream that has, in addition, a distinct therapeutic quality. It is this healing and corrective quality that makes Ingram's Milkweed Cream most desirable for your complexion. That is why it is important for you to insist on Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Use it steadily, a few days will often show great improvement. As you pass your druggist's stop in and ask for Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

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Olive Thomas

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Send us 10c in stamps for our Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder and Perfume in Guest Room sizes. (73)

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EDGAR WALLACE

SOLDIER-JOURNALIST

EDGAR WALLACE, the author of the "Tam o' the Scoots" stories, is a well-known English journalist and war correspondent who has lived very nearly everywhere and has "friends from Teheran to the Manhattan Hotel." By his own resource and his Irish sixth sense, he rose from a newsboy to be editor of the London *Evening News*, when he was twenty-nine. He was connected for many years with the British army, as private, medical officer, and war correspondent. In 1896, in the Mashonaland Rebellion, he received the unparalleled honor—for a private soldier—of being thanked by the British Admiralty for his care of the wounded. He tells a story of an emergency amputation which he was called upon to perform in this campaign.

"I'm blessed if I like this," he said to his emergency assistant, a rough-and-ready Cockney soldier; "there isn't an anesthetic in the medicine chest."

"What's an anesthetic?" asked the puzzled soldier.

"Something to make him insensible," said Wallace.

"Oh, that's all right," said Tommy, brightening up. "I'll 'it 'im on the 'ead with an 'ammer!"

Fortunately a "dope" was discovered and the operation was successfully performed.

As a result of war activities he knows more about the English soldier than any other writer except Kipling. And no other, except Kipling, is as well known to the English soldier. His book, "Smithy," published in 1905, has been read by almost every Tommy.

At the time Wallace was a young soldier in South Africa he was invited to dinner by Kipling, who had become interested in the poems Wallace was contributing to the local papers. Kipling's advice to him was, "Your stuff is all right. What you want now is a little spit and polish."

Wallace left the army just before the beginning of the Boer War and was sent to the front as correspondent for the London *Daily Mail*. Within two years he had raised his salary from the three dollars a week of the army to ten thousand dollars a year. He obtained for his paper the greatest "beat" of the war—the peace terms, before they were officially made known. He has been called the Sherlock Holmes of war correspondents. This story of his report on the Algeciras Conference explains his right to the title.

During this conference, which was to decide the fate of Morocco, there was a rumor among the small army of newspaper men that the King of Italy had laid before the conference certain suggestions which the ministers had accepted. There was a frantic rush to the telegraph office to wire news of the settlement.

The correspondents had seen the Italian Secretary go to the private telegraph office and hand in his dispatch. Wallace went alone to the office.

"I want to send a wire to London," he said. "When will you have a clear line?"

The clerk looked at his desk. "I've fifty words a 'confidential' here," he said, "that will take me half an hour to send. I could wire three or four words for you, but nothing longer."

"That's enough," said Wallace; "wire '*Daily Mail*, London: Italian effort conciliation abortive.' "

This proved to be true; the other news men said he had guessed it, but Wallace explains his certainty of the facts in this way:

"I knew the King of Italy was keen on his ambassador's settling the dispute; I knew that he wired certain proposals to be immediately placed before the conference. Why, then, should the ambassador take twenty pages to answer if he was successful? If he had persuaded the conference, he would have sent two wires. One short 'hooray' wire, and one how-I-did-it wire. No hooray wire went—hence the expression 'cold feet.' "

Mr. Wallace is not only one of the best-known European war correspondents, he is also a novelist and an authority on race-horses. His publications include fourteen novels, a "History of Russia in the Eighteenth Century," two books of verse, ten plays, a great many short stories and a hand-book of the turf.

MR. WALLACE believes that the best way of making people understand a situation is by telling a little story. The situation that is to be understood just now is war. In a recent letter to a friend in America he says:

If I were a rich man, or even if I could afford to leave my work in England, I would tour the United States and tell them nothing but soldier stories. I should not attempt to give any more than a sketch of the strategical position, though I think I should impress upon the audiences the difficulty of the task not only of ourselves but of the United States, and I should devote the remainder of my lecture to stories both humorous and grave of Tommy in most amazing circumstances. What I am trying to do in the American magazines is to give a picture of war conditions as they actually exist. In EVERYBODY'S I am running a faithful description of the spirit which animates the flying corps.

These stories to which Wallace refers, about *Tam*, the Clyde workman who became the mascot of a certain wing of the Royal Flying Corps, represent actual happenings at the front, and *Tam* is drawn from a real individual, though names and places are necessarily fictitious.

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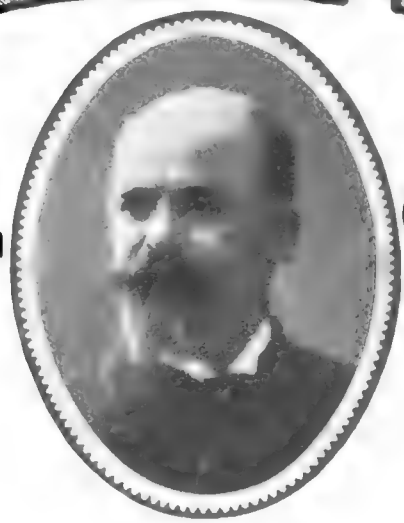
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM



"That attack of dyspepsia of which you are complaining is due to one of two causes.

Either you have over eaten or you have been working under a nervous strain. For food will not properly digest when you go to your meals with nerves on edge.

There isn't anything serious about this form of indigestion and the simplest sort of treatment should bring immediate relief.

For years, I always recommended the use of pepsin in such cases until, in later years when I had put pepsin into chewing gum, I suggested to my patients that they chew a stick of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum for ten minutes after each meal.

Pepsin is good for stomach ailments, while the chewing of the gum acts as a nerve tonic."

CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

D. E. Beeman

Doctor E. E. Beeman

Made in Canada, by the Canadian Chewing Gum Company, Limited

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DAVIDA'S UNCLE

(*Continued from page 51*)

on the guest-room walls. When Bert had come in from the barn, and "washed up," Davida had not appeared.

"Must be pretty sleepy," Mrs. Furness ventured.

For the first week-day morning, she waited breakfast. The clock on the dining-room mantel went slowly around fifteen minute spaces. Mrs. Furness went to the stairway.

"Davida?"

"Yes, Grandma," a weak response came down the stairs.

Something in the tone, as it reached the trained ear of the woman, drew her up the narrow staircase. Davida was in bed, staring with large round eyes at the sunlight on the ceiling. She did not look around. Her face seemed wan, even against the white pillow and the yellow curls.

"Sleepy?" Mrs. Furness asked, going over to sit on the edge of the bed.

Without looking at her, Davida took a hand from beneath the quilt and slipped it into hers.

"I think I'd like to go home, Grandma."

Mrs. Furness's lips quivered; but she smiled cheerily, patted the hand, and rose briskly.

"Of course, of course," she assented brightly. "It won't be long now. Now you must get up. You don't want to be late for school, you know."

"I've never been tardy," Davida agreed listlessly.

She removed the covers, sitting up with her hands braced behind her. Suddenly she sank back onto the pillow.

"I guess I'll stay here a while," she announced.

"All right," cheerily. "Better take another nap."

She tucked the bedclothes about the frail body, felt the warm forehead, then hurried from the room, to dispatch Bert hastily for Charlie Gray.

Half an hour later, the young doctor was speaking quietly to Bert.

"Better wire Fanny at once. Of course, it may not be anything at all, but, Bert, I think too much of Fanny to— These fevers, you know——"

Bert nodded, turning.

"By the way," Gray stopped him, "let me—do part of it."

Bert smiled palely with a shake of his head as he hastened down the road.

The three days before Fanny's arrival were slow ones. Davida lay quietly, strangely silent, in her room. Charlie Gray had turned over most of his practise to old Doctor Seeley. Every day after school Lallie Trandall joined them, slipping simply into the hushed routine of the household. "A pair of younger hands won't hurt any," she explained as she set to work. As he saw her going about her tasks, Bert wondered more than ever that Lallie was without a home of her own; and vaguely, though he did not know it, he wondered, too, at the subtle change she wrought in his. But Bert's mind was on the child up-stairs those days, and if he had time for sympathy, it went to Fanny Thomas, speeding across the continent.

Until the time of her arrival, he had not left the house since the morning he telegraphed her. The fresh spring air was bracing. It carried him back to the spring when David Aikens, young, handsome, irresponsible, had swept Fanny away in the spell of his charm. Odd, to be going now to meet Fanny Aikens. At least, he would not allude to the change; he wouldn't bother Fanny with the fact that after ten years, his pulse quickened at the idea of seeing her.

The woman who stepped from the train startled him. She was the old Fanny Thomas, and yet—perhaps it was the whiteness of her face, or the indefinable traces of struggle; whatever the cause, she was also very different. Her voice, at least, was the same—buoyant, eager, bell-like.

"I got your messages at La Junta and Kansas City and Chicago. Is she—just the same?"

"Charlie thinks she's better."

"Dear old Charlie! And what a brick you've been, Bert! I can't——"

"Don't," said Bert, intending kindness.

He felt her swift glance, but did not wish to meet her eyes. Reaching into her purse, she drew out an envelope.

"I'd rather do this while we're alone. That's an order from the telegraph company. I didn't have to use it. But I can't tell you, Bert, how much I appreciate it, and all you have done, just the same."

"That's all right," he muttered, thrusting the envelope into a pocket.

They went on in silence.

After the first sight of her mother, Davida grew better. Charlie Gray spoke of a crisis during the three days' vigil; but Mrs. Furness wondered if, after all, doctors knew everything. A week later, the household was the same again—except, of course, that there were four of them instead of three. Sitting across from Fanny at table, Bert avoided the level glance of her eyes. He had been able to look at Lallie Trandall, and admire; he could only look away from Fanny.

Their talk was impersonal. It was as if she were farther away than when the dictated letters had carried his thoughts by post. This was, of course, as he had planned. Fanny was there by chance. He did not wish to mar her visit. Yet sometimes, as he heard her singing in the kitchen, or helping Davida with her lessons, he paused in his work, feeling the subtle irony of her presence in his home.

STANDING TENSE IN THE SHADOW, BERT WAS HELD, AN UNWILLING TRESPASSER

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The Picture From Home

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

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DAVIDA'S UNCLE

Thus Fanny's stay quickly shortened. It was the day before she and Davida were to leave. All morning Fanny and his mother had been packing up, crowding Davida's things into the trunk he had shouldered almost a year before; and in the afternoon Charlie Gray came with his roadster to take Fanny about the country, calling on people she had known. It was already dusk when Bert heard the snap of the motor at the door. He made his way toward the front yard through the growing darkness.

He stopped abruptly. The lilac bushes sheltered him from the two at the steps.

"All right, Fanny," Charlie's constrained words came distinct in the quiet evening, "I understand. I didn't expect you to love me the way you did him, but I thought maybe there might be two kinds of love."

Bert, standing tense in the shadows, was held, an unwilling trespasser.

"I'm sorry," Fanny was saying. "You can't know how sorry I am about —everything." There was a pause; then she added, as if commenting to herself on Charlie's words: "No, we can't love, not really, more than once, I'm afraid."

Bert did not hear more. He stumbled through the darkness toward the square of light from the kitchen window. It was as if he had inadvertently gone there to hear words meant for him, too.

At supper, however, he was jovial, with the veneer of gaiety that covers secret hurts. They sat around the sitting-room table afterward, chatting; and when Davida's bedtime came, he carried her, according to custom, seated astride his shoulders. He left her with Fanny, and joined his mother in the kitchen, with no outward trace of the thoughts racing through his mind. Yet, as he was lighting her candle, the slight, white-haired woman placed a placid, understanding hand on his arm.

"Good night," she said, her tone somehow meaning something more.

"'Night, Mother," bending to kiss the pale lips. He held her hand a moment, squeezed it, and added: "You're a great little mother!"

There was a step behind them. Fanny stood in the doorway, her large brown eyes smiling wistfully.

"That's what we'd all like to be, great little mothers," she said.

"It's the only beautiful thing about getting old — having children," remarked Mrs. Furness softly, as, candle in hand, she went slowly to the hallway, and up the stairs.

Fanny looked after the older woman. The man stared at the shadow patterns from the wall lamp.

"My mother was just like that, too," Fanny mused. "After all, I suppose the nicest thing about mothers is that they're—mothers." Her words seemed far away, as if she were thinking of many things. Her eyelashes quivered, though there were no tears behind them. "They tell me the first place Davida wanted to see was the old house. It was the only place I was afraid to see. But I think I'd like to go up there, now—before I leave."

Bert went to the door. The room was very quiet. The grating of the key rasped above the ticking of the clock; but when he swung the door open, the myriad noises of the unquiet night came to them in mellifluous discords—the soprano of crickets, the baritone of frogs, the bass rumble of the lake. The woman went slowly down the steps and onto the lawn, already dewy; and the man fell in beside her, so that they made their way across the fields, side by side, without words, until they reached the familiar path zigzagging up the slope.

"If you don't mind," Fanny suggested dreamily, "I'd like to go on alone, I think."

Bert leaned against the rail fence and waited. He watched her slow climb to the summit, a slim white figure in the moonlight. He saw her move among the trees in the yard, up to the deserted veranda, back again into the neglected garden; but when she came to the summer-house, he closed his eyes, and only opened them again to stare at the impassive dunes, yellow against the opalescent haze of the lake. He mechanically reached in his pocket for a cigar, and lighted it. He had drawn it to a stub when he heard Fanny's descending steps close behind him.

FOR A MOMENT SHE WAS SILENT, GAZING AT THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Her face was calm and radiant. He thought he had never seen her more beautiful. Suddenly he knew he had not understood her because he had been trying to find the girl to whom he was engaged ten years ago; and in trying, he had overlooked the woman. He understood this woman, for he, too, had changed since that other spring. The fragrance of the blossoms, the whiteness of the moonlight were the same; but they were the settings of youth, and youth was something that had slipped from them. Something else, something firmer and subtler, had supplanted it. He was a man facing a woman. He could talk to her. Perhaps he might even——

"I'm glad I went up there," she was saying. "I was afraid it would be hard, but it wasn't. I have only one regret; I did you a wrong, and I'm sorry."

He leaned against the fence rail, and met her level glance calmly.

"You married the man you loved," he said simply. "That wasn't wrong."

"But whenever I've thought of home," she went on, "I've thought of you. And whenever I've thought of you, it always seemed as if you were what a man ought to be. It may seem inconsistent, but that has made me feel that—what I did—might have altered you."

No, he mused slowly, "when you went away with David, I was glad,

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DAVIDA'S UNCLE

because I wanted you to be happy. Sounds kind of sentimental, but I don't mean it to. It didn't change me, Fanny. I just went on living."

"It hasn't—mattered, then?"

"No."

As he answered, she glanced at him furtively. In that moment, he felt instinctively that their mood was changing.

"We're going back to-morrow," she began matter-of-factly. "I can never, never forget all that you have done for us. Davida never really knew her daddy. In a way, you've taken that place with her. She's an odd little creature, but she's got a grown-up head, and I sometimes suspect she understands a lot more than we think she does. She stayed here to help me, because she remembered—well, we've had some hard sledding, Davida and I. I'm not complaining," she hurried on, "but when I married David, I didn't tell you. I ran away. It was a case of girlish thoughtlessness; cruelty, if you choose. I've always been sorry I wasn't squarer. I may be going back to be married now, and I want to tell you first of all. I want you to know I'm doing it for the kiddie."

The words, terse and frank, stunned the man beside her. He felt a strange dulling of his senses, a sort of surrender to futility.

"It's Mr.—the congressman Davida talks about?"

She nodded. "Mr. Melchers. You'd like him, Bert. He's made his way up from the bottom, been educated with hard knocks. Already they're talking about the Senate for him, and while he doesn't know it, he needs something he hasn't got before he gets there. It's what any woman—the right kind, I mean—can give him. So you see, in addition to Davida, there's Mr. Melchers himself to consider. I suppose I'll marry him."

"You—love him?"

The slim white figure turned to look into his eyes, then quickly looked away again.

"There are several kinds of love, Bert. Real love—I'm afraid that's something we have only once, and it stays with us."

Once more Bert could hear her reply to Charlie Gray; and again he felt its finality.

"I hope you'll be happy."

"I'd like to see you that, too. I thought when I first came, when I saw how Lallie Trandall fitted into——"

"Lord, Fanny, it's getting late! See that light over in our house? That's in mother's room. She's waiting up for us."

AT EIGHT-FIFTEEN in the morning, a shrill voice hailed Bert, bending, hoe in hand, over his early garden.

"So *long*, Uncle Bert!"

On the back doorstep, hands waving in the sunshine, was Davida.

"So long! Be careful," he called back as usual, then added suddenly: "Where you going?"

"To school. Going to say good-by to Miss Trandall. So long!"

He watched the yellow head disappear into the house. For a moment he remained gazing at the empty doorway; then he let the hoe slip to the ground, and walked thoughtfully to the porch. From somewhere within he could hear the same shrill valedictory:

"So long, Grandma! So *long*, Mother!"

Then the scurry of small feet on the front steps. Slowly a realization came to him. This was a final "so long." Davida was going to school, as usual, at eight-fifteen in the morning. She would come from school, hungry, at eleven-forty-five; but she would not go back. When the bell rang clear over the fields, he would be driving her to the station. She would be sitting between him and Fanny, perched on the seat where she had sat ten months before, chattering him into bachelor dismay. And he would drive home over that road alone. He had come to think that Davida belonged to them. And of course she didn't. No one belonged to them.

He went into the kitchen, crossing to the pump. Dipper in hand, he looked down at the breakfast dishes, neatly piled beside the sink. His eye fell on a silver mug, a small knife and fork. He hung the dipper back on its nail. Rather awkwardly, he tiptoed into the sitting-room. Overhead, he could hear voices, and the thud of a trunk-lid being forced shut. The house seemed strangely still, as if anticipating the quiet about to settle upon it. Over in the bay-window, the desk where he had written to Davida's laborious dictations was ominously closed. He hurried into the open air, standing on the front "stoop" beside the lilacs. Far down the road, he could see the glint of sunshine golden under a red tam-o'-shanter. Then Bert Furness, thirty or so, full-grown, leaned against a pillar while his shoulders trembled and his throat tightened as they had not done since boyhood.

A hand touched his sleeve lightly. "Bert," a soft voice whispered.

There were tears in Fanny's eyes, great, honest tears that a woman did not need to hide. They coursed down over the pinkness of her cheeks.

"Bert, do you care that much?"

"Care?" cried Bert, striving to cover his display of weakness with words. "Don't you suppose that because a man hasn't kids of his own, he can't *care* about 'em!"

"Bert," looking up at him with wide, round eyes, "when a man cares that much, he—ought to have children of his own."

She stopped short, the disks of color flaming in her cheeks. Looking down at her, at her wonderful brown eyes and soft brown hair, at her lovely face and slim, womanly figure, Bert felt his restraint wavering. He clenched his hands. But he could not clench his words.

"Fanny," he exclaimed almost fiercely, "don't you know it's because she's *yours* that——"

"Do you mean——"

But it was not necessary now for them to speak. With unwavering eyes they looked into each other's thoughts, and understood. He slowly reached out his arms, and she sank into his embrace.

"Bert," she whispered, "I didn't dream this. I thought maybe—last night, when I said——"

"You said last night that real love came only once."

"I think I've always loved you, Bert. Real love *stays*."

"Like Davida!" he laughed suddenly, gently turning her head until they were both looking down the road to the cupola of the schoolhouse.

An important message from Major Steever—now of the Signal Corps—to the High School Volunteers of the United States is found on page 126. Every Volunteer who wants to do something of vital importance for Uncle Sam—and what Volunteer does not?—should read this. Page 126.

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"MOST stenographers do not earn the salaries they get. The work of many is full of mistakes or erasures. To send it out as it stands reflects badly upon the house and to correct it means added expense and delay. The work of others, though accurate, is so slow that the cost of a single letter, when figured out, is almost impossibly high.

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THE TULLOSS SCHOOL [illegible]

TAM O' THE SCOOTS—*Continued from page 54*

Von Mahl was decidedly not happy. His commandant found him rather pale and shaking, sitting in his room. He leaped up as von Zeiglemann entered, clicked his heels and saluted. Without a word the commandant took the letter from his hand and read:

If ye go to Germany A'll follow ye. If ye gae hame to yeer mither A'll find the house and bomb ye. A'll never leave ye, McMahl.
TAM THE AVENGER.

"So!" was von Zeiglemann's comment.

"It is rascality! It is monstrous!" squeaked the lieutenant. "It is against the rules of war! What shall I do, Herr Captain?"

"Go up and find Tam and shoot him," said Zeiglemann dryly. "It is a simple matter."

"But—but—do you think—do you believe——?"

Zeiglemann nodded.

"I think he will keep his word. Do not forget, Herr Lieutenant, that Tam brought down von Müller, the greatest airman that the Fatherland ever knew."

"Von Müller!"

The young man's face went a shade paler. The story of von Müller and his feud with an "English" airman and of the disastrous sequel to that feud, was common knowledge throughout Germany.

Walking back to Command Headquarters, von Zeiglemann expressed his private views to his confidant.

"If Tam can scare this money-bag back to Frankfurt, he will render us a service."

"He asked me where I thought he would be safe—he is thinking of asking for a transfer to the eastern front," said Zeiglemann's assistant.

"And you said——"

"I told him that the only safe place was a British prison camp."

"Please the good God he reaches there," said Zeiglemann piously, "but he will be a fortunate man if he ever lands alive from a fight with Tam. Do not, I command you, allow him to go up alone. We must guard the swine—keep him in the formation."

Von Zeiglemann went up in his roaring little single-seater and ranged the air behind the German lines, seeking Tam. By sheer luck he was brought down by a chance Archie shell and fell with a sprained ankle in the German support-trenches, facing Armentiers.

"A warning to me to leave Mahl to fight his own quarrels," he said as he limped from the car which had been sent to bring him in.

There comes to every man to whom has been interpreted the meaning of fear a moment of exquisite doubt in his own courage, a bewildering collapse of faith that begins in uneasy fears and ends in blind panic. Von Mahl had courage—an airman can not be denied that quality whatever his nationality may be—but it was a mechanical valor based upon an honest belief in the superiority of the average German over all—friends or rivals.

He had come to the flying service from the Corps of the Guard; to the Corps of the Guard from the atmosphere of High Finance, wherein men reduce all values to the denomination of the mark and appraise all virtues by the currency of the country in which that virtue is found.

His supreme confidence in the mark evaporated under the iron rule of a colonel who owned three lakes and a range of mountains and an adjutant who had four surnames and used them all at once.

His confidence in the superiority of German arms, somewhat shaken at Verdun, revived after his introduction to the flying service, attained to its zenith at the moment when he incurred the prejudices of Tam, and from that moment steadily declined.

The deterioration of morale in a soldier is a difficult process to reduce to description. It may be said that it has its beginnings in respect for your enemy and reaches its culminating point in contempt for your comrades. Before you reach that point you have passed well beyond the stage when you had any belief in yourself.

Von Mahl had arrived at the level of descent when he detached himself from his comrades and sat brooding, his knuckles to his teeth, reviewing his abilities and counting over all the acts of injustice to which he had been subjected.

Von Zeiglemann, watching him, ordered him fourteen days' leave, and the young officer accepted the privilege reluctantly.

There was a dear fascination in the danger, he imagined. He had twice crossed fire with Tam and now knew him, his machine, and his tactics almost intimately.

Von Mahl left for Brussels en route for Frankfurt and two days later occurred one of those odd accidents of war which have so often been witnessed.

Tam was detailed to make one of a strong raiding party which had as its objective a town just over the Belgian-German frontier. It was carried out successfully and the party was on its way home when Tam, who was one of the fighting escort, was violently engaged by two machines, both of which he forced down. In the course of a combat he was compelled to come to within a thousand feet of the ground and was on the point of climbing when, immediately beneath him a long military railway train emerged from a

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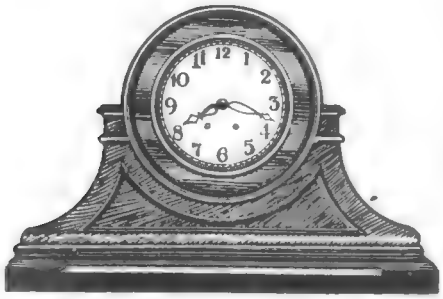

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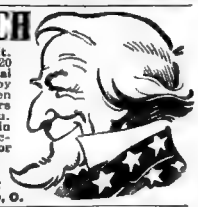

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tunnel. Tam carried no bombs, but he had two excellent machine guns, and he swooped joyously to the fray.

A few feet from the ground he flattened and, running in the opposite direction to that which the train was taking, he loosed a torrent of fire into the side of the carriages.

Von Mahl, looking from the window of a first-class carriage, saw in a flash the machine and its pilot—then the windows splintered to a thousand pieces and he dropped white and palpitating to the floor.

He came to Frankfurt to find his relations had gone to Karlsruhe, and followed them. The night he arrived Karlsruhe was bombed by a French squadron. . . . Von Mahl saw only a score of flying and vengeful Tams. He came back to the front broken in spirit and courage, "The only place you can be safe is an English internment camp."

He chewed his knuckles with fierce intentness and thought the matter over.

"A'm delayin' ma seventh warnin'," said Tam, "for A'm no' so sure that McMahl is aboot. A've no' seen the wee chiel for a gay lang time."

"Honestly, Tam," said young Craig (the last of the Craigs, his two brothers having been shot down over Lille), "do you really think you scare Fritz?"

Tam pulled at his cigar with a pained expression, removed the Corona from his mouth, eying it with a disappointed sneer, and sniffed disparagingly before he replied.

"Sir," he said, "the habits of the Hoon, or Gairman, ha'e been ma life study. Often in the nicht when ye gentlemen at the mess are smokin' bad seegairs an' playin' the gamblin' game o' bridge-whist, Tam o' the Scoots is workin' oot problems in Gairman psych—I forget the bonnie waird. There he sits, the wee man wi'oot so much as a seegair to keep him company—thank ye, sir, I'll not smoke it the noo, but 'twill be welcomed by one of the sufferin' mechanics—there sits Tam, gettin' into the mind, or substitute of the Hoon."

"But do you seriously believe that you have scared him?"

Tam's eyes twinkled.

"Mr. Craig, sir, what do ye fear wairst in the world?"

Craig thought a moment.

"Snakes," he said.

"An' if ye wanted to strafe a feller as bad as ye could, would ye put him amongst snakes?"

"I can't imagine anything more horrible," shuddered Craig.

" 'Tis the same with the Hoon. He goes in for frichtfulness because he's afraid of frichtfulness. He bombs little toons because he's scairt of his ain little toons bein' bombed. He believes we get the wind-up because he'd be feelin' wi' terror if we did the same thing to him. Ye can always scare a Hoon —that's ma theery, sir."

Craig had no further opportunity for discussing the matter, for the next morning he was "concussed" in mid-air and retained sufficient sense to bring his machine to the ground. Unfortunately the ground was in the temporary occupation of the German.

So Craig went philosophically into bondage.

He was taken to German Headquarters and handed over to von Zeiglemann's wing "for transport."

"This is Mr. von Mahl," introduced Zeiglemann gravely (they were going in to lunch); "you have heard of him."

Craig raised his eyebrows, for the spirit of mischief was on him.

"Von Mahl," he said with well-assumed incredulity; "why, I thought —oh, by the way, is to-day the sixteenth?"

"To-morrow is the sixteenth," snarled von Mahl. "What happens to-morrow, Herr Englishman?"

"I beg your pardon," said Craig politely; "I'm afraid I can not tell you —it would not be fair to Tam."

And von Mahl went out in a sweat of fear.

FROM somewhere overhead came a sound like the snarl of a buzz-saw as it bites into hard wood. Tam, who was walking along a deserted by-road, his hands in his breeches pockets, his forage cap at the back of his head, looked up and shaded his eyes. Something as big as a house-fly, and black at that, was moving with painful slowness across the skies.

Now, there is only one machine that makes a noise like a buzz-saw going about its lawful business, and that is a British battle-plane, and that this was such a machine, Tam knew.

Why it should be flying at that height and in a direction opposite to that in which the battle-line lay, was a mystery.

Usually a machine begins to drop as it reaches our lines, even though its destination may be far beyond the aerodromes immediately behind the line—even, as in this case, when it was heading straight for the sea and the English coast. Nor was it customary for an aeroplane bound for "Blighty" to begin its voyage from some point behind the German lines. Tam stood for fully five minutes watching the leisurely speck winging westward; then he retraced his steps to the aerodrome.

He found at the entrance a little group of officers who were equally interested.

"What do you make of that bus, Tam?" asked Blackie.

"She's British," said Tam cautiously.

He reached out his hands for the glasses that Blackie was offering, and

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focused them on the disappearing machine. Long and silently he watched her. The sun had been behind a cloud, but now one ray caught the aeroplane for a moment and turned her into a sparkling star of light. Tam put down his glasses.

"Yon's Mr. Craig's," he said impressively.

"Craig's machine? What makes you think so?"

"Sir," said Tam, "I wad know her anywheer. Yon's Mr. Craig's bus, right enough."

Blackie turned quickly and ran to his office. He spun the handle of the telephone and gave a number.

"That you, Calais? There's a Boche flying one of our machines gone in your direction—yes, one that came down in his lines last week. A Fairlight battle-plane. She's flying at sixteen thousand feet. Warn Dover."

He hung up the telephone and turned back.

Holiday-makers at a certain British coast town were treated to the spectacle of an alarm.

They gathered on the sands and on the front and watched a dozen English machines trekking upward in wide circles until they also were hovering specks in the sky. They saw them wheel suddenly and pass out to sea and then those who possessed strong glasses noted a new speck coming from the east and presently thirteen machines were mixed up and confused, like the spots that come before the eyes of some one afflicted with a liver.

From this pickle of dots one slowly descended and the trained observers standing at a point of vantage whooped for joy, for that which seemed a slow descent was, in reality, moving twice as fast as the swiftest express train and, moreover, they knew by certain signs that it was falling in flames.

A gray destroyer, its three stacks belching black smoke, cut through the sea and circled about the débris of the burning machine. A little boat danced through the waves and a young man was hauled from the wreckage uttering strange and bitter words of hate.

They took him down to the ward-room of the destroyer and propped him in the commander's armchair. A businesslike doctor dabbed two ugly cuts in his head with iodin and deftly encircled his brow with a bandage. A navigating lieutenant passed him a whisky-and-soda.

"If you speak English, my gentle lad," said the commander, "honor us with your rank, title and official number."

"Von Mahl," snapped the young man, "Royal Prussian Lieutenant of the Guard."

"You take our breath away," said the commander. "Will you explain why you were flying a British machine carrying the Allied marks?"

"I shall explain nothing," boomed the youth.

He was not pleasant to look upon, for his head was closely shaven and his forehead receded. Not to be outdone in modesty, his chin was also of a retiring character.

"Before I hand you over to the wild men of the Royal Naval Air Service, who, I understand, eat little things like you on toast, would you like to make any statement which will save you from the ignominious end which awaits all enterprising young heroes who come camouflaging as enterprising young Britons?"

Von Mahl hesitated.

"I came—because I saw the machine—it had fallen in our lines—it was an impulse."

He slipped his hand into his closely buttoned tunic and withdrew a thick wad of canvas-backed paper which, unfolded, revealed itself as a staff map of England.

This he spread on the ward-room table and the commander observed that at certain places little red circles had been drawn.

"Uppingleigh, Colnburn, Exchester," said the destroyer captain; "but these aren't places of military importance—they are German internment camps."

"Exactly!" said von Mahl; "that is where I go."

In this he spoke the truth, for to one of these he went.

THE COST

BY ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

SIX o'clock, when the homeward traffic of a city is heaviest from shops and offices. The street was crowded with people who, in their rush, bumped heedlessly against each other. Some smiled. Some went with fixed faces like masks. Motor-horns and car-bells blared and clanged in a medley of impatient sound. Through it all I wove my way—a little shuttle trailing my one frail thread through the pattern of the whole.

Then I heard him bawling of the wares he sold.

"Here you are!" he cried, his mouth incredibly big and twisted. "Here you are! Buy the American colors! Red! White! Blue! The colors that never run! Be a patriot! Buy your little Service-pin! Here you are!"

I stopped before him.

"How much are the Service-pins?" I asked.

"How many stars do you want on it?" said he, plunging his hand into the bag of them strung round his neck with a strap.

"Three," I told him proudly.

He held out the pin to me—a white square rimmed with red, three blue stars on its field; each star for one man of my blood who risks his life for America.

"It costs fifteen cents," said he; "a nickel a star."

Through a sort of haze I stared at him. "Fifteen cents!" he had said. "*A nickel a star.*"

And suddenly I seemed to see the oldest of the three: a desk-bound man with straight and pleasant lips and the comfortable ways of one who is happy among simple things. *There* had been no yearning for adventure, no restlessness. Yet how quickly he had gone just the same. Like a child, who hears a loved one calling him, he had closed his books and risen to answer—at once. One long look into steady eyes very like his own. Only one question: "You want me to go, Mother?" And the cry in answer: "My boy!"

And the other one—the second; he who is so gentle that babies nod wisely at him, as though there were some secret between them. I remember the winter night he brought the stray kitten home and fed it with warm milk—not a lot but—*not* too much.

by drop. Already his comrades in the Signal Corps complain because his horse follows him inside their tent. A man so generous that his touch holds a kind of healing. Yet he too has gone—to kill! Gone with the warmth of his heart blazing white hot from his eyes. When last I saw him, it seemed to me he was an arrow strung back on the bow to the head. The change in him!

Then the last to go—the youngest, the tallest, the straightest; his brows a little knit—puzzled—not wholly understanding this thing that told him to put his boyhood behind him and become, too soon, a man. Still, eager, frightened, and very brave—he went.

These stars of mine "*A nickel a piece; The three of them for fifteen cents!*" I thought I laughed. But maybe not, for through the dusk the vender peered at me strangely. Then—

"Can't pay?" he asked. "Too much?"

I fastened my Service-pin to my breast.

"No," I said. "I can pay. It costs a lot, but—*not* too much."

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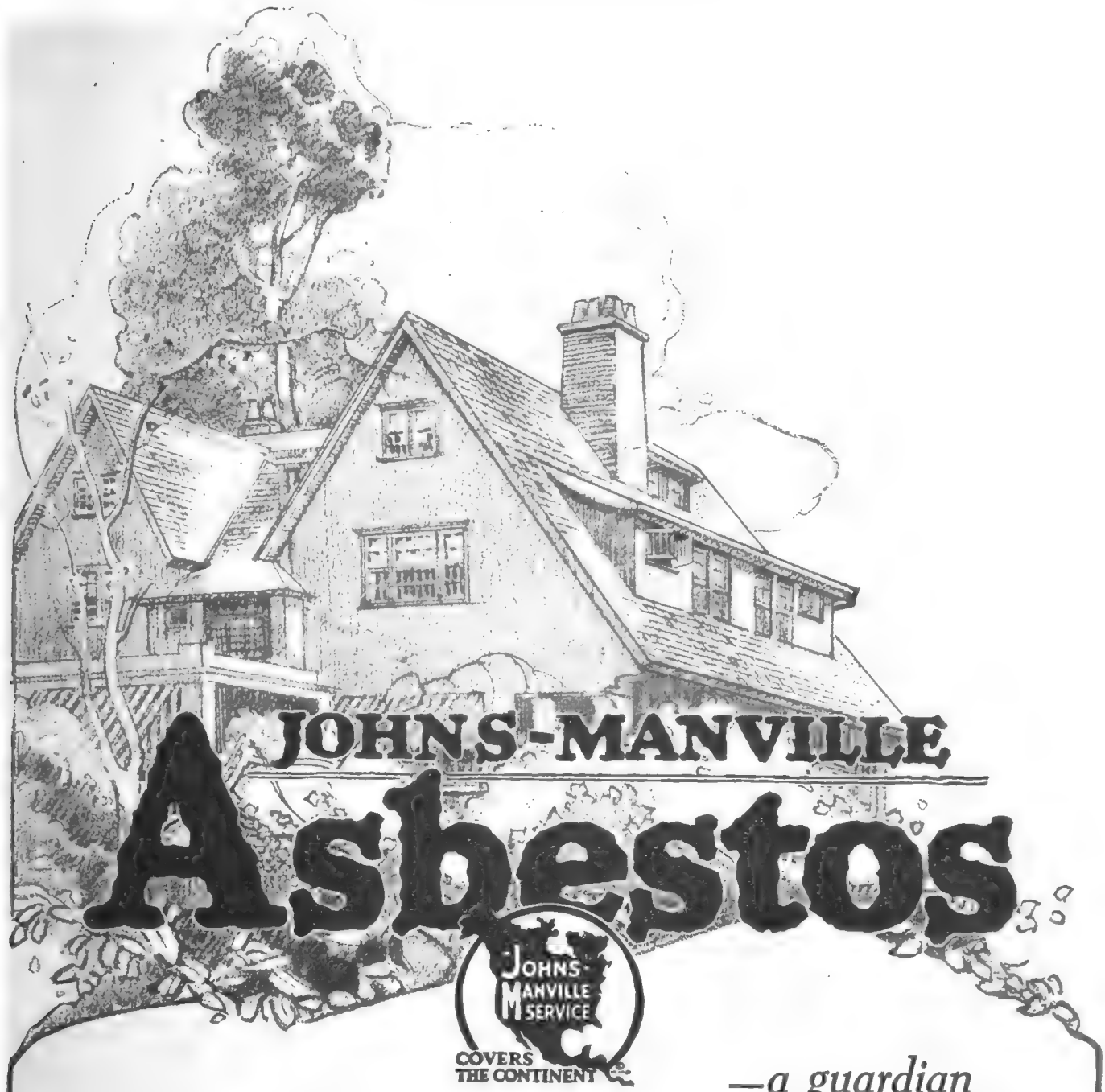

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Note to our readers: Your correspondence is invited. We will immediately forward to you, without cost, catalogues or information about any make of car or cars. If you prefer, address the manufacturer direct.

Models=Number of chassis **Vac.**=Vacuum **Pres.**=Pressure **Grav.**=Gravity **FF**=Full-Floating **SF**=Semi-Floating

Gasoline Passenger Cars Names of Cars and Addresses of the Manufacturers listed alphabetically.	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 or 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
ABBOTT, Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.35	122	Salisbury		32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy	$1295	$1295		$1295		$1920	
				3½x5½	29.40	122	Salisbury	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy	1595	1595		1595	$2150	2150	
ALLEN, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	own	3¾x5	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1095	$1095			1395	
ALTER, Plymouth, Mich.	2	4–6	Al-Chal.	3½x4½ 3x4½	15.63 21.60	106 114		FF	30x3½ 32x3½	Vac.		A.-Chal.							
AMERICAN SIX, Plainfield, N. J.	1	6	Rutenber	3½x5	23.4	122	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	1695	1695	1645	1695			
ANDERSON, Rock Hill, S. C.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4¼	25.25	120	Columb.	FF	33x4	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	1435	1435	1435	1485		2165	$2750
APPERSON Kokomo, Ind.	2	6–8	Own	3½x5	30				34x4		Rayfield			2200		2200			
			Own	3¼x5	34	130	Own	DF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Bijur		2550		2550		3400	
			Cont.	3¼x4½	23.4	120		¾F	34x4			Remy		1345	1345			1595	
AUBURN, Auburn, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.4	131		FF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco				1685		1985	2450
AUSTIN, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	142	Own	2S	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	3750	3750	3750	4950		4950	5250
			G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	32	114	Adams				Zenith		945	945	995				
BELL, York, Pa.	2	4	Cont.	3¾x5	36	114	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	1145	1145	1145			1350	
									32x4										
BIDDLE, Philadelphia, Pa.	1	4		3¾x5½	22	121		¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Zenith	G & D	2500	2585	2860			4180	
				3½x5		114									845				
BIRCH, Chicago, Ill.	2	4–6	Lycom.	3 x4¼	20	116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Dyneto			955				
BOUR-DAVIS, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5½	29.4	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy			1850				1600
BREWSTER, New York City	1	4	Own	4x5½	25.6	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	7200	7700	7700		8400	8400	8500
BRISCOE, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	Own	3.187x5½	16.25	104	Own	SF	30x3½	Grav.	Buick	Auto-Lite	725	725	725				
						106			31x4										
				3½x4¾	18.2	118		¾F	34x4				795		795				
BUICK, Flint, Mich.	3	4–6	Own	3½x4½	27.3	124	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1265	1265	1495	1695	2175	
BUSH, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5		116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.		Delco			875				
CADILLAC, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3½x5½	31.25	125 132	Timken	FF	35x5 34x4½	Pres.	Own	Delco	2805	2805		2805		3650	4145
CASE, Racine, Wis.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29	125	Columb.	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1875		1875		2375	
CARTER BROS, Hyattsville, Md.	1	8		3¼x5½	33.8	128		SF	34x4½	Grav.		G & D	1800	1800		1800			
CHALMERS, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3¼x4½	25.4	117 122	Timken	SF	32x4 34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	1365	1475	1365	1450	1625	1850	2925
CHANDLER, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	123	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1595		1595	2195	2295	2895
				3.687x4	21.7	102	Own		30x3½	Grav.			620		635		1060	1060	
CHEVROLET, New York City	3	4–8	Own	3.687x5¼ 3½x4	21.7 36.45	108 120	Own Own	¾F	33x4 34x4	Vac. Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	935	1385	935 1385			1475	
COEY FLYER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				106	Hyatt	SF	30x3½	Grav.			695		695				
COLE 8, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	8	N'way	3½x4½	39.22	127	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	2395	2395		2395	2495	2795	
COLUMBIA, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.35	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Ward Leonard		1495	1350			1995	
COMET, Decatur, Ill.	1	6	Lewis	3½x5	29.7	125	Walker	¾F	33x4	Vac.	Miller	Dyneto			1285			2250	
COMMONWEALTH, formerly Parth-Palmer, Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Lycom.	3½x5	40	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	995				
CRAWFORD, Hagerstown, Md.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	30.	122½	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	2250	2250	2250	2250	2250	2750	3000
CROW ELKHART, Elkhart, Ind.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	114	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto		995	935		1295	1395	
CUNNINGHAM, Rochester, N. Y.	1	8	Own	3¾x5	45	132 142	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	4250	4250	4250	4250	5500	5500	5500
DANIELS 8, Reading, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	¾F	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	4750	4750	4750	4750			6000
				3¼x4½	25.35	119	Hyatt	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1485	1485	1485		1850	
DAVIS, Richmond, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	124	Bock	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1785	1785	1785		2100	
DISPATCH, Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	Wis.	3¾x5	22.5	120	Own	New	36x3½	Vac.	Rayfield	D-U S L	1150	1250		1250	1400	1400	
DIXIE FLYER, Louisville, Ky.	1	4	Lycom.	3¼x5	16.92	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		995	995			1375	
DOBLE STEAM CAR, Detroit, Mich.	1	2	Own	5x4		135	American	SF	35x5	Pres.	Stromb'g	Wag. Lty				3750			
DODGE BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4½	24.03	114	Own	FF	32x3½ 33x4	Vac.	Special	No. East	885		885		1350	1350	
DORRIS, St. Louis, Mo.	1	6	Own	4x5	38.4	132	Timken	FF	33x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house							
DORT, Flint, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x5	19.6	105½	Walker	¾F	30x3½ 31x4	Grav.	Carter	W'house		725	725			1095	
DOUGLAS 8, Omaha, Neb.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	31.8	124	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.		W'house	2000	2000	2000	2100			
EAGLE, Sandusky, Ohio	1	5	Own	3¾x5	28	118	Salisbury	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner			1500			1850	
DUNN, Ogdensburg, N. Y.	1	4	Own	3 x4	14.5	84	Detroit	SF	30x3	Grav.	Monarch		295						
		6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.3	116	Salisbury	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto		1295	1285			1795	
ELCAR, Elkhart, Ind.	2	4	Lycom.	3½x5	19.6	116	Salisbury	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Carter	Dyneto		1095	1095			1625	
ELGIN, Chicago, Ill.	1	6	Falls	3x4¼	21.6	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner		1095	1095			1645	
EMPIRE, Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4–6	Teetor Cont.	3½x5 3¼x4½	24 25.6	115 120	Peru Hess	SF FF	33x4 34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite	1165	1345	1125 1345	1375		1685	
ERIE, Painesville, Ohio	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	23	118	Salisbury	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Dyneto	850		850				
F. I. A. T., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	1	4	Own	5½x6¾	42	140	Own	SF	35x5 30x3	Pres.	Zenith Holley	W'house	5500	5500	5500	5500		6500	
FORD, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¾x4	22.5	100	Own	SF	30x3½	Grav.	Kingston		345		360		560	695	
FRANKLIN, Syracuse, N. Y.	1	6	Own	3¼x4	25.3	115	Own	SF	32x4 33x4½	Vac.	Own	Dyneto	2000	2050	2050			2950	3200
GEM, Grand Rapids, Mich	1	4	G. B. & S.	3½x4¼	31.9	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Standard	Dyneto			845				
GLIDE, Peoria, Ill.	1	6	Rutenber	3½x5	23.44	119	Amer.	¾F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1495	1495			1795	
GRANT, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Own	3¼x4½	21.6	114	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	1055	1055	1055		1575	1595	
HACKETT, Jackson, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Walker	SF	32x3½	Vac.	Buick	Dyneto							
HAL TWELVE, Cleveland, Ohio	1	12	Weidely	2¼x5	39.6	135	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3600	3750	3600	3600		4750	5000
HARVARD, Troy, N. Y.	1	4	Sterling	3x4¼	14.4	100 106		SF	28x3 31x4	Grav.	Zenith	Wagner	750	985					
HATFIELD, Sidney, N. Y.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	115	Peru	FF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Dyneto	950	1090	1080				
									34x4										
				3½x5	29.4	121			34x4½		Tillotson	Leece		1825	1725	1825	2535	2585	
HAYNES, Kokomo, Ind.	2	6–12	Own	2½x5	36.3	127	Own	¾F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Neville		2785		2785	3385	3335	
			Falls	3x4¼	25.3				32x4		Stewart				1285				
HOLLIER, Chelsea, Mich.	2	6–8	Own	3¼x4½	28.8	116	Own	SB	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Splitdorf			1285				
HOMER-LAUGHLIN, Los Angeles, Cal.	1	8	Own	2¾x3¾	16.2	112	Own		30x3½	Vac.	Zenith	Disco	1050						3150
HUDSON SUPER SIX, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	125½	Timken	SF	32x4½ 35x4½	Vac.	Own	Delco		2050		1950		2750	3400
HUPMOBILE, Detroit, Mich.	2	4	Own	3¼x5½	16.9	112	Own	¾F	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	1250		1250				
INTERSTATE, Muncie, Ind.	1	4	Beaver	3½x5	19.	110	Peru	¾F	33x4	Grav.	Schebler	Remy	950	1025	1000				

(Continued on page 118)

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DODGE BROTHERS
CLOSED CAR

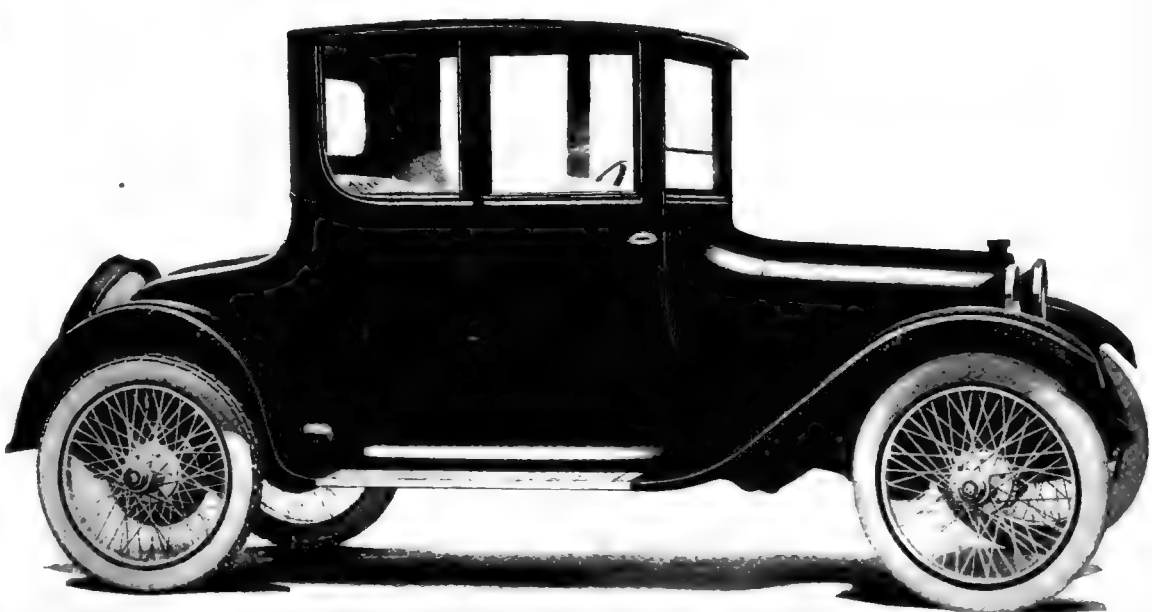
The mere convenience of the coupe is almost forgotten, now, in the greater practical purpose it is serving.

Economical, and easy to drive, it is speeding the war work of men and women alike, and keeping them fit in all weathers.

The gasoline consumption is unusually low.
The tire mileage is unusually high.

Coupe or Sedan, $1350. In Canada, $1965
Winter Roadster or Touring Car, $1050. In Canada, $1525
Roadster, Touring Car or Commercial Car, $885. In Canada, $1290
All prices f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



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Continued from page 116	Models	Cylinders	Make of Engine	Bore & Stroke	S. A. E. Horse Power	Wheel-Base	Make of Rear Axle	Type of Rear Axle	Tire Sizes	Gasoline Feed	Carburetor	Starting and Lighting System	2 Passenger	3 or 4 Passenger	5 Passenger	7 Passenger	Coupe	Sedan	Limousine
														$1495					
JACKSON, Jackson, Mich.	1	8	Ferro	3x3½	25.8	118	Salisbury	¾ F	34x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite	$1495	1575	$1495	$1570		$2195	
JONES, Wichita, Kans.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5½	35	125	Timken	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite			1675	1675		2550	
JORDAN, Cleveland, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.40	127	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	2375	1995		1995		2750	$3500
											Ball &								
KING, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Own	3x5	28.8	120	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Bijur							
KISSEL KAR,		6	Own	3½x5	25.35	117	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Remy		2085	2085	2085	$1935	1885	
Hartford, Wis.	2	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.68	128	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		2850		2650	2850	3000	
KLINE KAR,																			
Richmond, Va.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	120	Hess	¾ F	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house	1495	1495	1495			2200	
LAUREL, Richmond, Ind.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112		FF	32x4½	Grav.		Disco		1095	1095	1095			
LENOX, Boston, Mass.	1	6	Buda	3¾x5½	33.5	130	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Carter	Bijur			2650	2650			
LEXINGTON,						116			32x4					1385					
Connersville, Ind.	2	6	Cont.	3½x4½	29.4	122	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		1585		1585	1545	1785	
LIBERTY, Detroit, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.4	115	Timken	SF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1350	1350	1350			1925	
LOCOMOBILE,			Own	4¼x5	43.4	139	Own	FF	36x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house		5150		5000			6200
Bridgeport, Conn.	2	6	Own	4½x5½	48.6	142	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	Own	W'house		6050		5950			7200
LOZIER,		4	Own	4¼x6½	28.9	120		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Own	3⅞x6	36	132		FF	36x4½	Pres.		G & D							
LUVERNE, Luverne, Minn.	1	6	Cont.	3¾x5¼	42	130	Columb.	FF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	W'house		1600		1650			
MCFARLAN SIX,																			
Connersville, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	4½x6	48.6	136	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house	3500	3500	3500	3500	4600	4600	4650
MADISON, Anderson, Ind.	1	6	Rutenber	3⅛x	23.44	120	Amer.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1485	1485	1485			
		4	Own	3½x4	15.63	105	Walker	¾ F	30x3½	Grav.	Zenith	Disco	795				1095		
MAIBOHM, Racine, Wis.	2	6	Falls	3½x4¾	23.44	115	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Wagner	975	975	975	995	1375	1375	
MARION-HANDLEY,																			
Jackson, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	125	Salisbury	¾ F	35x4½	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1650	1590	1650			
MARMON 34,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3⅜x4½	33.75	136	Own	¾ F	32x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g,	Bijur		3550	3500	3550		5150	5250
									30x3½			Simms-							
MAXWELL,																			
Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3⅛x4½	21.03	109	Own	¾ F	31x4	Grav.	K. D.	Huff		745	745		1095	1095	
MERCER,						115													
Trenton, N. J.	2	4	Own	3¾x6¾	22	132	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	U. S. L.	3400	3500	3500				5000
METZ, Waltham, Mass.	1	4	Own	3⅞x4	24	108	Own	Solid	32x3½	Grav.	A. W. T.	W'house	695		695				
MITCHELL,				3¼x5	25.4	120	Own	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Splitdorf	1250	1280	1250		1850	1950	
Racine, Wis.	2	6	Own	3½x5	29.4	127	Own	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	W'house		1490	1510	1525	2135	2275	2850
MOLINE-KNIGHT,				3¾x5	22.5	118			34x4			Wagner-		1650	1650			2280	
E. Moline, Ill.	2	4	Own	4x6	25.6	122	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Schebler	Auto-Lite		1985		1985			
MONARCH, Detroit, Mich.	1	8				125										1500			
MONITOR,			G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.50	110			32x3½		Schebler			995	995			1270	
Columbus, Ohio	2	4–6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	117	Adams	FF	33x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto		1195	1195			1470	
MONROE, (Wm. Small Co.,		4	Sterling	3x4¼	14	96	Walker		30x3	Pres.			565	635				905	
Inc.,) Indianapolis, Ind.	2	4	Own	3½x4½	16.9	115	Hess	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite		995	995			1850	
		6	Cont.	2⅞x4½	19.85	114	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Tillotson	Wagner			1195				
		6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.3	125	Timken	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1685		1685			
MOON, St. Louis, Mo.	3	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1850		1850	2550	2650	
MOORE 30,																			
Minneapolis, Minn.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4½	22.5	106	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	695	695	695				
MORSE, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	2	De Lux	3½x3⅝	11	105	Own	Solid	28x3	Grav.	Schebler		450						
MURRAY, Pittsburgh, Pa.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	128	Timken	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2800	2800	2800	2800	3600	4000	4000
		6	Own	3¼x5	25.35	121	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Marvel	Delco		1295	1295			1985	
NASH, Kenosha, Wis	2	6	Own	3½x4½	29.4	125	Own	SF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur				1465			
NATIONAL,			Own	3½x5½	29.4							W'house		1995		1995	2645	2820	
Indianapolis, Ind.	2	6–12	Own	2⅞x4½	39.68	128	Columb.	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur		2595		2595	3245	3420	
OAKLAND, Pontiac, Mich.	1	6	Own	2.81x4¾	19	112	Mott	FF	32x4	Vac.	Marvel	Remy	990		990		1490	1190	
											Johnson								
OLDSMOBILE,		6	Own	2.81x4¾	18.9	112	Weston	FF	32x4	Vac.	Ball &	Remy	1185		1185		1595	1695	
Lansing, Mich.	2	8	Own	2⅞x4¾	26.4	120	Weston	FF	34x4	Vac.	Ball	Delco		1467		1467			
OLYMPIAN,																			
Pontiac, Mich.	1	4	Own	3¼x4½	45	112	Own	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Stromb'g	Auto-Lite		1085			1340	1565	
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	104	Own	¾ F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite	780	840					
		4	Own	3⅜x5	18.25	106	Own	¾ F	31x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite			795			1240	
		4	Own	4½x4½	27.23	112	Own	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		915	930				
OVERLAND, Toledo, Ohio	4	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25.35	116	Own	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1115	1130		1420	1620	
		6	Own	3½x5½	29.4	125	Amer.	FF	34x4½					3300	3300	3300			4350
OWEN MAGNETIC,		6	Own	3¾x5½	33.6	136	Amer.	FF	35x5					3950		3950	3600		5000
Cleveland, Ohio	3	6	Own	4x5½	40	142	Amer.	FF	35x5	Vac.	Zenith	Own		5300		5300		6300	6300
			Own	3x5	43.2	128	Own	SF		Pres.	Own	Bijur		3700	3700	3700	4800		5250
PACKARD, Detroit, Mich.	2	12	Own	3x5	43.2	136	Own	SF	35x5	Pres.	Own	Bijur				4100			5650
						117													
			Rutenber	3⅛x5	23.4				32x4	Grav.	Stromb'g	G & D	1330	1330	1330				
PAIGE, Detroit, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Salisbury	¾ F	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1775		1775	2850	2850	3230
PATERSON, Flint, Mich.	1	6	Cont.	3¼x4½	25	117	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco		1295	1265	1295		1795	
PATHFINDER,																			
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	12	Weidely	2⅞x5	39.6	135	Amer.	FF	35x5	Grav.	Stromb'g	Delco		3250		3250			
											Ball &								
PEERLESS, Cleveland, O.	1	8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Ball	Auto-Lite	2490	2340		2340	2850	2990	3690
												Ward-							
PHIANNA, Newark, N. J.	1	4	Own	3.906x6	25	125		FF	32x4½	Vac.		Leonard			5000				
			Own	4x5½	38.40	134	Own		34x4½	Pres.	Own	W'house	4800	4800	4800		5700	5900	5900
PIERCE-ARROW			Own	4½x5½	48.60	142	Own		35x5	Pres.	Own	W'house	5400	5400	5400	5500	6400		6800
Buffalo, N. Y.	3	6	Own	5x7	60.00	147½	Own	SF	36x5½	Pres.	Own	W'house	6400	6400	6400	6500	7400		7600
PILLIOD, Toledo, Ohio	1	4	Own	4⅛x5		122	Columb.	FF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson	Auto-Lite	1485	1485	1485				
PILOT, Richmond, Ind.	1	6	Teetor	3⅛x5	23.4	120	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Tillotson	Delco		1295	1295				
PREMIER,									32x4										
Indianapolis, Ind.	1	6	Own	3¾x5½	27.3	125½	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Johnson	Delco		2285		2285		3285	
PRINCESS, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	2.77	108		FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco	875	875	875				
PULLMAN, York Pa.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.6	114		FF	31x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Dyneto							
REGAL, Detroit, Mich.	1	4	Own	3½x4¾	19.6	108	Peru	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Carter	Auto-Lite			795				
				4½x4½	27.2	120		SF	34x4	Vac.	Johnson			1225	1225				
REO, Lansing, Mich.	2	4–6	Own	3.563x5½	30.4	126	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1550		1550			
RICHARD, ClevelandOhio	1	8	Own	3¾x6¾	45	137	Own	FF	34x6	Vac.	Own	W'house				6000			
ROAMER,			Dusenb'g	4 x6	25.4	128			32x4				2950	2950		2475		3750	3250
Kalamazoo, Mich.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	127	Hess	FF	34x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Bijur	2350	2250		3250		3250	4500
												Ward-							
ROSS, Detroit, Mich.	1	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	130		FF	35x4½	Vac.		Leonard		1850		1850			
SAYERS SIX,																			
Cincinnati, Ohio.	1	6	Cont.	3½x4½	25.4	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Delco			1395				
				2¾x4	12.10	96			30x3		Schebler		445						
SAXON, Detroit, Mich.	2	4–6	Cont.	2⅝x4½	20	112	Timken	SF	32x3½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Wagner		935	935			1395	
SCRIPPS-BOOTH,			Mason	3.688x4	21.7	110	Walker	¾ F	30x3½			Remy	935						
Detroit, Mich.	2	4–8	Ferro	2½x3¾	22.1	120	Russel	¾ F	32x4	Vac.	Zenith	Wagner		1285					
SENECA, Fostoria, Ohio	1	4	LeRoy	3½x4½	27	108	Adams	FF	30x3½	Vac.	Schebler	A.-Chal.		900	850				
SIMPLEX,									36x4½		New-	Eismann	chassis						
New Brunswick, N. J.	1	6	Own	4¼x6½	45.9	143½	Own	FF	37x5	Pres.	comb	Bosch	7000						
SINGER, New York City	1	6	Spillman	4x5½	38.4	139	Timken	FF	35x5	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house							
STANDARD,		8	Spillman	33x5	28.8	121	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house		1950					
Pittsburgh, Pa.	2	8	Spillman	3¼x5	33.8	127	Timken	SF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	W'house	2450	2450		2450	3500	3500	4000
STANLEY STEAMER,												Apico							
Newton, Mass.	1	2	Own	4x5		130	Own		35x4½			Ltg.		2550		2600			
STATES,		4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	22.5	112	Adams	FF	32x3½	Vac		Dyneto	895	895	895				
Kalmazoo, Mich.	2	6	Own	3 x4½	30	112	Adams	FF	31x4	Vac.	Schebler	Dyneto	995	995	995			995	
STEARNS,				3¼x5⅝	22.5	119			34x4		Schebler			1785	1785	1925	2400	2535	3350
Cleveland, Ohio	2	4–8	Own	3¼x5	33.8	125	Own	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	W'house		2575		2575	3200		3875
STEPHENS SALIENT																			
SIX, Moline, Ill.	1	6	Own	3¼x4¼	25.3	118	Hess	FF	32x4	Vac.	Stromb'g	Delco	1485	1550	1485			1985	
				3½x5	19.6	112			32x3½		Schebler				895				
STUDEPAKER,				3½x5	29.4	119			32x4		Schebler	Wagner-				1295			
Detroit, Mich.	3	4–6	Own	3½x5	36.04	126	Own	SF	32x4½	Vac.	Ball & Ball	Remy					1695		
STUTZ, Indianapolis, Ind.	1	4	Own	4⅛x6	30.6	120	Own	¾ F	32x4½	Pres.	Stromb'g	Remy	2550	2650		2750			
SUN, Elkhart, Ind.	1	6	Own	3½x5	23.4	116	Adams	FF	34x4	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy		1345	1345	1345			
				3¼x4½	25.4	115			32x4				1340	1340	1340		1900	1885	2450
VELIE, Moline, Ill.	2	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.6	124	Timken	SF	33x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Remy				1595			
WACO, Seattle, Wash.	1	4	G. B. & S.	3¾x4¼	37	112	Peru	FF	32x3½	Vac.	Schebler	Disco			950				
WESTCOTT, Springfield, O.	1	6	Cont.	3½x5¼	29.4	125	Timken	SF	35x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Delco		1890	2190	1940	2790	2790	
						124½						Leece							
WHITE, Cleveland, Ohio	2	4	Own	4½x5¾	28.9	137½	Own	SF	35x5	Vac.	Own	Neville		5000		5000	6050	6050	6200
WILLYS SIX, Toledo, Ohio	1	6	Cont.	3½x5½	29.4	120	Own	¾ F	33x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite		1365		1365		2045	
WILLYS KNIGHT,		4	Own	4½x4½	27.19	121	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Tillotson	Auto-Lite				1525	2175		
Toledo, Ohio	2	8	Own	3⅜x4	36.45	125	Own	FF	34x4½	Vac.	Zenith	Auto-Lite				2000		2700	2800
WINTON SIX,			Own	3¾x5½	33.75	128	Timken	FF	36x4½	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	2950	2950	2950	3000	3950	4200	3950
Cleveland, Ohio	2	6	Own	4x5½	48.6	138	Timken	FF	37x5	Vac.	Rayfield	Bijur	3500	3500	3500	3500	4500	4750	4500
WONDER, Chicago, Ill.	1	4				126		FF	34x4	Grav.					900				
WOODS, Dual Power,																			
Chicago, Ill.	1	4	Cont.	2¾x4	12.10	96	Own	SF	35x4½	Grav.	Stromb'g	Own					2950		
WOODS MOBILETTE,																			
Chicago, Ill.			Perkins	3½x4		100		FF	28x3	Grav.	Carter	Disco	495						

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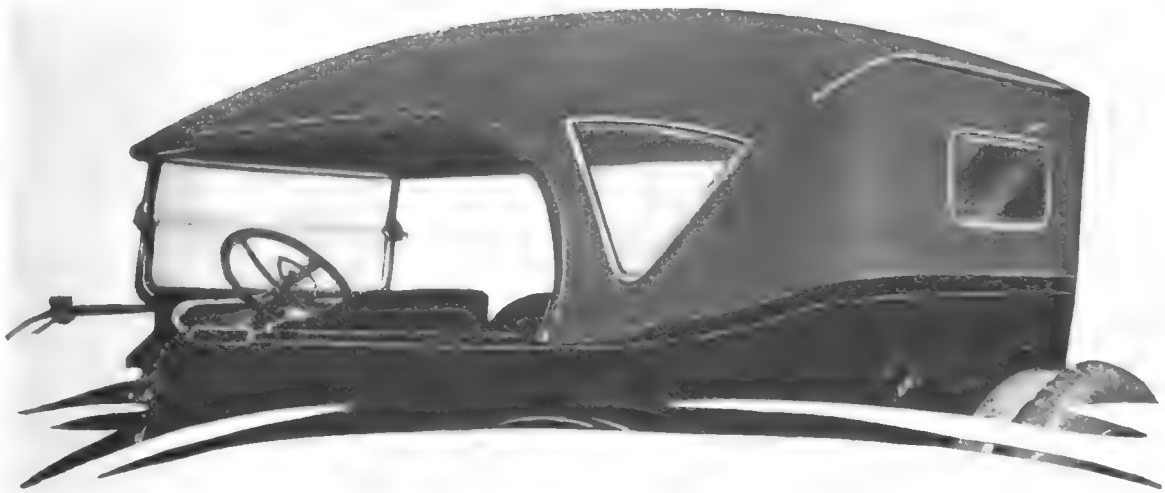

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	Marine Special (U. S. Stand.)		Farm Explosives
	Book Finish Fabrikoid		Hunting
	Fabrikoid Sheeting		Trapshooting
	Py-ra-lin Toilet Goods		Anesthesia Ether
	Challenge Collars		Leather Solutions
	Novelty Sheeting		Soluble Cotton
	Transparent Sheeting		Metal Lacquers
	Py-ra-lin Rods & Tubes		Wood Lacquers
	Py-ra-lin Pipe Bits		Mantel Dips
	Py-ra-lin Specialties		Bronzing Liquids
	Sanitary Wall Finish		Pyroxylin Solvents
	Town & Country Paint		Refined Fusel Oil
	Vitrolac Varnish		Commercial Acids
	Vitrolac Stain Finish		Alums
	Liquid Light for Mills		Saltpetre
	Antoxide Iron Paint		Wood Pulp
	Shingle Stain		Pigment Bases
	Auto Enamel		Tar Distillates
			Dyes and Bases

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

Visit the Du Pont Products Store
1105 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.

A grey, dingy, faded top will make any car look passé. Don't sell your car because the top looks shabby. Get a new top—a top that stays new.

DU PONT FABRIKOID RAYNTITE

never fades. It is water, grease, stain and dust proof—and as cleanable as glass. When soiled by travel, plain water will restore its beauty. It is guaranteed not to leak, crack nor peel for one year but built to last the life of your car.

Any good top maker can re-top your car with Rayntite.

Check Rayntite in the coupon and send for samples, booklet—and list of cars on which Rayntite is furnished as regular equipment.

Du Pont Fabrikoid Company

World's Largest Makers of Leather Substitutes

Wilmington - - - Delaware

Works at Newburgh, N. Y., and Fairfield, Conn.

Canadian Office and Factory, New Toronto, Ont.

The Du Pont American Industries are:

E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Company, Wilmington, Delaware. Explosives.
Du Pont Chemical Works, Equitable Bldg., New York. Pyroxylin and Coal Tar Chemicals.
Du Pont Fabrikoid Company, Wilmington, Delaware. Leather Substitutes.
The Arlington Works, 725 Broadway, New York. Ivory Pyralin and Cleanable Collars.
Harrison Works, Philadelphia, Pa. Paints, Pigments, Acids and Chemicals.
Du Pont Dye Works, Wilmington, Delaware. Dyes and Dye Bases.

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Gasoline Trucks and Delivery Cars

All engines are 4-cylinder unless otherwise specified

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"ACASON," Acason Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	$2400 to $4600
"ACME," Acme Motor Truck Co., Cadillac, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 4	1900 to 3900
"ARMLEDER," The O. Armleder Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	2750 and 3600
"ATLAS," Martin Truck & Body Corp'n, York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Hotchkiss drive.	1500 lbs.	885
"ATTERBURY," Atterbury Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2475 to 3875
"AUTOCAR," The Autocar Co., Ardmore, Pa., 1 model, 2 cylinders. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1½ to 2	1815
"AVAILABLE," Available Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1950 to 4600
"BECK," Beck Motor Truck Works, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2½	1180 to 2000
"BEECH CREEK," Beech Creek Truck & Auto Co., Beech Creek, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Gear drive.	3	3850
"BESSEMER," Bessemer Motor Truck Co., Grove City, Pa., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	1 to 3½	1250 to 3450
"BETHLEHEM" Bethlehem Motors Corp., Allentown, Pa. 4 models, bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1½ to 2½	1245 to 2565
"BOURNE MAGNETIC," Bourne Magnetic Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa. 2 models. Worm drive.	2 and 3½	3500 to 4200
"BRINTON," Brinton Motor Truck Co., Phila., Pa., 2 models. Chassis only.	1 and 2½	1250 to 2500
"BRISCOE," Briscoe Motor Corp., Jackson, Mich., 2 models. Complete. Shaft drive.	½	725 and 750
"BROCKWAY," Brockway Motor Truck Co., Cortland, N. Y., 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1½ to 3½	2450 to 3750
"BURFORD," Taylor Motor Truck Co., Fremont, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	2 and 4	2500 to 3650
"CHASE," Chase Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 5 models. Complete. Worm drive.	½ to 3½	1500 to 3600
"CLYDESDALE," Clyde Cars Co., Clyde, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ to 5	
"COEY," Coey College of Motoring Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Express bodies extra. Shaft drive.	½	695
"COLLIER," Collier Motor Truck Co., Bellevue Ohio, 1 model. With body. Direct bevel drive.	½	[illegible]
"COMMERCE," Commerce Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. 3 bodies. Internal and Bevel Gear drive. Also semi-trailer.	1	1340 to 1490
"CONESTOGA," Conestoga Motor Truck Co., Lancaster, Pa. 2 model. 4 bodies. Shaft drive.	1200 lb.&1½	965 to 1450
"CORBITT," Corbitt Motor Truck Co., Henderson, N. C. 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1800 to 4500
"COUPLE GEAR," Couple Gear Freight Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., 3 models. Four-wheel drive. Complete. (Gas electric.)	3½ to 7	5800 to 7000
"CRANE & BREED," Crane & Breed Mfg. Co., Cincinnati, O., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		3360 to 4200
"DART," Dart Motor Truck Co., Waterloo, Iowa, 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1850 to 3400
"DAYTON," Dayton Motor Truck Co., Dayton, Ohio, 6 models. Chain and Worm drive.	2 to 7½	2650 to 4950
"D-E," Day-Elder Motors Corp'n, Newark, N. J., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ to 2½	950 to 2365
"DE KALB," DeKalb Wagon Co., DeKalb, Ill., 2 models. Bodies extra.	2 to 2½	2100 to 2450
"DENBY," Denby Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 4 models. 1-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 5	1490 to 4900
"DIAMOND T," Diamond T Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 5 models.	1 to 5	2000 to 4750
"DISPATCH," Dispatch Motor Car Co., Minneapolis, Minn., 2 models. Complete. Internal chain drive.	½	1150 to 1250
"DORRIS," Dorris Motor Car Co., St. Louis, Mo., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2	On application
"DOWNING," Downing Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 2 models.	½ to 1½	600 and 750
"DUPLEX 4-WHEEL DRIVE," Duplex Truck Co., Lansing, Mich., 1 model.	3½	4000
"ELLSWORTH," Mills-Ellsworth Co., Keokuk, Iowa, 1 model. Complete.	½	695 and 720
"ERIE," Erie Motor Truck Mfg. Co., Erie, Pa., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1500 to 3000
"FARGO," Fargo Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	2	2200
"FEDERAL," Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4400
"FORD," Ford Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. 1 model. Chassis only. Shaft drive, worm type.	1	600
"F. W. D.," Four-Wheel Drive Auto Co., Clintonville, Wis., 1 model. Chassis only. Bevel Gear drive on bo h axles thru center differentials.	3	4000
"GABRIEL," Gabriel Motor Truck, Cleveland, Ohio, 3 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1700 to 3300
"GARFORD," The Garford Motor Truck Co., Lima, Ohio, 10 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive. Special fire equipment & Road Builders.	1 to 10	2100 to 6000
"GARY," The Gary Motor Truck Co., Gary, Ind., 5 models. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	On application
"GEM," Gem Motor Car Corp'n, Grand Rapids, Mich. 1 model. Light delivery. Shaft drive.		675 to 750
"GLOBE," Globe Motor Truck Co., E. St. Louis, Ill., 3 models. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1425 to 2050
"G. M. C.," General Motors Truck Co., Pontiac, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra.	½ to 5	On application
"GRAMM-BERNSTEIN," Gramm-Bernstein Motor Truck Co., Lima, O., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6	On application
"GRANT," The Grant Motor Car Corp., Cleveland, O. 4 models. 3 models chassis only. 1 model with body. Internal Gear drive.	½ to 3	1020 to 2325
"HAHN," Hahn Motor Truck & Wagon Co., Hamburg, Pa., 4 models. Worm drive.	½ to 3½	1150 to 4150
"HALL," Lewis Hall Iron Works, Detroit, Mich., 4 models. Worm and Chain drive.	2 to 7	2350 to 4200
"HARLEY-DAVIDSON," Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 5 models. Light Parcel Car.	300to600lbs.	373 to 475
"HARVEY," Harvey Motor Truck Company, Harvey, Ill., 3 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2½ to 5	2850 to 4600
"HATFIELD," Cortland Cart & Carriage Co., Sidney, N. Y., 3 models. Complete. Bevel Gear drive.	1000 lbs.	840 to 875
"HAWKEYE," Hawkeye Truck Co., Sioux City, Iowa, 1 model. Chassis only. Internal Gear drive.	1½	1750
"HENDERSON BROS.," Henderson Bros., North Cambridge, Mass., 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1200 lbs. and 1 ton	1225 and 1500
"HEWITT-LUDLOW," Hewitt-Ludlow Auto Co., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive. Also tractors.	1 to 5	2000 to 4550
"HOOVER," Hoover Wagon Co., York, Pa., 1 model. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	½	1375
"HORNER," Detroit-Wyandotte Motor Truck Co., Wyandotte, Mich., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	2600 to 4750
"HOUGHTON," The Houghton Motor Car Co., Marion, Ohio, hearses and ambulances. Worm drive.	½	1485 to 1750
"HURLBURT," Hurlburt Motor Truck Co., New York City, N. Y., 5 models. Worm drive. Chassis	1½ to 7	2600 to 6500

	Capacity Tons	Prices
"INDEPENDENT," Independent Motors Co., Port Huron, Mich., 2 models. Worm drive.	1 and 2	$1385 and $1850
"INDIANA," Indiana Truck Corp'n, Marion, Ind., 4 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 5	1600 to 4000
"INTERNATIONAL," International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	½ to 2	1450 and 2550
"KEARNS," Kearns Motor Truck Co., Beavertown, Pa., 1 model. Complete. Shaft drive.	1000 lbs.	785
"KELLY," The Kelly-Springfield Motor Truck Co., Springfield, Ohio, 8 models. Chassis only. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	2500 to 4750
"KING," A. R. King Mfg. Co., Kingston, N. Y., 1 model. Chassis only. Chain drive.	3½	3000
"KISSEL," The Kissel Motor Co., Hartford, Wis., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Bevel drive.	½ to 5	1285 to 4350
"KLEIBER," Kleiber & Co., Inc., San Francisco, Cal., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2100 to 4900
"KOEHLER," H. J. Koehler Motors Corp., Newark, N. J., 1 model. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1¼	1150
"KOENIG & LUHRS," Koenig & Luhrs Wagon Co., Quincy, Ill., 1 model.	¾	900
"LAMSON," Lamson Truck & Tractor Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Chassis only. Four-wheel drive. Also tractor and dumping equipment.	3 and 5	4000 to 5000
"LANGE," Lange Motor Truck Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., 2 models. Bodies extra.	1 to 2½	1950 to 2650
"LARRABEE," Larrabee-Deyo Motor Truck Co., Binghamton, N. Y., 5 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1950 to 4450
"LENOX," Lenox Motor Car Co., Boston, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. 12 to 28 tons haulage.	Tractor	On application
"LESLIE," Leslie Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Kerosene fuel.	¾	On application
"LIPPARD-STEWART," Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 2	1900 to 3050
"LITTLE GIANT," Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1800 to 4200
"MACCAR," Maccar Truck Co., Scranton, Pa., 4 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5½	2400 to 4500
"MACK," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 6 models. Chassis only. Chain and Worm drive.	1 to 7½	2400 to 5000
"MAXIM," Maxim Motor Co., Middleboro, Mass., 2 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies extra. Fire apparatus special. Worm drive.	2	3000 and 4000
"MAXWELL," Maxwell Motor Co., Inc., Detroit, Mich., 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1	985
"M. H. C.," Michigan Hearse & Motor Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., funeral cars, etc., 6 cylinders.		On application
"THE MENOMINEE," Menominee Motor Truck Co., Menominee, Mich., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	¾ to 5	1650 to 4540
"MODERN," Bowling Green Motor Truck Co., Bowling Green, Ohio, 2 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1800 and 2800
"MOELLER," New Haven Truck & Auto Works, New Haven, Conn., 3 models. Bodies extra. Chain drive.	1½ to 5	2500 to 4500
"MOGUL," Mogul Motor Truck Co., St. Louis, Mo., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Chain drive.	1½ to 6	1600 to 4000
"MONARCH," Monarch Light Truck Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	750 and 950
"MOON," Jos. W. Moon Buggy Co., St. Louis, Mo., 2 models. Bodies extra. Chain and Shaft drive.	¾ to 1½	1000 and 1650
"MORELAND," Moreland Motor Truck Co., Los Angeles, Cal., 5 models. Chassis only. Worm drive.	1 to 5	2050 to 5000
"MORTON," Morton Truck and Tractor Co., Harrisburg, Pa., 1 model. Chassis only. Worm drive.	3	4250
"NASH," The Nash Motors Co., Kenosha, Wis., 3 models. Bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	1 to 2	1495 to 3250
"NELSON LEMOON," Nelson & LeMoon, Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Worm drive. Chassis only.	1 to 5	1700 to 4200
"NETCO," New England Truck Co., Fitchburg, Mass., 3 models, 4 and 6 cylinders. Bodies and fire apparatus extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 2	3000 to 5000
"NILES," Niles Car & Mfg. Co., Niles, Ohio, 2 models. Bodies to order. Worm drive.	1 and 2	1500 to 2400
"NORTHWESTERN," Star Carriage Co., Seattle, Wash., 1 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½	2300
"OLD HICKORY," Kentucky Wagon Mfg. Co., Louisville, Ky., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	¾	875
"OLD RELIABLE," Old Reliable Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill. 12 models. Bodies and trailers extra. Chain and Worm drive.	1½ to 7	1950 to 5000
OVERLAND" Willys Overland Inc., Toledo, O. 2 models. With or without bodies.	800 and 1200 lb.	785 to 930
"PACKARD," Packard Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich., 7 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 6½	2450 to 5150
"PANHARD," Hamilton Motors Co., Grand Haven, Mich. 1 model. Bodies extra. Shaft drive.	1 and 1½	895 and 1095
"PARAGAN," Paragan Motor Truck Co., Auburn, Ind., 1 model. 4 bodies.	1	975
"PEERLESS," Peerless Motor Car Co., Cleveland, Ohio, 6 models. Bodies and tractors extra. Chain and Worm drive.	3 to 6	4000 to 5200
"PIERCE-ARROW," Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Co., Buffalo, N. Y., 2 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 and 5	3750 to 5500
"RAINIER," Rainier Motor Corp., Flushing, N. Y. City, 2 model. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	½ and 1	995 and 1350
"RELIANCE," Racine Motor Truck Co., Racine, Wis., 5 models. Enclosed Spur Gear drive.	¾ to 5	995 to 3850
"REO," Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich., 2 models. ¾-ton with express body. Other, chassis only. Shaft and Chain drive.	¾ and 2	1175 and 1800
"REPUBLIC," Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Mich., 7 models, ¾-ton complete. Other bodies extra. Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 5	895 to 4250
"RIKER," The Locomobile Co. of America, Bridgeport, Conn., 2 models. Bodies, tractor, etc., extra. Worm drive.	3 and 4	On application
"ROWE," Rowe Motor Mfg. Co., Downingtown, Pa., 5 models. Chassis only. Fire apparatus special.	1 to 5	2450 to 4500
"RUSH," Rush Motor Truck Co., Philadelphia, Pa., 1 model. Bodies extra. Bevel Gear drive.	½	895 to 985
"SANDOW," Sandow Motor Truck Co., Chicago, Ill., 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 3½	1485 to 3650
"SANFORD," Sanford Motor Truck Co., Syracuse, N. Y., 6 models. Chassis only. Worm drive. Internal Gear drive.	2½ to 5	2900 to 4600
"SAURER," International Motor Co., N. Y. City, 2 models. Chassis only. Chain drive.	5 and 6½	4800 and 5800
"SCHACHT," The G. A. Schacht Motor Truck Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, 4 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2950 to 4700
"SELDEN," Selden Truck Sales Co., Rochester, N. Y., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm and Internal Gear drive.	¾ to 3½	1075 to 3400
"SERVICE," Service Motor Truck Co., Wabash, Ind., 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1 to 5	1900 to 4600
"SIGNAL," Signal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 5 sizes, 6 models. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	1½ to 5	1875 to 4475
"STANDARD," Standard Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Mich., 3 models. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2575 to 4250
"STEGEMAN," Stegeman Motor Car Co., Milwaukee, Wis., 5 models, 4 cylinders. Bodies extra. Worm drive.	2 to 5	2800 to 4750

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

Home!

A BRIGHT, clean, sanitary home is sure to be a happy one. Any housewife can easily keep her home in this condition by devoting a little attention to her furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum. All they need is an occasional application of Johnson's Prepared Wax. This cleans, polishes and protects the finish, adding years to its life and beauty.

JOHNSON'S
Liquid and Paste
PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a high, dry, glasslike polish of great beauty and durability. It covers up mars and small surface scratches—preserves the varnish—and prevents checking and cracking.

Johnson's Prepared Wax contains no oil whatever, consequently it does not gather or hold the dust and it never becomes soft or sticky in the hottest weather or from the heat of the body.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is now made in liquid form as well as paste. The Liquid Wax polishes instantly with very little rubbing. You can go over a roomful of furniture a good sized floor, or automobile, in half an hour.

Quarts—$1.40 Pints— .75 Half-pints— .50

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. Ev. 3, Racine, Wis.

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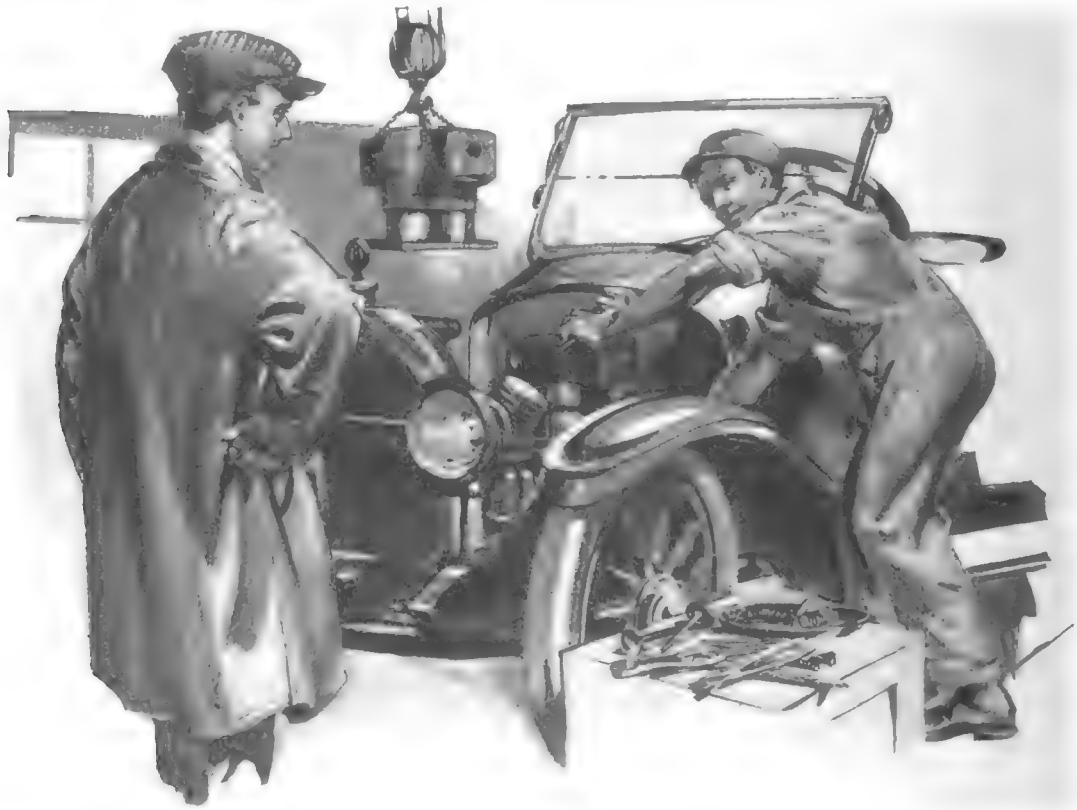

"No, sir—We'll have her ready day after tomorrow"

YOU wonder why so much time is necessary to clean the carbon out of the combustion chambers?

As a matter of fact you were lucky in meeting a mechanic who really knew his business. It took him several hours to scrape out hard carbon which was caked behind the piston rings. Then he had to clean some more carbon out of the oil leads which carry oil to the bearings. To reach those parts he had to take down the engine.

What caused the trouble?

Largely incorrect lubrication. You used an oil of incorrect body or low quality. It supplied only a partial piston-ring seal.

So the oil reached the combustion chambers in excessive quantities and burned up. That meant extra carbon deposit.

Part of the carbon was forced down past the pistons on the power strokes. Some got in behind the rings and caked there. And some went down into the crank case and churned in with the oil.

Finally this carbon content choked up the oil leads.

* * *

CARBON TROUBLES have been largely minimized by advances in engine design.

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But carbon in bearings, oil leads and piston-ring recesses is still common among motorists who buy oil carelessly or at low price per-gallon.

Why do users of Gargoyle Mobiloils find comparative freedom from *all* kinds of carbon troubles?

Because the Vacuum Oil Company's engineers have analyzed the mechanical conditions and lubricating requirements of every make and model of engine. They have specified the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils for each engine in a Chart shown in part on the right.

The correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils insures an efficient piston-ring seal, thus preventing excess oil working into the combustion chambers and preventing the products of incomplete combustion from being forced past the piston rings into the crank case.

Write for 56-page booklet containing complete discussion of your lubrication problems, list of troubles with remedies and complete Charts of Recommendations for Automobiles, Motorcycles, Tractors and Motor-boat Engines.

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. If your dealer has not the grade specified for your car, he can easily secure it for you.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world

Domestic Branches:

Detroit	Boston	New York	Kansas City, Kan.	Chicago
Minneapolis	Philadelphia	Indianapolis	Pittsburgh	Des Moines

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation—The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for gasoline engine lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A," "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Co.'s Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.

Model of	1917		1916		1915		1914		1913	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" " (8 cyl)			A	A	A	A				
Allen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 33-34-35)					A	Arc				
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Auburn (4 cyl)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Autocar (2 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Brisco	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc					
Case	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
" (Mod. 6-40)			A	Arc						
" (Mod. 6-30)	A	A	A	A						
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Cole			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Cunningham					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Dart	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" (Mod. C)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
Detroiter	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)					Arc	Arc				
Dodge	A	Arc	A	Arc	E	E				
Dort	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Empire (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Federal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Grant	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Hal-Twelve	A	A	A	A						
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Hudson			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (Super Six)	A	Arc	A	A						
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
" (6 cyl)	A	A								
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kearns			E	E	E	E				
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Kelly Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
King					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc				
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Mod 48)			A	A	A	A	A	A		
" " (12 cyl)	A	A								
Lexington	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Lippard Stewart	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Mod. M)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" " (Mod. M W)	A	Arc								
Locomobile	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	Arc	Arc
McFarlan	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Marmon	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (22-70)					Arc	Arc				
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell (8 cyl)			A	A						
Moline									A	Arc
" Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Moon (4 cyl)					Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
National	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Oakland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)			A	A						
Oldsmobile			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard					A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Paige					A	Arc	A	A	A	E
" (6-46)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
" (6-36 & 38)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Pathfinder	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Pierce Arrow	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Premier	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Regal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)			A	A	Arc	Arc				
Renault (French)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Richmond	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Riker	E	E								
Saxon	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E		
Selden	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arr	Arc
Simplex	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
" (8 cyl)	A	A	B	A						
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
Velie (4 cyl)					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Westcott	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (16 valve)	A	A								
Willys-Knight	A	A	B	A	B	A	A	A		
Willys Sx.	Arc	Arc								
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Electric Vehicles—For motor bearings and enclosed chains use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" the year 'round. For open chains and differential, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" the year 'round.

Exception—For *winter lubrication* of pleasure cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic" for worm drive, and Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for bevel gear drive.

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POETRY OF THE WAR

DAWN

("We will attack at 4 A. M.")

By DANIEL M. HENDERSON

THE hour of dawn is the hour of death—
I know by the gas on the morning's breath;
I know by the cannon's racking scream,
By the rifle's click, by the bayonet's gleam;
I know by our crouching, hushed platoon
That the word is near, that the hour is soon
When we'll leap the top to the shibboleth—
"The hour of dawn is the hour of death!"

The hour of dawn is the hour of life!
A new world springs from the womb of strife!
A world uncursed by autocracy's brood;
A world of beauty and brotherhood;
A world made true to a holy plan—
The reign of love, the rule of Man!
It is hate and lust and war we knife—
The hour of dawn is the hour of life!

I HAD A THOUGHT THAT LOVE WOULD COME

By ANNETTE WYNNE

I HAD a thought that love would come
Beneath some calmly greening tree;
But cluttered up with dust and hum
It came to me.

That death would come some home-spent day,
With love and you consoling by—
It's strange to drop with smoke and fray
So thick, and die.

GOLDEN BOYS

By W. M. LETTS

NOT harps and palms for these, O God,
Nor endless rest within the courts of heaven—
These happy boys who left the football-field,
The hockey ground, the river, the eleven,
In a far grimmer game, with high-elated souls,
To score their goals.

Let these, O God, still test their manhood's strength,
Wrestle and leap and run,
Feel sea and wind and sun;
With Cherubim contend;
The timeless morning spend
In great celestial games.
Let there be laughter and a merry noise
Now that the fields of Heaven shine
With all these golden boys.

From "Spirit of Oxford," by W. M. Letts, by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.

WHEN WE ARE HAPPIEST

By SARA TEASDALE

WHEN we are happiest,
And I am aware
Of only your eyes
And your tossed dark hair;

When the whole world narrows
Into our bliss,
Why do I suddenly
Think of this:
A field in France
Where young men lie
Dying . . .
Under a reddened sky!

Guns howl over them,
And under
Shell-torn earth
Shakes with thunder.

They spoke the love-words
We lovers do;
Their women loved them
As I love you. . . .

You smother my words with kisses,
But they . . .
Their lips to-night
Are pressed to the clay.

NOT TO KEEP

By ROBERT FROST

THEY sent him back to her. The letter came
Saying . . . and she could have him. And before
She could be sure there was no hidden ill
Under the formal writing, he was in her sight—
Living. They gave him back to her alive—
How else? They are not known to send the dead—
And not disfigured visibly. His face?
His hands? She had to look—to ask,
"What was it, dear?" And she had given all
And still she had all—they had—they, the lucky!
Wasn't she glad now? Everything seemed won,
And all the rest for them permissible ease.
She had to ask, "What was it, dear?"
"Enough,
Yet not enough. A bullet through and through,
High in the breast. Nothing but what good care
And medicine, and rest, and you a week
Can cure me of to go again." The same
Grim giving to do over for them both.
She dared no more than ask him with her eyes
How was it with him for a second trial.
And with his eyes he asked her not to ask.
They had given him back to her, but not to keep.

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·H·S·V·U·S·

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

A Message from Major Steever

DOWN here in Washington, in the rush of all this war work, I am constantly receiving letters from my old H. S. V. U. S. boys asking how they can best serve their country. The eagerness and enthusiasm are wonderful. Better than all else, they show the power of H. S. V. U. S. loyalty.

There is just one answer I can make. That is—join the air service and become part of Uncle Sam's cavalry of the air. For it is there, high up in the skies of France, entirely on his own resources, with an eager enemy in front, and thousands of men dependent upon him on the ground below, that the H. S. V. U. S. man can best use his training.

For Uncle Sam is putting a stupendous trust in his airmen. All his resources are dedicated, if need be, to sweep the sky clear of the enemy and to smash the trench deadlock maintained for the past three years.

You H. S. V. U. S. men are the ideal age for air fighters. Incomparably the most daring and resourceful aviators range from nineteen to twenty-one years old. You are young, agile, readily adaptable to new thought and experience, free from the conservatism, the doubt, and the muscle-bound condition of older men. If the war is won in the air by Americans, it will be the boys of your age who will do it. Your training has made you strong and nimble before all others.

You have discipline, and a sense of responsibility also, beyond all others. The air service does not want adventurers; it wants men who can carry with them the responsibility for the outcome of the battle; who have been trained to act in cooperation with their fellows. It wants, in short, men of the H. S. V. U. S. standards.

Many otherwise good men fail for lack of just what the H. S. V. U. S. gives. Many have weak heart or lungs, a poor sense of balance or uncontrolled muscles. Many also lack the imagination necessary to become a successful master of the air.

Let none of you think, however, that the great rewards of the air service come cheaply. No man can go over the German trenches untrained in all the high arts of flying, machine gunnery, wireless, and so forth. You must give yourself heart and soul to a course of training with the same sincerity and devotion, the same single-minded enthusiasm with which you have given yourself to the H. S. V. U. S.

Suppose you decide to use your abilities to help Uncle Sam in this way. Write to the Volunteer Department, Personal Division, Union Garage Building, in Washington, to learn where the nearest aviation examining-board is located. There you have your physical examination, for all men in the air service must be physically perfect, and make out your application for entrance into the service. In that application you should give full details of your H. S. V. U. S. work.

You pass. Your next step is to receive from Washington orders to one of the great engineering universities where the principles of flying, wireless, aerial photography, mapping, spotting, and machine gunnery, are unfolded. You have eight weeks of fascinating, earnest work, in Uncle Sam's uniform, with other young men as earnest and hard-striving as you yourself.

If you're a good H. S. V. U. S. man, you graduate to one of the great new flying-schools. There you first go off the ground, in the beginning with an instructor, shortly alone, until you have made yourself master of the air. As quickly as your skill permits, you receive your commission from Washington as an officer in Uncle Sam's air army.

Then "over there." American aerodromes have already sprung into being and American young men are already skimming through the air in France. They will continue to mobilize until they can smother Germany out of the air. The men who begin to train now are the men who will make that work possible and who in turn may rise to international renown in the great new chivalry of the air.

The latest additions to the High-School Volunteers of the United States are the schools of Toledo, Ohio; Warren, Ohio, and Stewartville, Minnesota.

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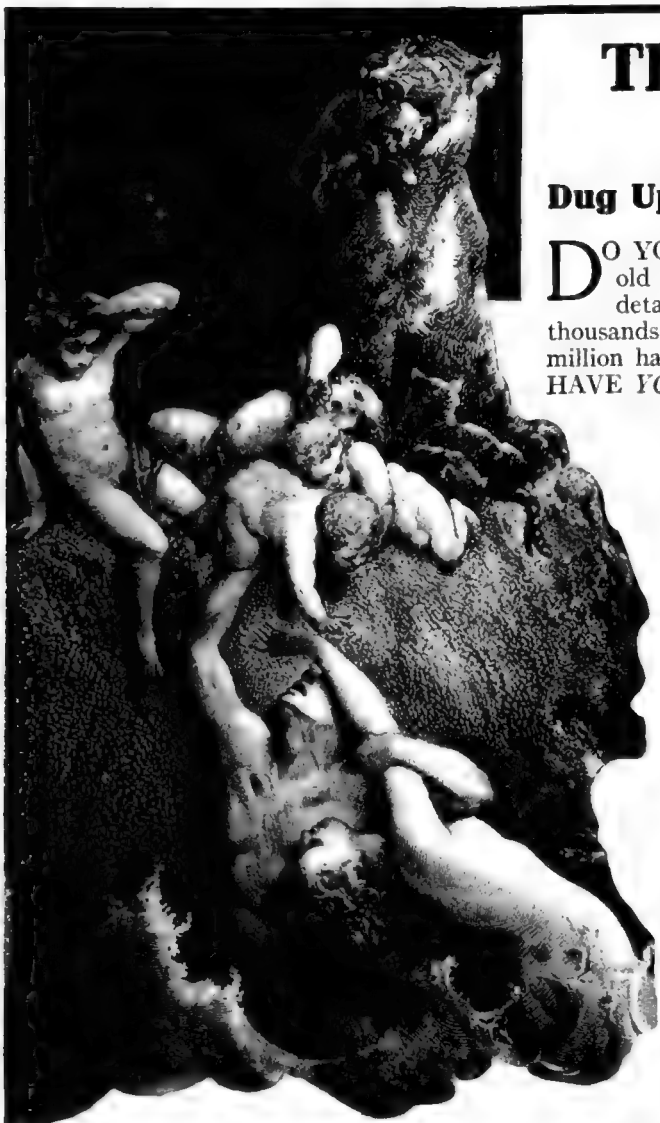

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THE WHITE ARC

(*Continued from page 40*)

"Why, the idea is that I am making a fight for our property. I'm sticking to my own side of the argument. I'm not pretending to be the umpire. I'm after, in so many words, the best trade I can make, because I happen to know, by experience, that the best I can get won't be any too good. We operate, when all's said, on a damn narrow margin of profit. If we can't show a profit, we're out of business. It's a question of what the traffic will bear. What I lose in one place, I've got to make up somewhere else. If one bunch out there are in a position to force me to pay them more than they're worth, I've got to make some other bunch take less. As a matter of fact, what they're worth, from Bailey down, is what they can make me pay for what I have to have. That's the long and the short of it."

"WHAT I am trying to get at," said Hugh, "is that the business has got to stand the payment of a decent living wage to every operative who has to live by it. If it won't, in this department or that, then there's something fatally wrong somewhere, either in the labor or in the organization. And the responsibility for finding where it is wrong, and making it right, is on us. That's what we're here for. That's all that justifies us in riding along comfortably on top. If we aren't equal to the job, it's time they tipped us out. You *are* the umpire. That's my view of the thing."

They wrestled over this difference half the night. But it was a fundamental one and they were as far apart at the end as at the beginning. They did not quarrel in their wonted fashion at all. Their nearest approach to it was when Hugh asked Greg, apropos of the question of higher efficiency, whether he had read Taylor's book on scientific management.

"Don't talk that to me," Greg said hotly. "Talk it to Holden and Mapes." These were the representatives, respectively, of the molders' and the machinists' unions. "Or to Helena's friends, Parkin and Jim Lea. See how they take it."

"That's about," Hugh answered, "what it's in my mind to do."

"You mean," Greg demanded with an intent look at him, "that you're thinking of 'going outside the fence' again?" He did not go on to say that the last excursion of his brother's had been unhappy enough in its outcome to stand as a warning against another, but the thought vibrated palpably in the air.

But after a rather breathless little silence they took up the argument, once more impersonally, and they managed to keep that tone to the end.

"I've got to have a try at the thing on my own," Hugh said as they parted. "I won't embarrass you more than I can help, but I suppose I shall more or less. I think you're half right—or maybe a little more. And I think you're the only man in sight who's got the ability it needs to swing the thing. That's why I've been trying so hard to get you to see that that trust of grandfather's involves more than his money." He grinned and added, "Though perhaps he didn't realize that himself."

"You bet he didn't," said Greg. "Well, there's no use chewing the rag any longer, I suppose. Good night."

Both felt something ominous in the friendliness of that parting. It showed how deep the difference cut. After that, when they met, they avoided all mention of the business—chatted pleasantly about safe subjects, family trivialities—old times, and so on. And they separated as soon as they comfortably could. Hugh had gone outside the fence indeed.

Hugh got nowhere at all with Mapes and Holden. One brief and rather acrimonious session with them was enough to convince him that there was no thoroughfare there. They were special pleaders, like Gregory, and their aim, like his, was the best trade they could get. Both were clever, without penetration. They challenged Greg confidently at his own game, and it was hard to resist the feeling that if they were overreached, they deserved what they got.

With the other two, Parkin and James Lea, Hugh found himself, emotionally at least, in sympathy. They were vaguely adumbrating a great idea. They were fumbling with the lock, it is true. But it was the right door they were trying to open.

They were a curiously contrasted pair. Parkin, small, wiry, compact, with very large bright eyes, a jutting nose rather finely modeled, a long pointed chin, and, above a high, narrow brow, a head of fine, wavy, upstanding hair, was an out-and-out fanatic. There was a strong touch of mystical asceticism about him. Given a different environment, and he might have been a very High Church clergyman in a slum parish. He'd have made an admirable model for an artist who wanted to paint a haloed saint—in the manner of the primitives.

Lea was a middle-aged and not very prepossessing man, committed to the sort of large low collar that goes with a thin neck and an Adam's apple of great prominence and mobility. His countenance was habitually solemn, but there was a fugitive gleam in his eye and a quirk to his mouth—it extended itself indeed to an involuntary occasional twitch of the tip of his nose—suggesting that if one could get at what he was really thinking about, he might learn something. Hugh developed, in time, a genuine liking for them both.

The three of them, with Helena, spent hours—nights almost—in the big half-furnished room up at the top of Hugh's new house, threshing matters out. They smoked and talked, ate sandwiches and talked, drank—beer or coffee at preference—and talked, round and round interminably.

Others were present, too, at these "conferences," but they merely formed a sort of fringe, various in identity and never really important.

Parkin, the most voluble of the four, never really argued; never met an issue or controverted a statement. He did not surmount an opposing fact; merely used it as a point of departure for a tangential flight in the direction of infinity.

Lea liked to argue, though there was a humorous unscrupulousness in his choice and use of weapons.

As for Helena, she preserved, most of the time, a curious aloofness to it all, as of one listening to familiar music; though sometimes she swooped superbly to the rescue of one or the other of her partisans—never of Hugh—and when she did, she combined the prowess of both: Parkin's flaming zeal, and Lea's resourcefulness.

What Hugh pleaded for—and what he never got—was a constructive program that would meet the existing case—a present, immediate aim, which could conceivably be accomplished. There was a set of ascertained, or ascertainable, facts to be dealt with. These were being dealt with now in a way they all agreed was wrong. There was no need of any further proof of that. The thing he wanted to discover was a practical way of dealing with them that was right.

"OH, THERE'S no use in trying to get together, Corbett," Lea said at last one night; "deciding on a program and all that. We don't want the same thing. There's the short of it. You want peace and we want war."

"War for its own sake?" Hugh demanded. "Perpetual war? War isn't a thing you can live on."

"Put it at this then," said Lea. "That you want peace before we've fairly begun to fight. You want a peace that'll leave you in possession. You want a peace that'll leave you your Packard, while we're still tramping through the mud. Well, what we want's a Ford for everybody! And

(*Continued on page 150*)

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NEXT

NEXT TIME

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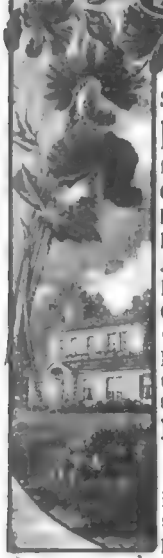

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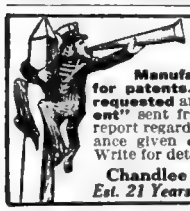

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we mean to fight until we get it."

"You won't get it by fight," said Hugh. "Because it isn't there to get. Did you ever take the trouble to look up the dividends that Corbett & Company has paid in the last ten years? It's averaged just over eight per cent. annually, on a five-million-dollar capitalization. That's four hundred thousand dollars a year."

"Well, that looks pretty good to me," said Lea with a grin.

"Does it?" said Hugh. "Then you're weak on arithmetic. Divide that up among five thousand employees. It comes to eighty dollars a year. That's a dollar and fifty-four cents a week—what you'd get if you brought off your revolution—turned us out completely and took over the business yourselves. You'd get it, that is, if you were capable of running the job skilfully and efficiently as Greg does. And that's what some people call a rash presumption."

"Of course you're talking nonsense," said Helena, uneasily—the other two men were simply staring from each other's faces to Hugh's. "I don't see just where the catch is, but——"

"Why, it's in that little word 'dividends'," said Lea, with a sudden return of assurance. "Dividends are profits, they don't take the trouble to hide. It's the lamb after they've done shearing it. There's what they call 'overhead and expense, and depreciation,' and God knows what other juggling tricks."

"And fat salaries," put in Helena. "Bailey with his twenty-four thousand a year."

Lea laughed triumphantly. "That'd make a neat little addition to your dollar-sixty a week," he said.

"Ten cents," Hugh told him. "Just under ten cents, on the basis of an even five thousand employees."

Parkin had been getting up steam, and now he launched forth, annihilating Hugh's pettifogging trivialities in a great gust of oratory. There were just two bed-rock facts—natural resources: coal, wood, iron and so on, which belonged, by rights, to all mankind; and there was labor: the toil of blood and sweat which made those gifts available for man. The rest was all lies and tricks.

Hugh listened helplessly until the gale spent itself. Then he said: "I wish I could give you all a lesson in elementary bookkeeping. All our books are for is to enable us to keep track of the facts so that we'll know how much we dare divide in dividends. I'd hate to see that plant after you'd run it five years without charging off overhead and depreciation. And as for salaries—well, if we couldn't see Bailey's saving us twice what we pay him, we'd let him go. You people don't want to look at the facts. That's what's the matter with you."

"The matter with you is," Parkin said angrily, "that you're a capitalist at heart as well as in fact. You've been wearing your sheep's skin very prettily, but you've shown us the fangs and the claws to-night."

"I suppose that's the only possible line to take," said Hugh, "when you're afraid to face the facts."

"The only line is the battle-line," said Parkin, and the other two nodded appreciatively over this rejoinder. "Our first word is fight, and our last word is fight."

"And the fact is," said Hugh, "that the thing you talk about fighting for, isn't there. Personally, you don't fight, you know. You talk. And for talking purposes, it suits you to assume that there's a sort of rich, easy paradise that you could enjoy if you could just break into it. It's a fool's paradise. That dollar and sixty cents a week is a fact. It makes you angry because it's ridiculous. It isn't big enough to fight for, and if you did fight for it, it would disappear altogether; come out with a minus sign in front of it. The only way to make it bigger is to stop fighting and cooperate. Force capital to cooperate with you. Yes. And give you your share. Yes."

"Our share!" said Parkin furiously. "Our share is all there is." And, as he got up to go, "I feel a fool for having wasted my time with you."

Between Hugh and Helena, after the others had gone, the wrangle protracted itself far into the night.

"Anyhow," she said to him, "by your own admission, you're stealing a dollar and sixty cents a week from those slaves of yours."

HIS answer was that he admitted nothing of the sort. "Grandfather put his life into that business; a perfectly extraordinary amount of energy and imagination. And—well, something that was more than that. Honor, if you like—devotion. Any sacrifice that it demanded of him, he made. There have been times, any number of them, when it made him sweat blood to get the money to meet his pay-rolls. Well, he got it, and he met them. Would a squabbling committee of the men have done as much as that? Not in a thousand years. I'll tell you what that dollar and sixty cents a week is: It's insurance that they'll get the rest."

"Well, there's no doubt whose side you're on now," Helena said. "Your family'll take you back with open arms, when they hear you talk like that."

It may be admitted that Hugh ought to have read, that night, the handwriting on the wall. It would have saved him a very bitter experience—an almost embittering experience, had he done so. But his fighting blood was up. He had got the bit in his teeth again.

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- STATIONARY ENGINEER
- Marine Engineer
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- Contractor and Builder
- Architectural Draftsman
- Concrete Builder
- Structural Engineer
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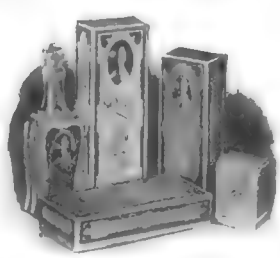

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He shut himself up for a week, got his material ready, and wrote a series of what he called speeches. He had printed a vast quantity of leaflets. He placarded the town of Riverdale and hired the only sizable hall in the place, for four evenings. And there, under no auspices but his own, on a stage ungraced by the countenance even of a polite chairman, he tried to force a recognition of the facts which, for him, made up the truth.

He had no grandiose hopes of a sweeping success. But if he could rally a party—even a small one, that would set out marching in the right direction, along the only road that was a thoroughfare, he would have felt his effort well repaid.

But the thing was a colossal fiasco. He had no experience as a speaker, and no innate sense of oratorical values. All he had to recommend him beyond the bare content of his ideas, was a genuine earnestness. And this, a bad stage-manner went a long way to disguise.

Besides, he had a great deal too much to say. The thing he contemplated offering to the rough-and-ready audience out at Riverdale, amounted to an attack on the whole system of current political economy and the sketching in outline of a new one.

For the first two nights his audience packed the hall—an idly curious, mildly derisive audience which flared up every now and then in overt hostility. The things he was saying affronted both camps of strikers, the trade-unionists and the radicals, about equally. And while one side booed and hissed, the other ironically applauded. The next moment, perhaps, the tables would be turned. It was only when he ranged his guns upon his own class—his own family, as with complete candor, he sometimes did—that his audience united. And even then they mocked as at one who, unwittingly, was giving himself away.

None of his clan was present in the hall. But reporters were, from most of the city papers. It was a capital news story, of course, that one of the Corbetts—the wild one, who had recently married the anarchist's daughter—had run amuck again. There was no deliberate unfairness in their selection, for their reports, of his attacks upon his class and tribe to the exclusion of all else. It was simply that they were good reporters. Hugh Corbett as a renegade, was news. As a constructive critic of the program of labor, he was not.

By the third night, the novelty of the thing had worn off. The hard array of facts was getting dull. And then, besides, there was something more important to think about. The conciliation board had made its report that day—a report which was bitterly resented, especially by the radical wing

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of the strikers. So Hugh's audience that night only half filled the hall. It yawned and stretched, shuffled its feet, and began before he had half finished, to melt away.

It was the next morning—a Saturday, as it happened—that Gregory published a total rejection, root and branch of the recommendations of the board.

It is probable that if he had waited, every one of the strike committees would have rejected them as well, and the onus of the rejection might thus have been put on the other foot. But Greg was a Napoleonic rather than a Fabian fighter.

All that day it was easy to see that there was a storm brewing in Riverdale. Not since the first violent week of the strike had the mutterings and threats been so loud.

HUGH began speaking, that night, to an audience of not more than a hundred persons; a few crotchety idealists with panaceas of their own, a few old people who liked the warmth and the bright lights of the hall, a sprinkling of sociologists and settlement workers; hardly one genuine striker among them. But by nine o'clock, it having begun to rain, a mob came surging in from the street, not a frenzied mob at all—not actuated by any very clear idea; at most, by an ugly impatience that that fool was still spouting in there—that rich young man who didn't know his luck and, for some unaccountable reason, saw fit to bite the hand that fed him. They went in to stop his talk. And they did.

There was no disposition to offer him violence. Nobody tried to clamber up on the stage. They stood there, in the aisles and on the seats, and howled him down. When he saw that that was their intention, that they meant to stay there as long as he did, and wouldn't hear a word, he put his papers in his pocket and, with a nod and a rueful smile, which they greeted with a humorous cheer, acknowledged his defeat. He showed no hesitation about coming down from the stage right into the thick of them, and with them—among the last of them—made his way toward the door.

Half the crowd, perhaps, had got out of the hall when, simultaneously with the boom of an explosion, the building shook and a good deal of the glass in the windows overlooking the street—in the direction of the one exit, that is to say—fell with a crash. The confounding suddenness of it, together with the fact that danger seemed to lie in the direction of the doors, produced an instant of spellbound silence before the panic could break. Hugh was quick enough to take advantage of it.

He said, casually almost, but in a voice that easily filled the big room, "That's not this building. It's in the plant across the street. You're perfectly safe if you go out quietly." Then as the surge of excited voices began welling up around him and showed that the danger of a stampede was not quite passed, he shouted a joke.

"Or if you want to stay in here," he said, "I'll finish my speech!"

There was a laugh, a fusillade of satirical but good-humored replies, and the crowd made its way safely down the stairs and out of the building.

Hugh's guess that the explosion had taken place in the plant, was verified when he got out into the street, by the crimson flames which were already leaping up from one of the buildings, inside the fence and two hundred yards, perhaps, to the westward. The paint-shop, of course! There was a high north wind with a little fine rain in it, but not enough to amount to anything. That meant that the town was safe.

As for the plant, a part of it, anyway—the old part—was certainly doomed. With the furious start the fire had got from the intensely inflammable nature of the material it began upon, and driven before a wind like that, it would be irresistible—would burn its way clean across until it was stopped by the river. None of the more modern buildings, however, were in that track. The plant had expanded westward. What with their position and the fact that they were built of supposedly fireproof materials, they stood a good chance to escape. The building to make the fight for was the old administration building, which stood just west of the Charles Street gate; between it and the paint-shop. All the offices were here; all the records. By a fight it might be saved.

All that went through Hugh's mind while he was breaking through the crowd in the street and making his way down to the door marked "Office," where he had left his mother's car the night he rescued Helena.

For the next few hours he was nothing but one of the Corbetts.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Readjustments

THE man who set off the bomb—it took six months of detective work to bring the crime home to him and get a confession—proved to be not one of the strikers at all, but an ex-employee whose dismissal dated back three or four years. His mind had perhaps got a little unbalanced from long harboring of a grudge, but he had been shrewd enough to see that the strike held out a promise of immunity from suspicion for all except the strikers themselves.

So far as immediate results went, the job came off just as he had planned it, and one can fancy him drifting along with the crowd in Charles Street, feeling very safe from detection, and

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Soon or Late it Comes!

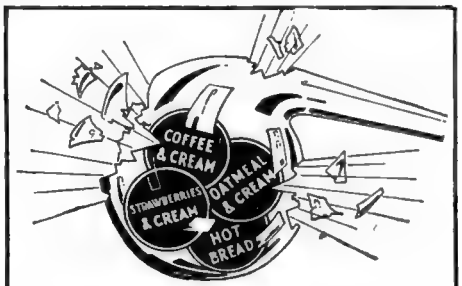
ALL foods contain chemical elements. Many chemicals are opposed to each other. They produce violent action when mixed together. Likewise many foods whose chemical elements are opposed to each other will produce violence when eaten at the same meal or brought together in the stomach. Unless you select and combine your food, it is probable that at every meal you combine foods that *literally explode in your stomach!* And soon or late, serious trouble comes—for this chemical reaction in the stomach liberates toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root for nearly all sickness, the first indication of which are stomach acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and other sympathetic ills.

90% of All Sickness Caused by Wrong Eating

Nearly every malady, big and little, has its seat in the stomach or intestinal tract. The trouble commonly starts there as a result of wrong-eating habits. The first signs may be slight—just a gnawing in the stomach or heaviness or sourness after meals, but before you know it, serious ailments are upon you.

Correct Your Eating Habits Before It Is Too Late!

Because a cook throws certain foods together is no reason the combinations are the right food and fuel for you. Give some thought to your eating. It's the most vital thing you do. Learn what food combinations are right and what are wrong. Learn what you should eat to meet the particular requirements of your age, your occupation and the climate you live in.



Some Foods Explode!

Some foods that we eat, if hermetically sealed in a thin glass retort, as pictured, would literally explode! No wonder we're half sick or only half efficient most of the time!

EUGENE CHRISTIAN

The noted New York Food Specialist, author of "Little Lessons in Corrective Eating," has treated over 13,000 cases of stomach and intestinal disorders. Began his study of foods, their properties and different effects upon the human system, 20 years ago when acute stomach and intestinal trouble had him at death's door. Literally, ate his way back to perfect health, without the use of drugs or medicine.

What YOU Should Eat

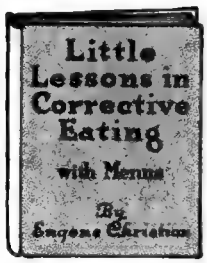
In his "24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating," Eugene Christian, the noted Food Scientist, explains *your* individual food needs. *Your* particular physical condition, as well as every other, is covered in Christian's lessons. There are certain things you *should eat* and certain things you should *avoid* in order to be in the best of condition. The Lessons contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative, as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness, from infancy to old age. and for all occupations and seasons.

What a Difference!

How much better you feel when you eat as Nature intended! What a keener appetite you have! How much more enjoyable is your every meal! And how much more good you get out of your food. No heavy dull days. No sluggishness. No complaints from your stomach. You notice the difference in your increased vigor and vitality—in your zest and endurance. Try it and see!

Results Come Quickly

Eugene Christian does not ask you to eat foods you don't enjoy—instead he makes your meals twice as enjoyable. Nor does he specify you to select and combine your food in order to secure definite results. There is an amazing difference when you follow the natural laws in eating. You enjoy your food better, you sleep better and you work and play better. Even with the third or fourth meal you notice the delightful results.



See Them FREE

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Do You Know?—

What foods build fat? What causes fermentation? What produces acid stomach? What foods cause nervousness? What makes your liver complain? How vegetables should be eaten? How much starch your system requires? What causes constipation, and how to avoid it? When water is beneficial; when it is injurious? How many different things you should eat at a meal? Why some foods literally explode in your stomach? What combinations of food form poisons in the body? What is one great cause of rheumatism, gout and lumbago? How foods establish health by removing the causes of disease? What to eat and what to omit for stomach and intestinal diseases? How to select the foods to keep you warm in winter and cool in summer?

These are only a few of the many questions, vital to health, answered in the "Little Lessons."

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smiling grimly in the folds of an upturned ulster collar, over the stupendous harvest of havoc his hatred would reap. But the ultimate results confounded his calculations. It turned out that he had done Corbett & Company a service. The fire swept clean an area of about forty acres that had been encumbered by old buildings unfitted to the work that had to be done in them, a liability rather than an asset in that the cost of their insurance ran to staggering figures. All the new buildings, which—as Hugh had supposed they would—escaped or withstood the fire, had been erected in accordance with a plan which involved eventually tearing the old ones down.

IT WAS, evidently, a statement of Robert Corbett's in the newspapers on Monday morning to the effect that the losses were fully covered by insurance, and that work on the new buildings—whose plans already were drawn—would begin immediately, that first brought this consideration to the mind of the criminal. He sent an anonymous letter to the Chicago chief of police, hinting that since the fire was so advantageous to Corbett & Company, it would be well to investigate the possibility of their having set it themselves. It was this letter which gave the investigators the first of the clews that resulted finally in his capture and confession. But long before that happened, the new buildings were up and in operation, and Gregory had a plant that was, in every detail, the last word in efficient shop engineering.

Another important advantage the company got from the fire was that it ended the strike. The temporary necessity of closing down the whole plant—a necessity none could dispute—resulted in a change of feeling; a reaction, not logical perhaps, but certainly psychological. Everybody had had enough. That flaming night proved a needed emotional climax. After that it was time to turn over a new leaf. Concessions could be made without, as pidgin English has it, a loss of face. And everybody made them. The details of the treaty need not be reported here.

The only person among those this story is concerned with, whom the fire did a serious disservice, was Hugh. Preposterously, he was held responsible for it.

There is a genuine truth in the apparently frivolous phrase, "If I say it three times, it's so." It is the fundamental principle of modern advertising. To put it more seriously, it is the repeated impression that always remains with us.

The newspaper-reading public had already had Hugh pictured to it as an irresponsible fanatic, on the occasion of his marriage, a scant two months before. So, when the papers took him up again—told how he was preaching

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Watch Your Feet

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THE WHITE ARC

socialism and anarchy (there is an ineradicable doubt in the reportorial mind as to which is which) out at Riverdale, denouncing his own family as oppressors of the poor, recklessly rousing the strikers to a renewed resistance and intensifying their animosity — already bitter enough — against any form, however moderate, of capitalistic control—it did not occur to anybody to question the fairness of these reports, or to doubt whether, as a matter of fact, Hugh had done these things. Of course he had done them! It was just the sort of thing that a man capable of flying off and marrying an anarchist would do.

Then, on top of it all, Hugh was the victim once more of a coincidence. The occurrence of the bomb outrage and the fire, on the very night of the last of his speeches, produced the inference, as inevitable as it was unwarranted, that it was the speeches which had incited the planting of the bomb. That young fool ought to be forcibly restrained. If his family were wise, they'd have his sanity looked into, and shut him up in a private asylum somewhere. He'd be murdering some body the next thing any one knew.

In the family the feeling was deeper, though the expression of it, of course, was much less violent. They acquitted Hugh of any inflammatory intent in those speeches of his. And even, after they'd cooled down a bit, of any direct causal connection with the fire. Mrs. Corbett bluntly told Gregory that his own rejection, that Saturday morning, of the findings of the conciliation board, had more to do, in all likelihood, with the planting of the bomb, than any of Hugh's vaporings.

"I DON'T know exactly what he said, of course," she admitted, "but I know, in a general way, the run of his ideas, and there's nothing about them to set the world on fire. Besides, it's a safe guess that his talk was miles over their heads. He says himself that they were bored to death before he was half done."

"Oh, very likely," Gregory conceded. "But the fact remains that for him to hire a hall out there and try to talk at all, with public feeling in the state it was just then, was simply idiotic. He's got twice my brains," he went on reflectively, "but the fact is he can't be counted on. He's proved that twice now. In a good many ways he's the best of the lot. I know Grandfather thought so. But he does things, every now and then, well—that one of us simply can't do."

That, finally, was the family's verdict. It was possible to go on being fond of Hugh; impossible, indeed, not to. And one might admire him—his talents, his capacities, even his quixotic altruism. But they could not regard him any longer as, in that deep-lying clan sense, one of them. He had, in his own phrase, gone outside the fence once too often.

There was nothing formal about the verdict, of course. Except in that one curt phrase Gregory had employed in the talk with his mother, just reported, it was never expressed in words at all. And it was weeks before the realization of it finally came home to Hugh.

The fire nearly cost Robert Corbett his life. He had driven out with Gregory in the rain, late that Saturday night, in response to the alarm that had been immediately telephoned, of course, to the house. They drove out in Gregory's open roadster and Robert had spent the rest of the night and a good part of the next day on the scene. The fatigue and long exposure proved too much for him. He caught a bad cold, neglected it in the excitement of those ensuing days, and came down with a furious double pneumonia which narrowly missed killing him.

That was, of course—and most unjustly—added to the tale of Hugh's responsibilities. If any human agency was fairly chargeable with the misfortune, it was old Gregory, now in the grave. No profound spiritual shock, such as the revelation of his father's will had been to Robert, is without a corresponding physical reaction. And in this case, the reaction had been palpable. Robert Corbett had not been the same man since the day after his father's funeral; had not walked so straight, nor breathed so deep. The man he had been would, in reasonable likelihood, have thrown off the exhaustion of that night of the fire just as his sons did.

As it was, he pulled through and surmounted the primary stages of convalescence as rapidly as the doctor hoped he would. But at the point where, dressed and able to be about, he began attempting a normal well man's routine rather than an invalid's, he was sharply halted. One tentative morning at the office, though Remis drove him out and back most tenderly in a closed car, proved altogether too much for him.

So he settled down, with what grace he could, to a regimentation of naps, egg-noggs and walks—if the day was fine—as far as the park. Sometimes, he walked south instead and dropped in on Helena. On Helena rather than on Hugh, because Hugh was seldom at home in the middle of the day. She professed ignorance of his exact whereabouts.

"I think he goes to one of the libraries," she told Robert, and added, after a pause, "to write."

"To write!" Robert echoed. "Do you mean a book?"

Helena's brows puckered ruefully. "I don't know," she confessed. "He doesn't talk to me about it."

"Why doesn't he write at home?" Robert wanted to know. "That's what that study of yours is for, isn't it?"

Helena said, with a smile, "I think it's in order to be away from home part of the time that he's writing the book."

In his gallant, mannerly way, Robert ridiculed this conclusion. But he professed himself able to understand how, granted that a book was to be written, or any other sort of serious work undertaken, Helena's husband might well find a distraction at home that it was prudent and even necessary to flee from. He felt sure he would find it so himself.

HELENA, who loved this sort of thing, replied appropriately that she would certainly find it necessary to turn *him* out of the house during working hours, and their mild little flirtation moved pleasantly along these lines, until Robert took his leave. But, going, he said:

"I'll come again to-morrow, if I may, and I wish you'd tell Hugh that that is my intention. If he feels that he can neglect his book for that hour, I would be glad to see him."

Helena suggested as an improvement on the plan, that he come to lunch and promised to produce Hugh as a part of the feast. "A celebration of your getting well," she said.

A shade crossed Robert's face at that. To any one who took, as Robert had always taken, the Corbett physique for granted, his present state of semi-invalidism was a source of real humiliation. He brightened up resolutely, however, and told Helena in just the courtly way that pleased her, that he would come.

Hugh came to lunch next day, as Helena had promised he would, and—what she had been far less confident about—took his part very pleasantly in the talk; lent himself to the vein of it with a light-heartedness of which she had forgotten he was capable. She wished he might be a little more like that when they were by themselves. That curious insensitiveness of hers saw, heard, felt nothing of the thing that underlay the surface gaiety, the nervous tensity not far from fear in her father-in-law, or her husband's melancholy. She was surprised into a start of overt displeasure when Hugh, as they finished their coffee, said: "I think father wants to talk with me. Shall he and I go into the library, or stay here?"

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THAR'S hardly a man so small an' mean
That you won't find him real worth while
If you ask him a "howdye" now an' then
An' smile him a shore 'nuff smile;
An' pass him yo' Velvet neighbor-like—
Why, bless you, the man ain't born,
That friendly warmth won't make expand
Like this here poppin' corn.

He'll mellow right out with the mellowness
That long years' agein' imparts
To the Velvet that warms each cockle there is
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So let's not let any fellow we know
Live friendless an' lone an' lorn,
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Just like this poppin' corn.

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THE WHITE ARC

But when she read acquiescence in Robert's more regretfully worded phrases, she left them abruptly.

There was rather a long silence after she had gone. The genuine pity Hugh had felt for his father ever since that first night after their return from New York, was much more poignant to-day than it had been before. It was not only the physical weakness that he saw, though that alone would have been pitiable enough, and, in the light of what Hugh had expected from Helena's reports of him to find, was almost shocking. But the other thing which Hugh had felt from the moment when they shook hands—the timidity, the air of deprecation, of a sort of wistful apology—wrung his heart, and, at the same time, made him feel warmly indignant at the two Gregorys. It was they who had done this thing, between them.

But these were feelings which it was impossible for Hugh to express. They would have been difficult, I suppose, for any son to express to a father. They are no part of the conventional filial attitude.

It was Robert who presently broke the silence with a remark palpably not connected with the subject he had come to talk with Hugh about, concerning Hugh's book. Helena had said he was engaged in the writing of one.

"I doubt if it ever turns out to be a book," Hugh said. "I read more than I write, and I unlearn more than I learn, I guess. Like the frog jumping out of the well."

"You're fortunate," Robert said, "in being able to do your unlearning early in life—before it is too late to begin. There is much," he went on, "that I'd be glad to unlearn. But I only made that discovery simultaneously with the one that I am an old man."

"Old!" said Hugh. "You're not sixty."

"It is not a matter of years, I think," said Robert. "My father was never old in the sense I mean."

"IT'S not age with you," Hugh said bluntly, "it's illness. You're much further from well than I had any notion of. You're hardly any stronger, if at all, than the last time I saw you."

"It is a slow process, I suppose," said Robert.

"It needn't be as slow as this. Shouldn't be, either." Then, as the idea occurred to him, he went on: "Why don't you go away? This is an infernal climate for an invalid to wrestle with. Why don't you and mother go to Santa Barbara for the winter? I don't see why no one thought of that before."

"That——" said Robert, and paused. Hugh noted with astonishment, that his father's hand was shaking.

"That," Robert began again, "is what I have come to speak to you about. Doctor Corbin says it would be advisable, and your mother is anxious that we start at once, before the weather gets any worse."

"Of course," said Hugh. "Why not?"

"Gregory feels," said Robert, "—we—we both feel, that in certain contingencies it might be necessary that I be here. In default, that is, of an arrangement that might be made——"

At that the light broke over Hugh. His father saw the puzzled look in his face give way to a sudden flush and stare of comprehension.

"You want me to resign from the trust?" said Hugh. "So that with you away there'd be no danger of my interference? But can I do that without going into the courts? Or was that the idea?"

He was almost inarticulate from the effort he had to make to keep the note of anger out of his voice.

No such drastic action as that, Robert hastily assured him, was necessary, or had been in contemplation for a moment. Only, with himself away, unable to cast a deciding vote on any question that might arise, unable, so the medical verdict was, to take for many months an active part even in the consideration of matters of business policy, it had seemed to Gregory—and to himself as well, Robert loyally added—that some embarrassing, and possibly, disastrous situations might arise from the fact that the two remaining trustees possessed an equal authority. If Hugh would be willing, for the present, to waive his legal right to interfere, in a word, to recognize his brother's authority as paramount, Robert could go away with a quiet mind.

"I'll write Greg a note to that effect, of course," said Hugh hastily. "Or if he prefers to draft it himself, I'll sign it."

"My boy!" Robert Corbett cried, and a more poignant feeling found expression in that pair of words than Hugh had ever heard from his lips before. "Your word is all we want. It is not your honor that we are in doubt about."

The sight of tears in his father's eyes stung Hugh to a sharp resumption of self-command. He said, in a voice that sounded about as he meant it to:

"I can't blame you for doubting pretty much everything else about me. I haven't any idea of harassing Greg. But it's no wonder he didn't want to be left to my mercies." Then, in spite of himself, his tone took on an edge. "All that I don't see is why Greg put the job of—belling the cat—up to you."

"It was his idea to speak to you himself," Robert explained. "I insisted that it be left to me."

Hugh nodded, and presently got himself going upon the theme of the wonderful climate of southern California and the benefits his father would derive from it. He hadn't much idea of what he was saying, and it is doubtful if his father had. All that mattered to either of them was that the talk should be kept going, somehow, until the car should come to take the invalid home.

"What was it all about?" Helena asked when Robert had gone.

SHE had been waiting in the hall to bid her father-in-law good-by, as a dutiful hostess should. Her question was natural enough, too, as Hugh admitted, while he resented it. He had hoped to escape Helena altogether; to get away by himself. He *must* get away by himself, where he could relax that iron grip he had been keeping, on thought as well as on word, ever since his father had voiced the family's decree of exile (that was what it came to) upon him.

In Helena's presence, under her intently regarding eyes, the need for that unrelaxed grip was greater than ever. He did not trouble to ask himself why this was so. It was already clearer than any reasoning process could make it, that it would be intolerable that his wife should even suspect the nature of that fiat of Gregory's. (It was Gregory's, of course, though the others had concurred in it.) Just as intolerable as that the family should discover his other secret.

"Didn't you hear what I said just now?" his wife's voice broke in upon him. "You've stood there staring for five minutes. What was the wonderful secret?"

"Secret?" he echoed. Her picking up—like that—of the word that had been on his own thoughts, startled him.

"The secret," she explained in open mockery, "that I had to be turned out of the room for you two to talk about."

He got himself together. "I'm sorry it seemed like turning you out. It was only that they've decided that father ought to go away, for the winter, to southern California. He isn't getting well as fast as he should. He wanted to talk with me about it."

She laughed angrily—and it may be conceded that her annoyance was pardonable. "If you can't tell better lies than that, you'd better not lie at all."

"It happens not to be a lie," Hugh told her. Then he roused himself to improving the plausibility of it:

(Continued on page 142)

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THE WHITE ARC

"There are things that have got to be decided about the estate before he goes. That was what we talked about. Particularly, Father wanted to be sure that my views coincided with Greg's about the possibility of his going at all. As soon as I'd assured him they did, we fell back on the climate and sea-bathing and orange-groves—that sort of thing."

Then, with a look at his watch, "I'd like to get another couple of hours at the library."

"Don't go!" she commanded shortly. "I've got something to say myself, and it may as well be now."

She led the way into their drawing-room, and, as he followed, said: "I wish you'd sit down." She did not, herself, however, but walked across to the little white marble mantelpiece and took her station there, instead.

It always irritated her, he had noted, to have to talk to him when they were both standing. His great height deprived her of an advantage she did not like to do without. Her only way of neutralizing it, when he insisted on remaining upon his feet, was by herself lying out on something. But there was no couch in the drawing-room.

"I won't go on like this, Hugh," she said when she was ready. There was a kind of dangerous quiet about her as she stood there looking down at him. This was not going to be merely one of their routine quarrels.

"You're entitled to ask, 'Like what?'" she went on. "You know. But I don't mind telling you. You've been perfectly nice and polite. There's nothing I could go into your rotten divorce courts with. You're treating me in a way that would be perfectly satisfactory, I suppose, to——"

His eyes met hers and she hesitated.

"——to any of the girls of your own sort who'd have been glad enough to marry you. But I won't go on living with a man—half living with him—who makes me feel as if I was something he was saddled with. You've kept it up long enough. Ever since the morning after the fire out at Riverdale. If it's just that you're angry over the things I said then, why, it's time you got over it. Beat me, if you like. You ought to have done it then, if you felt like that. But then get over it.

"If you're not angry about that any more, and if there's nothing else that you have got angry about since—something that I don't know about—if it's just that you're sick of your bargain; that you don't like me—don't like to see me or hear me talk, or—put your hands on me, why, you can say so and let that be the end of it. I've done all I know to make up for that morning."

She waited until he should speak, and it was plain to him that he must speak quickly. He must say the right thing, too. A good many seconds passed before he found his voice. She was almost altogether right; that was the plain truth. Right in saying that his anger—if it was anger—had had time to cool. But was she right in her surmise that all desire for her was dead in him? Partly. It was a queer thing that had happened to him on that morning she had referred to. Something had gone snap like a frayed violin string, and would not, he thought, ever be played upon again.

He had come in, wet, smoke-blackened, pretty well tired out after the fight they had had to make to save their office building from the flames. He was tired in spirit, too; and with reason enough. In a mood, if ever he had been, that wanted understanding and gentleness and comfort and security to come home to.

But what he found at home was very different. Helena, with a disposition to irony—a note she never managed very well. She had had a night of it too.

She had finished a short story in the middle of the evening, and began waiting up for Hugh's return from Riverdale, in order to read it to him. About eleven o'clock came a telephone message, not in Hugh's voice, but relayed under his instructions, that the plant was afire.

With a little more energy, she would have dressed and gone out to Riverdale herself. For it was exactly her sort of thing—spectacular, terrifying, destructive. She liked to fancy herself haranguing a crowd, lit by the glare of it. She made them a wonderful speech. She saw their massed faces; heard their cheers—glowed, throbbed, quivered with it all.

(But while her spirit was indulging in these flights, her silk-clad body was reclining among the cushions of the *chaise longue* in a firelit room, her only physical reminder of the tempestuous world, the squalls of rain that audibly lashed the windows.)

About two o'clock she got another telephone message; this from her mother-in-law. Since the message had been sent under Hugh's instructions, Mrs. Corbett had assumed that it was meant for Helena, and called her up. Hugh was not to be expected home that night. The fire was being dealt with as successfully as one could hope.

It was natural that Helena should have taken this occasion to express the proper regret concerning the disaster; natural, too, that the sincerity of it should have sounded, even over the telephone, rather dubious. It was also natural that Mrs. Corbett, who had been getting half-hourly bulletins from Riverdale since midnight, and was fully capable of figuring out for herself the advantageous aspect to Corbett & Company of the attempted injury, should have communicated these considerations to Helena. It is not too much to say that she rubbed them in with a gusto that far outran discretion. Nothing was afire, or going to take fire, that wouldn't in the course of the next year or two, have had to be torn down, anyhow. What it boiled down to was the greatest piece of luck that had befallen Corbett & Company in many a long day. She did not go the length of saying that Helena's anarchists would need to be a lot wiser before they could hope to make an effective war upon society, but this implication was vibrant in what she did say.

HELENA did not go back to her long chair after that. She spent the rest of the night, or most of it, pacing and prowling about her pretty room, like one of the big cats her movements so often reminded people of. And when she finally went to bed, it was not to sleep.

Her process of reasoning was precisely that which the criminal afterward tried to impress upon the chief of police. Since the thing turned out so advantageously to the Corbetts, they—Gregory, that is to say—must have done it. Of course he had done it! Why had she been such a fool as not to have seen it from the first? It was what these contemptible capitalists were always doing when strikes gave them the excuse.

And the thought of Hugh out there, risking his life, perhaps, to check the conflagration his brother had let loose, gave her a sensation of contemptuous pity. That was the mood in which she received him about ten o'clock Sunday morning.

"Of course," she said to him when he told her how little damage, except to the strikers themselves, the fire had done. "You could trust Gregory to see to that."

And when, with a stare, he asked her what she meant, she told him in words of one syllable.

It was not until he refused to hear her arguments, that she grew angry. Then she whipped up one of her familiar tempests.

"I'll give you my personal guarantee," he said finally, "that Greg had nothing to do with it. He's exactly as incapable of that as I should be."

"Well," she said then, "how do I know that you weren't in it, too? Perhaps it was your brother's idea that you should hire a hall and make those speeches and try and get them angry

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THE WHITE ARC

enough so that it would seem likely they'd do a thing like that."

It was then that the string snapped. He realized, of course, that this last was not a serious accusation, was simply a stroke of the claw, meant to tear anything that could be torn. His anger suddenly left him.

He saw into her, through her. He saw her ignorance, her crudity, the shabby, glib indolence of her mind. Indolence! That was the fundamental characteristic. She never really bored in, took hold. Hard things were to be avoided—got around anyhow. Her beliefs were matters of choice, not necessity. She didn't—literally—know what honesty meant. And the love she had written that wonderful letter about was just a matter of sensation, stroking with, or being stroked by, a velvet paw. And hate—well, it came pretty much to the same thing—only with claws unsheathed. The two could alternate, with her mood, upon the same subject.

So, when the present paroxysm of anger reached its climax and ebbed swiftly, as it always did, into a mood of repentant humility, when she stretched out her arms to him, he just sat where he was and went on looking at her with no more emotion than a faint distaste. He felt like a fool.

Well, that about expresses the state of mind he had been in ever since, whenever he reviewed his emotional history since the outbreak of the strike last May. The dreams he had dreamed of that other—illusory—Helena of his. The agonies he had suffered for and through her.

There was no tincture of self-pity about this. It was his own doing. He had had plenty of good counsel, there was no denying that. Even from Helena herself. Equally it was clear that the thing must be seen through. To run whimpering back to his family with the acknowledgment that he had been a fool, would leave his self-respect without a leg to stand on. From now on, that chamber must be kept locked.

But what Helena had just brought home to him, was that she had to be reckoned with as well as himself. A mere cold endurance was not good enough; would not turn the trick. She was right.

She was more than right. She was admirable, bringing him up with a round like that. He had been posing; that was what it came to. That Olympian aloofness of his hadn't been quite the real thing. There had been hours when he had wanted her hotly. Was the thing that had held him back from her quite so highly idealistic and superior as he had supposed? Or was it just plain vanity?

Anyhow, the prospect of her leaving him, which with every appearance of good faith she had just held out, dismayed him. He looked up, and across the room at her, with a smile.

"I *have* been on a high horse," he said. "I must have been infernally irritating. I have been acting like a prig and a fool. I expect I have a tendency that way. But don't go off and leave me now. Give me another chance. I have an idea I'll do better."

Among all the alternative possibilities she had contemplated, she could not have included that one. For a moment she looked as if she couldn't believe her ears. Then, raggedly, she said—"If you mean that, come over here and kiss me."

But he stayed where he was. "You come over here," he said.

THAT talk with Helena produced, on the whole, fortunate results, and in more directions than one. The attitude she enforced from him toward herself, the conviction she brought home to him that a half loaf, or less, might still be enjoyed in default of a whole one, and that a beautiful and, occasionally, loving woman could be lived with after a tolerable fashion, even though she were not the little sister of one's soul, all that helped him to a philosophical acceptance of his partial alienation from his family. It shook him out of the exalted mood of the past weeks.

He stood alone; that fact must be faced. He had no unreserved solidarity with any person, such as his wife; with any group, such as his family; with any organization, such as Corbett & Company; even with any system of political and social ideas. For it was clear that he was neither a conservative, a liberal, nor a radical. By a series of revolts he had cut himself off, successively, from them all. He stood alone.

He struggled along with what he called his book—though he realized that it would never be one—for a few weeks more. And then, quite fortuitously, he got the clue he needed. It was so plain that it seemed incredible he could have been blind to it so long.

To Helena's Sunday supper-parties (Helena was launching a social career which shall be dealt with later) there came, occasionally, one of the professors from the university, a sociological knight-errant who loved to splinter a lance with any antagonist and on either side of any dispute. One night he brought a friend along—obviously by way of giving him a look at the animals. This friend, Allison Smith his name was, on being brought up for introduction to Hugh, stared at him in undisguised bewilderment. He seemed more, rather than less disconcerted, when Hugh, instantly calling him by name and shaking hands with the appearance of the keenest pleasure, explained to the cicerone that he and Smith were two old comrades in arms. They had watched out some nights together down in the university laboratories. And when the cicerone tactlessly demanded of his friend: "Why didn't you tell me you knew him?" all Smith, in his daze could say was, "I didn't know I did.

He went on to explain, after the laugh this brought, that he remembered Hugh perfectly. Had failed merely to identify him with the Hugh Corbett he had been hearing so much about lately and had been brought to meet.

The fact of that identity seemed to go on troubling him. His companions, right and left at the supper-table, found him absent-minded. When he could, after supper, he made a chance to talk with Hugh.

"I can't get over it," he said. "I never dreamed of associating you——"

"You knew my name down there, didn't you?" Hugh asked, a shade impatient over the fuss the man was making about a trifle. "There were a half dozen of us, of course, and I suppose you mislaid it."

"I knew your last name—yes," said Smith. "I don't know that I ever heard your first name mentioned. And anyhow—" Then, with an intent look up into Hugh's face, as though the mystery were still too much for him. "Why, my God, man! You're a *metallurgist.*"

AT THAT Hugh understood. Smith had been hearing about a freak—a crazy, windmill-battling Don Quixote, at whom curiosity justified the trouble of taking a look. Coming to take that look, he had found, incredibly, a metallurgist—a man whose mind, and whose professional attainments he knew the quality of, and respected.

"I have been in strange pastures lately, for a fact," said Hugh. "I'd about forgotten that I was a metallurgist. And I am inclined to think that's all I am really."

"It's enough," said the other curtly, "if one's as good as you. You haven't a laboratory of your own, then?"

"Not—yet," said Hugh.

"I wish," said Smith, "if you could find time this week, you could run down. I've got——"

And from this point on in the evening, for a solid two hours, oblivious, and utterly unintelligibly to any of the company but themselves, these two talked.

The next instalment of "The White Arc" will appear in the April number.

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